









THE  
NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE

AND

**H u m a n i s t.**

EDITED BY

W. HARRISON AINSWORTH, ESQ.

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PART THE FIRST.

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# THE NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

## THE MURDERER'S CONFESSION.

BY HORACE SMITH.

I PAUSED not to question the Devil's suggestion,  
But o'er the cliff, headlong, the living was thrown,  
A scream and a plashing, a foam and a flashing,  
And the smothering water accomplished his slaughter,  
All was silent, and I was alone.

With heart-thrilling spasm, I glanced down the chasm;  
There was blood on the wave that closed over his head,  
And in bubbles his breath, as he struggled with death,  
Rose up to the surface. I shudder'd and fled.

With footsteps that stagger'd and countenance haggard,  
I stole to my dwelling, bewilder'd, dismay'd,  
Till whisperings stealthy said—"Psha! he was wealthy—  
Thou'rt his heir—no one saw thee—then be not afraid."

I summon'd the neighbours, I joined in their labours,  
We sought for the missing by day and by night;  
We ransack'd each single height, hollow, and dingle,  
Till shoreward we wended, when starkly extended,  
His corpse lay before us—O God, what a sight!

And yet there was nothing for terror or loathing;  
The blood had been wash'd from his face and his clothing,  
But by no language, *no* pen, his life-like, wide open  
Eyes can be painted:—

They stared at me, flared at me, angrily glared at me,  
I felt murder-attainted;  
Yet my guilty commotion seem'd ruth and devotion,  
When I shudder'd and fainted.

No hint finds emission that breathes of suspicion,  
None dare utter a sound when an inquest has found  
His death accidental;  
Whence then and wherefore, having nothing to care for,  
These agonies mental?

Why grieve and why sicken, frame-wither'd, soul-stricken?

Age-paralysed, sickly, he must have died quickly,  
 Each day brought some new ill;  
 Why leave him to languish and struggle with anguish?  
 The deed that relieved him from all that aggrieved him  
 Was kindly not cruel.

In procession extended a funeral splendid,  
 With banner'd displays and escutcheons emblazon'd  
 To church slowly pass'd,  
 When a dread apparition astounded my vision;  
 Like an aspen leaf shaking, dumb founded and quaking,  
 I stood all aghest!

From its nail'd coffin prison, the corpse had arisen,  
 And in all its shroud vesture, with menacing gesture,  
 And eye-balls that stared at me, flared at me, glared at me,  
 It pointed—it flouted its slayer, and shouted  
 In accents that thrilled me,  
 “That ruthless dissembler, that guilt-stricken trembler  
 Is the villain who kill'd me ! !”

'Twas fancy's creation—mere hallucination—  
 A lucky delusion, for again my confusion,  
 Guilt's evidence sinister, seem'd to people and minister  
 The painful achievement of grief and bereavement.

Then why these probations, these self-condemnations,  
 Incessant and fearful?

Some with impunity snatch opportunity,  
 Slay—and exult in concealment's immunity,  
 Free from forebodings and heartfelt corrodings,  
 They fear no disclosure, no public exposure,  
 And sleeping unhaunted and waking undaunted,  
 Live happy and cheerful.

To scape the ideal let me dwell on the real.

I, a pauper so lately,  
 In abundance possessing life's every blessing,  
 Fine steeds in my stable, rare wines on my table,  
 Servants dress'd gaily, choice banquets daily,  
 A wife fond and beautiful, children most dutiful,  
 I, a pauper so lately, live richly and greatly,  
 In a mansion house stately.

Life's blessings?—Oh, liar ! all are curses most dire—  
 In the midst of my revels,

*His eyes ever stare at me, flare at me, glare at me.*  
Before me, when treading my manors outspreading,  
There yawns an abysmal cliff precipice dismal ;  
Isolation has vanish'd, all silence is banish'd,  
Where'er I immew me his death-shrieks pursue me,  
I am haunted by devils.

My wine, clear and ruddy, seems turbid and bloody ;  
I cannot quaff water—recalling his slaughter,  
My terror it doubles—'tis beaded with bubbles,  
Each fill'd with his breath,  
And every glass in each hisses—"Assassin !"  
My curse shall affright thee, haunt, harrow, and blight thee,  
In life and in death !"

My daughters, their mother, contend with each other  
Who shall show most affection, best soothe my dejection.  
Revolted endearments ! their garments seem cerements,  
And I shudder with loathing at their grave-tainted clothing.  
— Home, and the mercies,  
That to others are dearest, to me are the drearest  
And deadliest curses.

When free from this error, I thrill with the terror  
(Thought horrid to dwell on !)  
That the wretch whom they cherish may shamefully perish ;  
Be publicly gibbeted, branded, exhibited,  
As a murderous felon !

O punishment hellish !—the house I embellish,  
From centre to corner upbraids its adorer.—  
A door's lowest creaking swells into a shrieking ;  
Against me each column bears evidence solemn,  
Each statue's a Nemesis ;  
They follow, infest me, they strive to arrest me,  
Till, in terrified sadness that verges on madness,  
I rush from the premises.

The country's amenity brings no serenity,  
Each rural sound seeming a menace or screaming ;  
There is not a bird or beast but cries—"Murder !"  
There goes the offender !  
Dog him, waylay him, encompass him, stay him,  
And make him surrender !"

My flower-beds splendid seem eyes blood-distended—

*His* eyes, ever staring, and flaring, and glaring!

I turn from them quickly, but phantoms more sickly

Drive me hither and thither:

I would forfeit most gladly wealth stolen so madly,

Quitting grandeur and revelry to fly from this devilry,

But whither—oh! whither?

Hence, idle delusions! hence, fears and confusions!

Not a single friend's severance lessens men's reverence,

No neighbour of rank quits my sumptuous banquets

Without lauding their donor;

Throughout the wide county I'm famed for my bounty,

All hold me in honour.

Let the dotard and craven by fear be enslaven.

They have vanish'd! How fast fly these images ghastly,

When, in firm self-reliance,

You determine on treating the brain's sickly cheating

With scorn and defiance!

Ha! ha! I am fearless henceforward, and tearless,

No coinage of fancy, no dream's necromancy,

Shall sadden and darken—God help me!—hist!—hearken!

'Tis the shriek, soul-appalling, he uttered when falling!

By day thus affrighted, 'tis worse when benighted;

With the clock's midnight boom from the church o'er his tomb

There comes a sharp screaming, too fearful for dreaming;

Bone fingers, unholy, draw the foot-curtains slowly—

O God! how they stare at me, flare at me, glare at me,

Those eyes of a Gorgon!

Beneath the clothes sinking, with shuddering shrinking,

A mental orgasm and bodily spasm

Convulse every organ.

Nerves a thousand times stronger could bear it no longer.

Grief, sickness, compunction, dismay in conjunction,

Nights and days ghost-prolific, more grim and terrific

Than judges and juries,

Make the heart writhe and falter more than gibbet and halter.

Arrest me, secure me, seize, handcuff, immure me!—

I own my transgression—will make full confession—

Quick—quick! let me plunge in some dark-vaulted dungeon,

Where, though tried and death-fated, I may not be baited

By devils and furies!

## THE VISION OF CARL VAN QUIET

OR,

## THE INDIAN OF SAN SABA.

BY CHARLES HOOTON.



WHETHER Carl Van Quiet became so thoroughly disgusted with the world after a forty years' residence therein; or, as some of his ill-natured neighbours would have it, the world became so thoroughly disgusted with him, that they could not work together in any comfort longer, is more than we can undertake to decide. But true enough it is, that between them a lasting disagreement took place, and Van Quiet resolved to revenge himself in the best manner he was able, by withdrawing at once and for ever from the odious society amidst which he was born, and retiring to some silent sequestered corner of the earth, where either to plague others or to be himself plagued any longer, should no more be possible. He had heard of the "far West," but that promised not solitude enough for him. He would go further still. There were places happily yet left, thought he, where a man might as it were have a world to himself; where neither man's deceit nor woman's tongue could disturb the serenity of the soul; and where Nature, bountiful and free, should commune with him night and day in peace, unfetters by a single thought of quarrel.

Accordingly, he set about, for the first time in his life, to transplant himself from the soil upon which he was born. He had outlived the valuable opinions of many of the inhabitants of his native village of Sludgedam, upon the Katskill side of the Hudson, just because he refused to give way to every newly-conceived notion which they, as a common fraternity, thought proper to entertain for the general good of the population at large. As for instance, they established an anti-tobacco-smoking society, and inveigled all the girls of the place into the taking of a rash and desperate pledge never to marry a man who kept a pipe in his house, or ever blew smoke out of that facial orifice which, they philosophically contended, Providence never intended to be used as a funnel for such a purpose. Van Quiet treated all their theories with utter contempt, and only vouchsafed a reply by keeping his meershaum going at a more furious rate than ever before. But though he replied not in audible speech, he lacked not that inward reflection which is the best balm and satisfaction of the inward man. He knew, as well as did his father before him, the full value of a pipe. And from his sense of its power in putting aside anger, oiling the surface of the troubled sea of life, and calming the perturbation of the spirit, he mentally prophesied the future irritability of the husbands of Sludgedam—the unhappiness of its wives, and the nasty snarling cur-like dispositions of its forthcoming generations of children.

"Women are poor blind creatures," thought he to himself, "or they would perceive that when a man smokes he neither talks nor meddles, and yet the talking and meddling of husbands it is that makes every household hearth a little domestic amphitheatre of gladiatorial exercises.



They are tying up rods for their own backs, and banishing the pipes of peace to introduce instead the shrill horns of family warfare."

Still the influence of this society might not have been sufficiently great to have driven Carl from the neighbourhood, had it not also happened that an old spinster, one Miss Tabitha Fulbrook, to whom he had been in the habit of paying his addresses during the last ten years, also became a member thereof, with the open and avowed intention either of cutting off Van Quiet's pipe, or affording some other aspiring lover, if such there were, a chance of the honour of her hand. The fact was she had long despaired of ever seeing her present admirer bring his matrimonial conceptions to a practical bearing; since he entertained a notion that there was always time enough, and in all human probability would have been perfectly contented to have gone on courting to the very end of his days could she but have suffered the slow-motioned tortoise to have done it. And hence she adopted the present method of giving him a polite hint that he must conform to the notions of his neighbours, and either abandon his tobacco or her own sweet self. Between the solid comforts of kanaster and the somewhat doubtful comfort of a wife, Van Quiet required little hesitation to choose. He puffed away the last dim vision of Miss Fulbrook in a world of curling aromatic clouds, and determined at once to leave the ungrateful and detestable Sludgedam for ever behind him. Accordingly, he sold off every thing he had; collected all outstanding debts, and having paid every stiver that he owed, left his native village with a better reputation for alacrity than he had earned during the whole previous portion of his life.

Miss Fulbrook discovered her error when it was too late. The seductive Van Quiet had beguiled her out of ten years of her best time, and led her on by degrees almost imperceptible to herself, towards the desert borders of middle age. Every body appeared to like her very much, and yet nobody loved her. The young men seemed as though by a kind of tacit consent to take it for granted that she was too far advanced on her journey to be worth inviting as a companion for the remainder of the stage; while the wives of Sludgedam were so marvellously long lived, that not a single widower could be found amongst the old ones. She abandoned the anti-smoking society in a pet; declared her conviction, after more mature reflection, that females had no right to meddle with such matters, and prophesied, with rather unwomanly and malicious satisfaction that ultimately many of the most valuable and independent of the male sex would be compelled to seek elsewhere, perhaps in Albany or New York, for more amiable smoke-enduring partners.

Meanwhile, the solitary Carl Van Quiet had stretched away south and west as far as the San Saba mountains, in quest of a location to his mind. The regions of new settlements, of log-houses and weatherboarded shantys, were far behind him; and alone, with two dogs and his gun, he trod upon the country of the Indian, and traversed wilds where seldom before had the luxuriant herbage bent beneath the feet of the white man. What a glorious change did all this feel to his peaceful spirit! Here were no neighborly inquisitors to look after your goings out or your comings in—to wonder how you managed to get your living and yet seem so remarkably idle,—to quarrel with your pipe when they could not quarrel with yourself; nor, in short, to do any of those innumerable petty deeds

that render the life of a would-be self-contained citizen one confused heap of annoyances.

Upon a point of land formed by the junction of two desperate torrents that flung themselves headlong, like a couple of suicides, from the broken rocks above, Carl eventually fixed as his future territory. It was a wild spot, gloriously wooded, and as silent, save with the voices of birds and beasts, as though every day was Sunday, and common days were blotted out from the calendar of nature. Behind this charming locality arose vast craggy mountains that seemed to sleep the sleep of ages in the pure blue air and the bright dreamy sunshine. But sometimes when the thunder roared and the lightnings ploughed their rugged sides, they woke to answer to the hurly-burly, and shout in hollow voices to one another high up in the mid heavens; and then as the storm scudded growling away, they sank again into repose, as though a voice or an echo had never been heard amongst them.

Satisfied that the spot was exactly cut out for him, since it verily might seem as though nature had purposely disposed of its component parts to suit and fit the figure of his mind, Carl took up his lodgings in the branches of what he pleasingly considered one of his own trees, for the night; and on the following morning mounted his horse and retraced the route by which he had come, until he had reached the most extreme frontier settlements, where he hired labourers to assist in building his house, and purchased a sufficient stock of dry provisions to last him at least twelve months. His whiskey barrel contained thirty gallons, his pipes counted up a numerous family, and his tobacco-box weighed fifty pounds.

Two months' end saw his residence completed. It had a living tree by way of supporter at each corner, five hundred yards of ground were fenced in by way of a primitive garden, and the loose rocks on the banks of one of his rivers were disposed into a kind of rude stairs to facilitate the drawing of water.

All things being so far completed, his friends returned home, and Mr. Van Quiet commenced in good earnest the life of a solitary animal.

Day by day he hunted, fished, dug his garden, ate, drank, smoked, and slept, with the most persevering and dogged determination to enjoy himself. If ever, though it was but rarely, he wanted to hear any body speak, he held loud talk with his hounds; or when he felt inclined for music, hummed, like a gigantic bee, some old Dutch song that he had learned from his father when that worthy was the life and soul of the Dragon inn at Sludgedam. Occasionally, and by way of additional recreation, he would explore the nooks and recesses of the mountains behind him, pick up strange stones that had never been touched by the finger of man before; examine all odd-looking mosses with the scrutinising eye of a true lover of natural curiosities; or climb up the jagged and chaotic sides of the mountain streams to find out the mysteries of their sources.

On one of these latter expeditions during the hot summer time, when one of his torrents was dried up to a little poppling silver-like liquid thread, and the numerous small pools where the water lodged were as clear as so many masses of crystal, Van Quiet sat down weary upon a

great stone in the middle of the gulley, and having struck a light for his pipe upon his gun-lock, and swallowed a horn of whiskey from the bottle in his pocket, began unconsciously to ruminate upon the probable end of his life, if he should continue alone in that wilderness. But as his eyes happened to be fixed on the rough pebbly ground all the while, his meditations were left unfinished—cut suddenly short in the middle—by the sight of something of a dazzling whiteness lying at the bottom of a broad bright shallow before him. He put down his bared arm to take it up ; and, on examination, felt convinced that it was a very pure specimen of the ore of silver. He prosecuted his search still further, and discovered several others though of an inferior size. The thought flashed across his mind that there must be a silver mine somewhere above ; and for the first time since he was born the lust of wealth rushed upon his heart like a fever or a newly-kindled spiritual fire. It was because a fortune seemed as though it could now be made as it were instantaneously and by wholesale. The ordinary tedious processes by which wealth becomes accumulated, never had any charms for Van Quiet ; but to pick up magnificence in a moment, to gather perhaps boundless wealth in a lump, was quite another matter. The sluggish elements of his spirit were stirred into unwonted activity, and rising from his stool of stone he slung his gun across his shoulder and began to climb the bed of the torrent for the purpose of tracing out its first underground origin.

Every one who has rambled much amongst mountains, knows how uphill journeys lengthen when once begun, and how scenes and prospects change when looked back at, so that to recognise them again is almost next to impossible. The duskiess of night began to draw over the landscape before Van Quiet was half aware of it. He looked around, and found himself in 'a new world. The way by which he had come was hidden and lost amongst such a wilderness of rocks and trees, that he scarcely expected to find it again that night ; and was bethinking himself of a hard bed under cover of some overhanging jut of stone, when suddenly, and to his utter astonishment, he thought his eyes discerned a human figure at some distance, but advancing towards him. Snap and Lurcher also appeared sensible of the presence of something besides their master ; but, to that poor man's additional amazement, instead of growling and going in advance, they both dropped their tails and crept close against his heels.

Although Van Quiet was not troubled with a very prolific imagination, and was withal too much of a matter-of-fact sort of man to believe in the visible existence of demons and phantoms, he did not exactly relish the encounter. What a surprising thing it was that he should have lived in that region now several months, and yet never before found out that he had so near a neighbour. Besides, what an out-of-the-way place, even for those out-of-the-way parts, was that for a man to live in :—up amongst the clouds—barren, chilly, and often tempestuous.

The figure was now tolerably near, and Snap and Lurcher whined as if afraid when they looked at it. Van Quiet now, unhappily for his own comfort, recollected an old saying, that dogs see spectres sooner than do men ; and finding the mettle of his beasts had thus suddenly evaporated, odd fears crept over him ; and his own courage began to flicker about as though hastening to its final annihilation. Glad would he have felt had that disagreeable reminiscence come into his head at any other



time, since in honest open daylight he should not have cared any thing whatever about it ; but Nature certainly has a nasty way of stirring up in men's brains all sorts of uncomfortable recollections precisely at those times when least they are wanted.

The stranger was a tall, dark-looking man, full a head higher than the affrighted Carl ; and over his shoulder he carried—if not a real pick-axe and shovel, at least an excellent visionary resemblance of those instruments of mining toil.

"A fine night we shall have of it," remarked he, gazing at the same time upwards at a red thunder-cloud that topped the mountain-peak above them, like a huge nightcap.

"It promises stormily," said Van Quiet.

"Storms are fine," added the stranger, "I glory in them. I am no butterfly man, to like nothing but sunshine."

Van Quiet literally shivered when he heard that strange man's voice. It was like the sound of a distant sea ; and upon its utterance, the two hounds ran away and howled, the hollows gave back faint echoes, and the trees trembled as though with a passing wind.

"Look!" again he cried, "the fire of that cloud is mine." He pointed his right forefinger towards it, the cloud was shattered with a sudden burst of light, and a snaky stream of deathly fire ran down upon his hand harmlessly, though it would have dashed a rock to atoms.

"Now, doubt not who and what I am. You have come to find wealth, and like thousands of your fellows you have first found ME. I am—but no matter ; your coward soul tells you that you know me well. I can help you to all you want—without me you can never get it. Fly from me if you can—but never waste your time in looking for silver here, until you wish for this pick-axe and this shovel. When, if ever, you truly *wish* for them, they will be there. Hack the rocks and dig below!"

Van Quiet's knees knocked loudly at each other's sides, and rattled his pocket knife and his bottle so loudly together, that he was reminded to take another dram. But first he offered it to the stranger, who took a mouthful, but spit it all out again ; declaring the liquor was little better than water. "Here," said he, "take a drink of mine."

And he handed to Van Quiet a curious old silver bottle and a cup made of the same material. Carl was afraid to refuse, and therefore totted out a very respectable draught. It was inimitable stuff to be sure : as strong as a spirituous Samson, and yet as mild as morning milk warm from a meadow-feeding cow. The stranger pledged him in another, and drank to their better acquaintance. This liquor soon had a marvellous effect upon Van's spirits. He felt himself his own man again within the twinkling of an eye. The horrors that before had beset his new companion round, as with a hedge of thorns, vanished with the rapidity of dreams from before a newly-wakened soul. His tongue grew bold and confident ; and as the red cloud on the mountain-peak grew bigger and darker, he even proposed taking shelter with the stranger from the seemingly approaching tempest.

"Willingly!" replied he, "my roof is fifty fathoms thick, and will shelter you for ever if you like it. Come on!"

The two hurried away under high precipices, and along the borders of deep pits, and through narrow clefts of disparted rocks, that

every moment seemed to threaten to close up again, until they finally arrived at a cavern of such vast extent, that, after the entrance was passed, neither top nor sides were visible. A very scarlet coloured fire, upon the ground, threw some light into the surrounding air, and discovered two seats and a table beside it, the former of which were so bountifully adorned with silver, that, until twice invited, Van Quiet feared to sit down, and run the risk of polishing one of them with his homespun smallclothes.

A flagon of the same incomparable whiskey was soon again in requisition, and a box of such tobacco, that when Van Quiet began to smoke he verily thought the precious plant must have grown in the garden of Eden itself; and been the same that Nature originally intended for Father Adam's own use, before he committed that grand mistake through which the prime qualities of her productions were for ever afterwards destroyed. As they sat together thus, the stranger resumed his discourse.

"There is something about you mortals," said he, "which hardly the devil himself can intelligibly account for. Just look at yourself, for instance. Requiring nothing that man can reasonably desire, with plenty to sustain the body, a whole country to ramble in and call your own, nature to delight and serve you on every hand, and neither jealous, nor envious, nor malignant tongues to trouble for an instant the serenity of your life—you yet no sooner fancy that the wealth of these mountains is in your power, than every thing you before enjoyed ceases to give you its accustomed pleasure. Your soul takes fire at the thought of sudden gain, as though you were the poorest dog alive. What can it add to you if you possess it? Think of that, man—think of that! But I know you always fancy, that *happy is, happier may be*; and so the cry is for more, and more, and more still, until, like some of your fellows that die drunken, all pleasure vanishes in the oblivion created by your own sins. It has been so from the hour of your creation to the present. I have watched the world through it all. And now it is my deliberate and matured opinion that the great, hereditary, and ineradicable insanity of mankind is, that of never knowing when, or with what to be satisfied!"

Van Quiet was about to reply, not only in his own individual defence, but on behalf of the species generally, when he suddenly sneezed as though preliminary to a bad cold; and as suddenly found to his amazement that the moralising demon, the inimitable drink, and the tobacco of paradise had instantaneously vanished.

He was sitting on the great stone in the gully, with the lump of silver ore in his hand, an extinct pipe between his lips, and his shoes half buried in water from the rising of the rivulet since he first sat down there. The afternoon seemed to be wearing away, and Snap and Lurcher expressed themselves highly delighted to see their master bestirring himself again.

"What a very singular sort of dream I have had!" thought he, as he trudged off in the direction of his shanty; "and yet there was some good sense in it, too; better, in fact, than has come into my head when awake these last twenty years. I ought to act upon it beyond all doubt—rest contented as I am, for what in the world is it I *do* want? and not set about hammering and digging like a slave, tiring myself almost to death to get riches, and when I have got them not know better how to enjoy myself than I do at present."

Nevertheless, Van Quiet placed his specimen of silver-ore upon the shelf

over his fireplace, thinking if it did no good it could do no harm, and was at least too rare to throw away again.

Days passed over, and he spent his time as usual, without making any attempt to find out the veins of the higher mountains. But at times he detected himself instinctively contemplating the specimen on his shelf, and wondering how soon a great fortune might be made out of that kind of material. There seemed to be a natural attraction in it, which, when unconscious and unthinking of the matter, invariably drew his eyes in that direction, and not unfrequently called his fingers into requisition also.

As time wore away, the effect at first produced upon his mind by the vision of that afternoon, gradually became more indistinct. He began to regard it all as a piece of downright nonsense, the fantastical result of hot weather, strong whiskey, and "feine kanaster," operating upon the dreamy brain of a man living alone in a wilderness till he scarcely could discern the difference between mere fancies and tangible, solid realities.

"Demons," reasoned he with himself, "appear if they ever do appear, in a bodily shape, when a man has his eyes open; and come with temptations on their lips, tricking and merchandising for one's soul; but *not*, that I ever heard of, poking about in the brain just when one happens to have dropped off for an hour's nap, and stuffing it with useful, but musty old warnings, as though they were regular gospel preachers. No imps do that—it is contrary to all their dearest interests, and would be the ruin of their whole tribe. Give me plenty of wealth, say I, and we shall soon see, in spite of what an apparition may say, whether I shall not be happier! *Upon my soul* I wish I had that pick-axe and shovel!"

A frightful clatter in the middle of the house floor instantly startled Van Quiet almost out of the use of his senses: and, on looking round, he found it arose from the two implements for which he had so earnestly wished, having been hastily thrown down together, by the hand of the same old mountain friend he had seen in his dream, and who now stood again smiling before him.

"Take them, my friend," said he, "but remember that whoever makes use of my tools will be called upon to pay for the loan of them in the end. *Upon your soul* you have wished for them, and upon that soul will lie their charge!"

Van Quiet was so desperately alarmed to find his dream come true, that he would have gone down on his knees that instant and prayed to be delivered immediately from the devil he had raised; but his knees would not bend the tenth of an inch—they were as stiff as oaks; and his tongue could not utter a single pious word, for all such seemed to choke him even to think upon. The demon, however, very politely requested him to sit down, which he instantly and involuntarily did, by dropping like a lump of lead into his chair. But the silver cup and bottle were soon again in requisition, and the inimitable liquor rapidly reinvigorated the spirits of Van Quiet, and set him again upon the most amiable terms with this mysterious master of the mines of San Saba. The better and more refreshed he felt, the harder he drank and the more furiously he smoked. In fact, if the sober truth must be told, he and the Old Gentleman made a regular night of it, and by the aid and co-operation of a large company of other jolly imps which He of the Shovel raised for the occasion, created such a disturbance and uproar amongst the startled solitudes of those else peaceful mountains, that the people who lived at ten leagues distance caught



the murmur thereof, and universally attributed it to the breaking out of a new volcano. A supposition, by the way, strengthened and confirmed in the fact, that at the same time a dim appearance of fire was observable about the mountain tops; but which, in reality, arose from the prodigious flambeaux with which His Sable Highness illuminated the broken precipices and wild recesses of the San Saba hills.

After this terrific bout, Van Quiet felt no more misgivings touching the means by which the caverns of the mountain peak were to be opened to him. He had become thoroughly and properly inspirited for his work, and handled the mysterious spade and pickaxe with all the confidence of an old workman familiar with his tools.

It was midnight, about twenty-four hours afterwards, that a strong determination—an irresistible desire—first came upon him to follow the advice previously given him, and “hack the rocks and dig below.” By a newly awakened instinct, hitherto unfelt, he seemed to be internally directed to the exact spot for commencing operations as accurately as though he had been there a thousand times. The road to it lay clearly before his mind’s eye, and his competency for the task of labour during the hours of night felt far greater than for the enjoyment of repose and sleep.

Accordingly, he lit the lamp of his biggest lantern, and with axe and shovel upon his shoulder set out upon his expedition. Neither Snap nor Lurcher would follow him that night—they seemed to scent danger afar off, and wisely took up their quarters under the table for security.

As he toiled away up the rugged steeps, Van Quiet observed several singular-looking tailed creatures, neither man nor monkey, but bearing a marvellous resemblance to both, leaping and skipping amongst the rocks on either side, and making various odd grimaces, as though in sport and derision of him. He well knew there was no such real things in those regions, and felt rather uncomfortable in their company; the more especially so as they evidently followed and kept along with him—now laughing hideously at his spade, and then grinning with horrible mockery full in the blaze of his lantern. But he disregarded their gibes and monstrous sneers, and toiled onwards and upwards, now threading the tangled maze of some vast rift in the mountain side, and now scrambling upon all fours over huge masses of stone, as might, by comparison, some persevering, dust-clogged insect amongst the fallen ruins of a wall.

At length he found himself in a small barren valley, not unlike a huge bowl, so near the top of that mountain range that only one splintered peak of rock rose above it. The place appeared as though it scarcely belonged to this world, so little had Nature to do there. Not an atom of green flourished, not a drop of water glittered in it. Granite, flint, sand, all the unproductive refuse of the most solid elements made up that desolate picture. The hour of midnight, too, was upon it, for though the moon shone brightly through the crystal air above, she looked not down into that abyss, but shot her rays athwart and over it.

Here Van Quiet sat down to rest awhile before commencing his work; for the toil of the journey had been great, to say nothing of the harassing fears by which in part it had been additionally burdened. A kind of demoniacal instinct informed him that this savage spot was the laboratory and workshop of his wealth,—the secret place in which, high up above

and far away from all the rest of the living world, he was to make the ground bring forth that before which all the world bows down.

While he was stripping off his jacket, those odd-looking imps that had escorted him on his way gathered round in a circle, and made fun of him, while with the first stroke of his pickaxe a sound, like that of a heavy bell rang through the mountain dolefully, and sank into Van Quiet's heart as the passing bell of his soul from good to evil. Again he struck, and again the same audible mockery saluted his ear. He paused in amazement and fear, as though troubled to guess what all this might mean. But during five times more that he struck the rock the same mysterious tolling was repeated, and then it altogether ceased. But instead, a voice that he too well knew, like the sound of a distant sea, or the hissing of many serpents, spoke aloud in his affrighted ear.

"Seven rounds of the year have you to get rich in, and to enjoy your riches, before the eighth is passed you will be mine!"

His eyes saw not that spirit-speaker who heretofore had comforted him with the silver bottle, but, instead, he beheld something like a gigantic vampire-bat flit awkwardly along the sky, darken the moon with its leathern wings, and then vanish.

The little demons around danced and sang in horrible glee, but Van Quiet continued his work as well as he was able. There could be no withdrawal now, and all that remained was to make the most that might be possible of time.

With little and comparatively inadequate labour, the vast foundations of the rocks split like a fiery and explosive coal, and brilliant beds of silver glittered resplendently in the dim beams of his lantern. By the dawn of day he returned home sleepy and discontented. He knew the exact measure of his term of life, and to know that is worse even at seven long years' distance than not to know that it will come to an end to-morrow. Half the anticipated pleasure of his riches had vanished already, and he had thus early found that they may become the sources of happiness or of pain, according to the tenure upon which they are held, or the means whereby they are acquired.

Three arduous years, however, he spent in hacking, digging, smelting, and storing up his metal; relaxing from his labours only when necessity called him away to fetch his annual stock of dry provisions, or seed-time and harvest compelled the sowing and gathering in of his scanty and neglected crops. During the whole of that time he saw no more either of the Old Gentleman himself, or of any of his horrible crew; but precisely to the minute that each natural year closed up the gates of the past, did he hear that mysterious bell ring out the exact number—first six, then five, then four—that yet remained for him. And it mattered not where he might at the moment chance to be, or what engaged in—whether digging in his mine, working in his garden, or striking bargains with some acute storekeeper at the remotest location that ever beheld his visits—still he heard the warning bell as plainly as when its dreadful tongue first spoke at midnight on the heights of the San Saba hills. But nobody else heard it: to the soul of Van Quiet its voice was alone audible.

When four years only were before him, he resolved to give up all further labour, and enjoy for the remainder of his short life what he had already accumulated. He therefore collected what cattle he had, which were chiefly mules purchased, in the interior, of settlers at a distance, and

having laden them with the precious metal he had collected, set fire to his house, and departed for Santa Fé to dispose of it. Having reached that place in safety, and found it an excellent mart for his bullion, he had the satisfaction of finding himself at last one of the wealthiest men in the country.

Van Quiet then resolved to return to his native village of Sludgedam, on the Hudson, because he felt that nowhere upon earth could he so thoroughly enjoy himself as upon that spot, where he would be surrounded by hundreds that knew him in his former condition, and by their envy and mortification would add to his most pleasurable sensations. He did so, and soon began to frown upon the village, as though he were its lord and complete master. His former opponents courted his company, his superiors sunk below him, the anti-smoking society melted away before his face, because, not a single member thereof but would have married him even if he smoked every hour of the day and night, and therefore they sent in their resignations so rapidly that before eight weeks were over only the two ladies who acted as president and secretary were left, and then they gave in also ; while a large party of the male sex, both young and old, who rejoiced in the man that effected this social revolution, presented him publicly with a most magnificent pipe, and half a hogshead of the best leaf of Havannah. On the night when he publicly accepted these testimonials of regard, his horrible bell rang three as distinctly as ever before ; nay, more so, for the sound seemed to become louder every year. But he strove to cast off the warning ; and, in order to divert his feelings, commenced the building of a magnificent house, the like of which was never before, nor since, reflected in the waters of the Hudson river. But though it appeared to progress like magic—to grow suddenly, rather than be heaped up by slow degrees—the yearly bell struck two on the very day he entered upon it.

Van Quiet now found himself growing remarkably miserable ; and though numbers of young and handsome dames looked graciously upon his antiquated figure, he refused to make any advances, but, instead, renewed his acquaintance with Miss Tabitha Fulbrock, who kindly accepted his attentions again, and, furthermore, declared her absolute delight with the fragrance of tobacco-smoke ; and not only filled his pipe with her own fair hand, but sometimes out of pure affection wedged it so full that the utmost efforts of his lungs were called into play to extract the grateful vapour from it.

At length they were married. The dreadful bell rang one on his wedding-day. He was a wretched man when he ought to have been most happy ; and deeply did he sigh for those contented hours again before he had ever wished for the pick-axe and the shovel.

In due time Tabitha introduced to the world a young Van Quiet ; and, on the eve of his christening, invited a large party of the most distinguished Sludgedamites to a magnificent supper. The master of the house, however—the unhappy father, whose course was nearly run—beheld a stranger seated in high glee at his table ; it was the Old Gentleman of San Saba, with a bell beside his plate. But as nobody else took any further notice of him than if he had not been there, Van Quiet kept the vision to himself, and drowned his fear in huge draughts of pure Monongahela. Just as supper was finished, the demon raised his bell and shook it violently, but it did not ring—Van Quiet's time was out !



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That instant he seemed literally to wake in another world. Instead of glittering lights and brilliant company in a magnificent house at Sludgedam, he was sitting—though not alone—in his log-house at the foot of the San Saba mountains. His dogs were asleep at his feet, his garden was as flourishing as a little paradise, and the calm magnificence and beauty of all external nature fell upon his heart once more with almost the power of an Almighty revelation. What was wealth compared with that by which he was surrounded!

Before him sat a grave and aged Indian, a descendant of that happy people who made glad the deserts of the land, before Columbus turned upon them that torrent of civilised ruin which has since swept away the proud strength and glory of their tribes.

“White man!” said he, “I found you sitting in the bottom of that dry river. I saw, like all your tribe, that you had come to dig sorrow out of the earth, and forget the pleasure there is upon its surface. My forefathers, who made gold and silver in Peru, knew better, when they had tried both. But finding that their children refused to believe them, they made a water which clears the spirit and shows things as they are, not as they seem to be. I had pity on you. I gave you the spirit water, when your eyelids fell down in sleep over that lump of glittering stone; and then I carried you to your own hut. What you have seen since is through the spirit-water, but it might be true.” Avoid it, and live wild and happy.

“Imitating the bad white man, I once loved these metals when I was young. My father put the water in my ears when asleep in my robe on the ground, and in the land of spirits I saw all my life before me. I slew my friend to take his metal, I told lies to win it, I sold my independence for it and became a slave; my hunting grounds had no joy for me, and I never cared to look up at the sun. I left my canoe to rot on the bank, and my arrows untied and wasted. I went out on no war-parties with the warriors of my tribe, but betrayed Black Eagle and Wild Horse, our chiefs, to their enemy, for gold and silver. I became mean, and lost my soul. I hated myself, and wished to be buried in the dust. But when my eyes opened, I ran about the mountains till night, because of gladness. I threw my metals in the river, and thanked the Great Spirit that I was still free. And that is the reason why my people cannot be made tame. The white man is always sad, because he loves silver and gold. But he is blind, and never sees his wrong till he is going to sleep for ever.”

Poor Van Quiet listened with pleasurable amazement; but took some time to persuade himself that he was not in a vision still.

Satisfied at length that he had really passed seven miserable years only in fancy; but convinced that what he felt was too near the truth to be converted into a reality, he thanked his savage benefactor for the service done him—more effectual, he declared, than twenty of Mynheer Trump’s Dutch sermons; set before him a rude, but honest entertainment, and smoked in satisfaction the pipe of peace.

Before parting, Van Quiet would have begged a little of the miraculous water, but was assured by his guest that “It had no effect in convincing people, *unless they came to live in the wilderness.*” An observation

which—whether his auditor had or had not wit enough to perceive it—contained, no doubt, a very important truth.

From that day Van Quiet led an unambitious, contented, pastoral life. He felt glad that the earth still kept its own, that his palace at Sludge-dam had never been built, that Miss Tabitha Fulbrock remained, for aught he knew, Miss Tabitha still; and that the young Van Quiet was only an imaginary pledge of an imaginary affection.

Having reached a very great age, and finding at length that his death was approaching, he hanged both his dogs, in order to prevent the grief which else they might have felt for his own loss; and then resigned himself peacefully to the arms of death in the embrace of his old arm-chair; for in that posture was he afterwards found by a party of hunters, withered and dry like a dead tree, or a preserved specimen in a museum of curiosities.

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## THE WESTMINSTER PLAY,

DECEMBER, 1845.

BY MR. SERJEANT TALFOURD.

NOT from the youth-illumined stage alone  
 Is gladness shed; it breathes around from all  
 Whose names, imprinted on each honour'd wall,  
 Speak deathless boyhood; on whose hearts the tone,  
 Which makes each ancient phrase familiar grown  
 New by its crisp expression, seems to fall  
 A strain from distant years; while striplings, still  
 In careless prime, bid younger bosoms thrill  
 With plaudits such as lately charm'd their own—  
 While richest humour strangely serves to fill  
 Worn eyes with childlike tears; for Memory lifts  
 Time's curtain from the spirits' holiest stage,  
 And makes even strangers share the precious gifts  
 Which clasp in golden meshes Youth and Age.

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## THE PRIVATEER'S-MAN.

A TALE.

BY CAPTAIN MARRYAT, R.N.

## CHAPTER THE TENTH.

Captain Levee and I engage with the French Privateer—We come off victorious—My Revenge against the French Lady—We take our Prize to Liverpool.

THE wind was light, and we did not gain the mouth of the river till near sun-down, when the pilot left us, and as soon as we were three miles in the offing I hauled down the flag of truce in the sight of the French privateer, who was following us close, and was not more than four miles from us. To avoid mistake, I had agreed with Captain Levee that should I be coming out after dark I would carry a light at the peak, and this light I now hoisted. It enabled the French privateer to follow me, and appeared only as a mark of contempt towards him. I stood on in the direction where I was to find Captain Levee, and could make out the Frenchman following me and gradually nearing me. As it became dark I made more sail to keep him further off till I had joined the Arrow, but the light at my peak pointed out to him where I was. All this seemed a mystery to my officers and men, until having run out about four leagues, I desired them to keep a sharp look out for the Arrow.

About half-past eight o'clock we perceived her lying-to ; she had furled her sails after dark, as usual. The light I bore told her who I was, and I ran close to her and, hailing Captain Levee, desired him to prepare for action, and that I would come on board to speak to him. This, of course, created a great bustle on board of the Arrow, and I hastened on board that they might not show any lights. I then informed Captain Levee of all that had passed, and that the Frenchman was not more than five miles from us. We agreed that I should still keep up the light, and bear away a little to draw the Frenchman to leeward of the port, and also to leeward of the Arrow ;—that the Arrow should lower her sails again so as not to be perceived until I had drawn the Frenchman past him, and that then I should commence the action under sail, and fight till the Arrow came up to my assistance. This being arranged, I hastened on board of my schooner, and keeping away four points, I waited for the coming up of my antagonist. In half an hour we could perceive him through the gloom, not more than a mile from us, under all sail, standing steadily for the light which we carried at our peak.

As I had already discovered that my little schooner sailed faster than my opponent, I allowed her to come up within a quarter of a mile of me, when I rounded to, and desiring my men to aim at his rigging, so as to dismantle him, poured in my broadside of grape and langridge, and then shifted my helm and resumed my course, putting more sail on, so to increase my distance to what it was before. This manœuvre I executed three times with success, as I had the satisfaction of perceiving that his

foretopmast was shot away; but when I rounded-to the fourth time he did the same, and we exchanged broadsides. The effect of his superior artillery was evident, for my rigging and sails were much damaged; happily nothing so serious as to impede our speed, and I again put before the breeze as before, and increased my distance previous to again rounding to, for as the water was very smooth I knew that if I was crippled she would lay me by the board immediately, and I might be taken and hanged before the Arrow could come up to my assistance. I therefore continued a running fight at such a distance as rendered me less liable to suffer from his guns.

It is true that this distance made my guns even more ineffective, but I was decoying my Frenchman off from the land, and placing the Arrow between him and his port, so that his return would be intercepted. This continued for about an hour, when I perceived that the Frenchman had got up a new foretopmast, and had set the sail upon it. He now ran out his bow chasers, and continued to fire upon me with them alone, not choosing to lose ground by rounding to, to give me a broadside, and as his canvass was all out, and I was occasionally rounding-to to dismantle him, we retained much the same distance from one another. At last a shot from his bow-chaser struck off the head of my mainmast, and my gaff came down.

This was serious. We hastened to reef the mainsail, and hoist it up again upon the remainder of the mast, but having no gaff topsail our speed was necessarily decreased, and the enemy appeared to be gradually closing with us. I looked out for the Arrow, but could perceive no signs of her; indeed it was too dark to see farther than half a mile. Finding that on the point of sailing we were on that I had no chance, I determined to alter my course, and put the schooner right before the wind, so that I might set the square mainsail, which would give time for the Arrow to arrive; indeed at this time I was in a state of great anxiety. However, I had made up my mind not to be taken alive, and to sell my life as dearly as I could.

When the enemy perceived that we had put before the wind he did the same, and as we were about half a mile from each other, we continued to exchange broadsides as we ran, she gradually nearing us so as to make her heavy artillery more effective. This portion of the contest continued for an hour, during which my little schooner had received much injury, and we were constantly repairing damages. At last, much to my delight, the day began to dawn, and I then discovered the Arrow about a mile and a half from us, right astern under a press of sail.

I pointed her out to my officers and men, who were inspired with fresh courage at the sight. The enemy also perceived her, and appeared determined to bring the combat to an issue previous to her coming up, and I feared that, at all events, I might swing at the yard-arm, let the issue of the coming combat be what it might. She neared, steering a course so as to cut me off, and I continued to pour in my broadsides to cripple her if possible, as she did not now fire, but ran steadily for me, and my chances were bad.

Anxious that the Arrow should close as soon as possible, I hauled down my square mainsail that we might not run from her, and prepared for an obstinate resistance if boarded. At last the Frenchman was within a

cable's length, and at this critical moment the Arrow was about a mile to windward. We poured in our last broadside, and hastened to seize our pikes and cutlasses to repel the boarders, when to my satisfaction I found that one of our shot had cut his gaff in two. I immediately rounded to the wind, and as my antagonist was within pistol-shot of me, with her men all ready for the leap on board, I put my helm down, went round in stays, and crossed her so near to windward that you might have thrown a biscuit on board.

This manœuvre prevented his boarding, and I may say saved my life, for his gaff being shot away he could not heave in stays to follow me, but was obliged to wear round after me, which increased his distance at least a cable's length to leeward. A furious broadside, however, which he poured in, crippled me altogether. Every thing came running down upon the decks, and I was left a complete wreck; but I was to windward of him, and although he might sink me, he could not board or take possession until he had refitted his after-sail.

But now his time was come. A fresh antagonist, of equal weight of metal, was close to him, and he had to decide whether he would fight or run. Whether he conceived that running was useless, which it certainly was, or was determined to take us both or die, I know not, certain it is that he did not put his vessel before the wind, but waited the coming up of the Arrow with determination. Captain Levee passed under the Frenchman's stern, raking him with a broadside that almost unrigged him, and then engaged him to leeward, so as to cut off all chance of his escape.

The Frenchman returned the fire with spirit, and I took my men from my guns that we might set some sail upon the vessel, for after the Arrow commenced her fire no further notice was taken of me by the Frenchman. After a contest well maintained for half an hour, the mainmast of the Frenchman went by the board, and this almost settled the question, as he could not keep his vessel to the wind, and consequently she fell off, and received a raking fire from the Arrow. At last her bowsprit was between the main and fore rigging of the Arrow, and her decks were swept by the Arrow's raking fire. I had got some sail up forward, and was anxious to be at the close of the action. I perceived that the Frenchman was attempting to board the lugger, and was pouring all his people on the forecastle, and I therefore edged down to him that I might, with my people, board him on the quarter, which would place him, as we say, between two fires. The conflict was at its highest; the French attempting and the Arrow's crew repelling them, when I laid my schooner on her quarter and leaped on board of her with my few remaining men. The Frenchmen turned to repel my attack, and thus weakened their party opposed to the Arrow's men; the consequence was that they were first beaten back, and then boarded by Captain Levee and his crew.

As soon as I had gained the deck of the Frenchman I thought of nothing but to single out the French captain. At first I could not see him, but as his crew retreated from Captain Levee and his men, I perceived him, pale and exhausted but still attempting to rally them. As my object was to take him alive, I rushed in advance at him, wrestled, and threw him on his back on the deck. There I held him while the combatants fighting and retreating, tumbled over us one after another, and bruised us severely with their weight. At last the French were



beaten below, and I had time to breathe; calling to two of my men, I desired them to take charge of the French captain, and as they valued their lives, not to let him escape or destroy himself, but to take him into our vessel and guard him carefully in my cabin. Having done this I went to Captain Levee, and we embraced.

"You did not come a minute too soon," I said, wiping the blood from my face.

"No, indeed; and but for your clever manœuvre you would have been beaten. Your vessel is a mere nutshell compared to this;—you did well, more than well, to maintain the combat so long. Have you lost many men?"

"We had ten sent below before we boarded; what may have followed since I do not know. I have the French captain safe in my cabin."

"I saw the men hand him over:—well, now to repair damages, and then I will tell you what you shall do. I must send on board and help you; the Arrow has not suffered much considering, and I can spare them. As soon as we have cleared up the decks a little, we will breakfast together and talk the matter over."

It required two hours before we could clear the decks of our vessels, for we had separated, and the Arrow had taken charge of the prize. Before I took the boat to go on board the Arrow, I went down into my cabin, where the French captain lay bound and watched by two of the men.

"You are prepared to pay the penalty agreed upon, monsieur?" said I.

"I am, sir," he replied. "I now understand what you meant when you said that I would meet with my match. I have no one to blame but myself. I urged you to the conditions, expecting an easy and certain conquest with my superior vessel. I have fallen into my own net, and there's an end of the matter, except that when things go wrong, a woman is certain to be at the bottom of it."

"I am aware, sir," I replied, "that your wife instigated you to act as you did, or you would never have so behaved. In attempting to revenge the death of one husband, she has lost two."

"*C'est vrai*," replied the Frenchman, composedly, and I then quitted the cabin, and went on board of the Arrow.

"Well, Elrington," said Captain Levee, "what do you intend to do with the French captain? Is he to pay the forfeit, and swing at the yard-arm?"

"I don't like hanging a man, especially a brave man, in cold blood," I replied. "It was all his wife's doing, and he has confessed as much."

"He would certainly have hanged you," replied Levee.

"Yes, that I believe; but it would have been that he might have a quiet life at home, not from any resentment against me. Now I have no feeling of that kind to actuate me."

"What will you do then?"

"Not hang him, certainly, and yet I should like to punish her."

"She deserves it," replied Captain Levee. "Now, Elrington, will you approve of my suggestion?"

"Let me hear it."

"It is this: They do not know that I have assisted in taking the privateer, as they have no idea that I am here. As soon as we have re-

fitted her and your vessel, I will remain where I am. You shall run into the mouth of the Garonne, with your colours flying, and the English Jack over the French flag on board of the prize. This will lead them to suppose that you have taken the vessel without assistance. When just out of gun-shot, heave-to, fire a gun, and then swing an effigy to the yard-arm, and remain there to make them suppose that you have hung the French captain. At nightfall you can make sail and rejoin me. That will punish her, and annoy them generally."

"I will do so; it is an excellent device, and she will never know the truth for a long time to come."

We remained all that day refitting; in the evening I made sail, in company with the French schooner, which was manned by Captain Levee, and stood in shore. At break of the following day I ran in, standing for the harbour, without my colours being hoisted, and then it occurred to me that I would make their disappointment greater, by allowing them first to imagine that the victory was theirs; so when about six miles off, I hoisted French colours on the French schooner, and French colours over English on board of my own.

I continued to stand on till within two miles and a half of the batteries, and could see crowds flocking down to witness the supposed triumphant arrival of their privateer into port. When of a sudden I hauled my wind, hove-to, brailed up my sails, and changed the colours, firing a gun in bravado. Allowing them half an hour to comment upon this disappointment, I then fired another gun, and hoisted up to the yard-arm the figure of a man, composed of clothes stuffed with hay, made to represent the French captain; and having so done, I remained during the whole forenoon, with my sails brailed up, that they might have a clear view of the hanging figure, at last we perceived a large boat, with a flag of truce, coming out of the river. I remained where I was, and allowing it to come alongside, I perceived in it the French officer, who had pledged himself to give the conditions of the combat to the lady; and seated by him was the French captain's wife, with her head sunk down on her knees, and her face buried in her handkerchief.

I saluted the officer as he came on the deck. He returned my bow, and then said, "Sir, the fortune of war has proved in your favour, and I presume that the conditions of the issue of the combat have been adhered to on your side. Against that I have not a word to say, as my friend would have as rigidly adhered to them. But, sir, we war not with the dead, and I have come off at the request of his miserable wife, to beg that you will, now that your revenge is satisfied, deliver up to her her husband's body, that it may receive the rites of the Church and Christian burial. You surely, as a brave man, will not deny this small favour to a woman whom you have twice deprived of her husband."

"Sir," I replied, "on condition that his lady will step on board and make the request herself, I will comply with it, but on no other terms."

"It will be most painful, and her feelings might well have been spared such a trial as to meet your face again and make the request in person; but as you insist upon it, I will make known your terms."

As he went into his boat I ran down into the cabin, and desired them to cast loose the French captain, saying to him, "Sir, your wife is here requesting your body, which she believes to be swinging at the yard-arm, for I have put that trick into execution to punish her. I never

intended to take your life, and I shall now do more, I shall give you not only life, but liberty—such shall be my revenge.”

The French captain stared as if confounded, but made no reply. I then went on deck, where I found the lady had been lifted up the side. They led her to me, and she fell on her knees, but the effort was too much for her, and she fainted away. I ordered her to be taken down into the cabin, and, without any explanation, desired the French officer to accompany her, not wishing to be present at the unexpected meeting. I therefore remained on deck, and ordering the men to lower down the effigy, they did so, laughing at the French seamen in the boat, who for the first time perceived, for they had not looked up before, that it was only a sham captain. I looked over the side, and told them that the captain was alive and well, and would be in the boat very soon, at which they were greatly rejoiced. In the mean time the explanation took place in the cabin, and after a few minutes the French officer came up, and expressed his satisfaction at what I had done.

“You have given a lesson, sir, without being guilty of barbarity. Your conduct has been noble.”

He was soon followed by the French captain and his lady, who was now all gratitude, and would have kissed my hands, but I prevented her, and said, “Madam, at least now you have no occasion to hate me. If I was so unfortunate, in self defence, as to slay your first husband, I have restored to you your second. Let us then part in amity.”

The French captain squeezed my hand, but said nothing. I begged they would take some refreshment, but they were too anxious to return and undeceive their friends, and begged permission to go into the boat. Of course I consented, and as the boat pulled away, the crew gave three huzzas as a compliment to us. When they were a mile in shore, I hauled down the colours of both vessels, and made sail out to rejoin Captain Levee, which I did in the evening, and then related all that had passed.

He was much pleased with the result of the affair, and we then, having consulted, considered it advisable to run back to Liverpool with the prize, as she required so many hands to man her as to render us by no means efficient vessels. Moreover, I had forgot to state that while I was in the Garonne, the Arrow had taken two good prizes, which she had manned and sent to Liverpool. We therefore made sail to the northward, and in a week were again in port, with our prize. We found that the other vessels had arrived safe, and the owner was much pleased with the results of this short and eventful cruise.

#### CHAPTER THE ELEVENTH.

I cause myself to be dismissed from my Owner's Service—Am Arrested—Conveyed to London, and confined in the Tower—Am visited by a Romish Priest, and through his interference obtain my Liberation—Set off to Liverpool, and find my Owner and Captain Levee—Their Surprise—Miss Trevannion.

WHEN I called upon our owner, which I did as soon as I had dropped my anchor and furlled sails, he embraced me, and then led me into the back room next to his counting-house.

“My dear Elrington,” said he, “well as you managed to get off the Jacobite gentlemen, there is a strong suspicion on the part of the government, that they were on board of your vessel, and that I was a party to their escape. Whether they will take any measures now that you have



returned, I know not ; they may have gained some intelligence, or they may worm out something, by their emissaries, from those who compose your crew, and if so, we must expect their vengeance. Now tell me where you landed them, and all the events of your cruise, for I have heard but little from those who brought in the prizes taken by the Arrow. Captain Levee is too busy with his own vessel and the prize to come on shore for these two hours, and I wish to talk with you alone upon this affair."

After I had narrated all that had passed, and the manner in which the French privateer had been captured, the owner said,

"If the government spies, and there are plenty of them about, find out from your crew that you landed passengers at Bourdeaux, depend upon it you will be arrested and examined, without you get out of the way till the affair has blown over. Now, the men will narrate in the taverns the curious history of this French privateer, and in so doing cannot fail to state that you were on shore in France. Now, Elrington, you have run the risk to oblige me, and I must keep you out of difficulty; and, if you feel inclined to hide yourself for a time, I will of course pay all your expenses."

"No," I replied ; "if they find out what has taken place, and wish to get hold of me in consequence, I think it will be better to brave it out. If I hide away, it will make them more anxious to have me, and will confirm their suspicions that I am what they are pleased to call a traitor ; a reward will be offered for my apprehension, and at any time that I do appear, the reward will cause me to be taken up. If, on the contrary, I brave it out, and if I am asked, say at once that I did land passengers, at all events they will not make it high treason ; so, with your leave, I will stay. I hardly need say that I shall take the whole responsibility upon myself, and declare that I took them on board without your knowledge ; that you may rest assured of."

"On consideration, I think that your plan is the best," replied my owner. "I am grateful for your offer of screening me, which I would not permit, were it not that I shall be useful to you if any mischance takes place, and, if in prison, could be of no service."

"Then, sir," I replied, "the wisest course will be for you at once to dismiss me from the command of the privateer, in consequence of your having been informed that I carried passengers and landed them in France. That step will prove you a friend to the government, and will enable you, after a time, to get me out of my scrape more effectually."

"You are sacrificing yourself, Elrington, and all for me."

"Not so, sir. I am only securing a friend in case of need."

"That you certainly are," replied my owner, squeezing my hand.

"Well, it will be the best plan even for you, and so let it be."

"Then I will now return on board, and tell the officers that I am dismissed. There is no time to be lost ; and here comes Captain Levee ; so for the present, sir, farewell."

On my return on board, I called up the officers and men, and told them that I had offended the owner, and that he had dismissed me from the command of the privateer. One of the officers inquired what I had done ; and I said, before the men, that it was for landing the passengers in France. They all condoled with me, and expressed their sorrow at my leaving them, and I believe that they were sincere. It was fortunate

that I did as I had done, for I found that the government emissaries were on board at the time that I made the communication, and had already gained the information from some of my crew. I ordered my chest and bedding to be put into the boat, and as soon as they were ready, I gave up the command to the first officer, and bidding them all farewell, went down the side, and pulled on shore, repairing to my former lodgings.

I had not been there two hours before I was arrested, and taken to prison. I was, however, very comfortably lodged, because I was a state prisoner, and I presume that more respect is paid to a man when he is to be drawn and quartered, and his head set above the Tower gates, than a petty malefactor. The next day I was summoned before what was called the Commission, and asked whether I had not landed some people in France? I replied immediately that I had done so.

"Who were they?" was the next inquiry.

"They stated themselves to be Roman Catholic priests," replied I, "and such I believed them to be."

"Why did I do so?"

"Because, in the first place, they paid me one hundred guineas each; and, in the second, because I considered them mischievous, dangerous men, conspiring against the government, and that the sooner they were out of the country the better."

"How did I know that they were traitors?"

"All Roman priests were traitors in my opinion, and I hated them as bad as I did the French; but it was difficult to deal with a priest, and I thought that I was performing a good service in ridding the country of them."

"Who else was privy to the affair?"

"No one; I had made the arrangement with them myself, and not an officer or man on board knew any thing about it."

"But my owner, Mr. Trevannion, was he a party to it?"

"No, he was not; and on my return he dismissed me from the command of the privateer, as soon as he found out that I had landed the priests in France."

A great many more questions were put to me, all of which I answered very cautiously, yet without apparent hesitation; and after an examination of four hours, the president of the Commission told me that I had been, by my own acknowledgment, aiding and abetting the escape of malignant traitors, and prevented them meeting their just fate on the scaffold. That, in so doing, I had been guilty of treason, and must abide the sentence of the supreme Commission in London, whither I should be sent the following day. I replied that I was a loyal subject; that I hated the French and Romish plotters, and that I had done what I considered was best; that if I had done wrong, it was only an error in judgment; and any one that said I was a traitor, lied in his throat.

My reply was taken down, and I was sent back to prison.

The following afternoon the gaoler came into my room accompanied by two persons, one of whom informed me that I was delivered over to their custody to be taken to London. I was led out, and at the door I found three horses, upon one of which I was desired to mount. As soon as I was in the saddle, a rope was passed from one leg to the other under the horse's belly, so as to prevent my escape; and my horse was led between the other two, upon which my keepers rode, each having a hand-rein made fast from my horse's bridle to his own. A crowd was assem-



bled round the entrance of the gaol, and among the lookers on I perceived Captain Levee and my owner, but of course I thought it imprudent to take any notice of them, and they did not make any recognition of me,

I hardly need say, my dear madam, how very revolting it was to my feelings to be thus led away like a felon; but at the same time I must acknowledge the courtesy of my conductors, who apologised for being compelled to take such measures of security, and on the way showed great kindness and good feeling.

Every thing being arranged we proceeded on our journey; but it was late when we set off, owing to one of my conductors being sent for by the commissioner, and having to wait for letters for nearly three hours. As it may be supposed, we could not travel at speed, and we seldom went faster than a walk, which I was sorry for, as I was anxious that the journey should be over, and my fate decided as soon as possible.

Almost an hour after dark, a party of men rushed from the side of the road, and some seizing the bridles of the horses, the others threw the two conductors off their saddles by taking them by the leg and heaving them over on the other side. This was done so quickly that the two men, who were well armed, had not time to draw out a pistol or any other weapon of defence; and as soon as they were on the ground they were immediately seized and overpowered. The faces of the men who had thus assailed the king's officers were blackened so as to disguise them, but from their voices I knew them to be the men and officers of the privateer. "Now then, Captain Elrington," said one of them, "be off with you as fast as possible, and we will take care of these fellows."

I still remained in my saddle, and although somewhat flurried with the surprise of the attack, I had had time to recover myself, and had decided upon my mode of behaviour. I felt as I had said to the owner when we consulted together, that an escape now would be only putting off the evil day, and that it was better to meet the case boldly at once, so I rose in my stirrups and said to the men in a loud voice, "My good fellows, I am much obliged to you for your exertions in my behalf, as it proves your good will, but I cannot and will not take advantage of them. By some mistake I am accused of being a traitor, when I feel that I am a true and loyal subject, which I have no doubt will be fully established upon my arrival in London. I cannot, therefore, take advantage of this opportunity to escape. I respect the laws of my country, and I beg you to do the same. Oblige me by releasing the two gentlemen whom you have made your prisoners, and assist them to remount their horses, for I am resolved that I will go to London and be honourably acquitted. Once more, my lads, many thanks for your kind intentions; and now I wish you farewell, and if you would do me a great favour, you will disperse peaceably and leave us to proceed on our journey."

The men perceived that I was in earnest, and therefore did as I requested, and in another minute I was again alone with my two keepers.

"You have behaved honourably, sir, and perhaps wisely," observed one of my conductors, as he was about to remount his horse. "I will not ask you who those people were, although I have no doubt but you recognised them yourself."

"No," I replied, "I did not. I guessed from whence they came, but I did not recognise any one individual."

I gave this cautious answer although I had recognised Captain Levee and one of my own officers.

"Well, Captain Elrington, you have proved to us that you may be trusted, and therefore, on your pledging your word that you will not escape, we shall have great pleasure in removing all unpleasant precautions."

"I certainly have proved that I would not escape, but will readily give you my assurance that I will not alter my mind."

"That is sufficient, sir," replied the officer; and he then cut away the rope which bound my legs, and also took off the two leading reins attached to the other horses. "We shall now," he said, "proceed not only more pleasantly, but more rapidly."

My conductors then mounted their horses, and we set off at a good trot, and in an hour arrived at the place where we were to put up for the night. We found supper prepared for us, and good beds. My conductors now left me free of all restraint, and we retired to our beds. The next day we continued our journey in the same manner. My companions were pleasant and gentlemanlike men, and we discoursed freely upon every topic; no one could have imagined that I was a state prisoner.

We arrived at London on the fifth day, and I was then delivered over to the keeper of the Tower, according to the instructions that my conductors had received. They bade me farewell, and promised that they would not fail to represent my conduct to the authorities, and gave me hopes of a speedy release. I had the same idea, and took possession of the apartments prepared for me, which were airy and well ventilated, with almost cheerfulness.

On the third day after my arrival a commission was sent to the Tower to examine me, and I gave the same replies as before. They were very particular in obtaining the descriptions of the persons of those whom I had landed in France, and I answered without disguise. I afterwards found out that I had done a foolish thing. Had I misrepresented their persons, it would have been supposed that they really were four Catholic priests, but from my exact description they discovered that I had rescued the four traitors (as they termed them) that they were most anxious to secure and make an example of; and their annoyance at this discovery had so angered them against me, that my subsequent conduct could not create any feeling favourable towards me.

Three weeks elapsed and I was wearied of confinement. My gaoler told me that he feared my case was a bad one; and after another week had passed, he said that I was condemned as aiding and abetting treason. I must say that I little expected this result, and it quite overthrew me. I asked my gaoler what was his authority. He said that so many people had assisted and effected the escape of the rebels without one having been convicted of having so done except myself, on my own avowal, that they deemed it absolutely necessary that an example should be made to deter others from aiding those who were still secreted in the country; and that in consequence it had been decided by the Privy Council that I should be made an example of. He told me much more which I need not repeat, except that it proved the malignant feeling that was indulged by the powers in authority against those who had assisted their defeated opponents, and I felt that I had no chance, and prepared my mind to meet my fate.

Alas, my dear madam, I was but ill-prepared to die,—not that I feared death, but I feared what must be my condition after death. I had led a reckless, lawless life, without fear of God or man; all the religious feelings which had been instilled into me by my good tutor (you know my family history and I need say no more) during my youth, had been gradually sapped away by the loose companionship which I had held since the time that I quitted my father's house; and when I heard that I was to die, my mind was in a state of great disquiet and uncomfortable feeling. I wished to review my life and examine myself, but I hardly knew where to begin.

All was chaos and confusion. I could remember many bad actions, but few good ones. I felt that I was like a vessel without a rudder, and without a pilot; and after hours and hours of deep thought, I would give up the task of examination in stern despair, saying to myself, "Well, if it must be so, it must." I felt an inclination to defy that Heaven which I felt would never be opened to me. This was the case for more than a week after I heard of my condemnation, until I began to reflect upon the nature of our creed, and the terms of salvation which were offered; and, as I thought over them, I felt a dawn of hope, and I requested the gaoler to furnish me with a Bible. I read it day and night, for I expected every morning to be summoned to execution. I felt almost agony at times lest such should be the case, but time passed on, and another fortnight elapsed, during which I had profited by my reading, and felt some contrition for my many offences, and my life of guilt, and I also felt that I could be saved through the merits of Him who died for the whole world. Day after day my faith became more lively, and my mind more at ease. One morning the gaoler came to me, and said that there was a priest who wished to see me. As I understood he was a Roman, I was about to refuse, but on consideration, I thought otherwise, and he was admitted. He was a tall, spare man, with a dark Spanish countenance.

"You are, I believe," said he, "Captain Elrington, who effected the escape of some of our poor friends, and who are now condemned for your kind act."

"I am, sir," replied I.

"I am aware," said he, "that your profession of faith is not mine, and do not, therefore, come to talk with you on serious points, without you should wish it yourself; my object is, that indebted as we are to you for saving our friends, to offer to be of any use that I can to you; in executing any wishes, or delivering any messages, which you may wish to give, should you suffer for your generous conduct, and you may trust any thing to me with safety, 'that I swear to you,'" and he took a crucifix from the folds of his garment, and kissed it, as he said so.

"I thank you for your kind offer, sir," replied I, "but I have nothing to trouble you with. I have long quitted my family, who know not whether I am alive or dead, for reasons that I need not explain. I am under an assumed name, and it is my intention to suffer under that name, that my family may not be disgraced by my ignominious death, or be aware that I have perished on the scaffold."

"Perhaps you are right," replied the priest, "but let us talk upon another point; have you no friends that could exert themselves in your favour, so as to procure your pardon and release?"



"None," replied I, "except those who, I am sure, are exerting themselves to the utmost of their power, and to whom no message from me is necessary."

"Do you know nobody at court," said the priest, "no person of rank in the government—or I may say opposed to the government—for people now-a-days are not what they seem or pretend to be?"

"I have no knowledge of any titled person," replied I; "when I parted with one of the gentlemen who I landed at Bordeaux, he gave me the name of a lady of quality at Paris, desiring me if in difficulty to apply to him through her; but that was, if in difficulty in France; of course she could do nothing for me in this country."

"Have you the name of the lady?"

"Yes," replied I, "it is, on the first leaf of my pocket-book. Here it is."

The priest read the name, and then said:—

"~~Yes~~ You must write immediately a few words, acquainting her with your position. I will see the letter safely delivered before the week is over."

"What good can she possibly do me?" replied I.

"I cannot say, but this I know, that if any thing is to be done, it will be. Write immediately."

The priest called the gaoler, and requested writing materials, which were brought, and in a few minutes I had done as he requested.

"There, sir, I have written to please you; but I candidly state that I consider it an useless attempt."

"Were I of your opinion, I should not have advised you to write," replied he. "There are wheels within wheels that you have no conception of, in these troubled times. What I most fear is, that it may arrive too late."

The priest took his leave of me, and I was left to my own thoughts. When I considered that the address of this lady had been given to me by the very man who they were so anxious to secure as a traitor, I at once decided that no benefit could arrive from any interference on her part; and I therefore, after a quarter of an hour, dismissed the whole subject from my thoughts, and commenced my reading of the sacred writings. The following morning, when the gaoler came in I could not help observing to him, that as I had been condemned so many days, I felt much surprise at the delay of my execution. His reply was, that he heard that others were in custody upon the same charge, and that they waited for their convictions that we might all suffer at the same time; for the order for my execution had come on the Friday last, but had been countermanded on the afternoon of the same day. Although this satisfied me that I had no hopes of escape, yet I was pleased that I had obtained more time for preparation, and I renewed my reading with ardour. Another week passed, when the gaoler, with a solemn face and much apparent concern, came in, and informed me that the other parties arrested had been tried before the commission, and had been condemned, and that it was expected that the execution would take place either on the morrow or the day after. The announcement did not affect me much. I had made up my mind that I should suffer, and had to a degree weaned myself from life. I considered how all hopes of my ever enjoying the delight of family and kindred ties had flown away, and I looked with disgust upon my career as a privateer's-man, a career of recklessness

and blood so denounced by the sacred writings which I had before me. I reflected that if I were to leave the prison, that I should have no other means of sustenance, and should probably return to my former life, and load my soul with a still heavier weight of crime, and, although I felt an occasional bitter pang at the idea of leaving the world so young, a world which I could not hate, still I was, after a few hours communing and reflection, resigned to my fate, and exclaimed with sincerity, "Thy Will be done." I think, madam, you may have observed that, sinful as I was, my whole career proved that I was not a hardened sinner. Good was not driven entirely out of me, but was latent, notwithstanding all my excesses and the bad company which influenced me.

I now prayed, and prayed earnestly, and I thought that my prayers were heard. Such was my state of mind on the day before the one appointed for my execution, when the gaoler and one of the sheriff's officers came into my cell, accompanied by the Roman Catholic priest, whom I have before-mentioned. I perceived by the gaoler's countenance, ~~that~~ a humane man, that he had no unpleasant news. The sheriff's officer delivered to him an order for my liberation in my presence, and to my astonishment I was told by the gaoler that my pardon was signed, and that I was free. I was stupified with the intelligence, and I stood without making any reply. The priest waved his hand to them as a hint to leave the room, which they both did, leaving me with the priest. As they left my eyes followed them, and then I cast them down upon the Bible which laid before me on the table, and slipping alone from the bench upon my knees, I covered up my face and prayed. My prayers were confused—I hardly knew what I said—but I knew that they were intended to be grateful to Heaven for my unexpected preservation from an ignominious death. After a time, I rose up, and perceived the priest, whose presence I had till then forgotten. He had been kneeling at the other side of the table praying with me, and I am sure for me—and he was rising up just after I had.

"I trust, Captain Elrington," said he, after a pause, "that the peril you have been in will influence your future life; and that this severe trial will not be thrown away upon you."

"I trust not, sir," replied I. "I feel that it has been good for me to have been afflicted. I believe that I have been indebted to your exertions for my deliverance."

"No further than having seen your letter duly and speedily delivered. I could do no more, for with all will, I have no power; and that was little to do for one who so generously assisted our friends in their distress."

"Am I then to believe, that I am indebted to the interest of a French lady, residing at the court of Versailles, for my deliverance?"

"Even so—this may appear strange to you, Captain Elrington, but such is the case. Understand, that in these troubled times, the ruling monarch of this country cannot distinguish his friends from his enemies. He can only trust to professions, and they are not always sincere. There are many on the council at this time, who, if the pretender, as he is called, had succeeded, would have long before this have joined him, and who had wished him success, although they dared not venture to assist him. The interest of the lady in question with these people, has prevailed over the true adherents of the Hanoverian king, and thus through

this lady have you obtained your release. I state this to you in confidence; to publish what I have told you would be to betray your friends—Can I be of any further service to you? for you can leave your prison as soon as you please.”

“None, I thank you, good sir,” replied I, “I have money more than sufficient to reward my goaler, and to defray my expences to Liverpool.”

“You have my best thanks and sincere wishes for your happiness. Then I will not intrude upon you any more, except to give you my address in case of need. You have made warm friends by your conduct, and if you ever require their assistance it will not be withheld.”

The priest gave his address upon a piece of paper, and then came to me.

“Our creeds are not exactly the same, but you will not, my son, refuse my blessing?” said he, putting his hand upon my head.

“Oh, no,” said I, dropping on my knees, “I receive it in all thank-  
~~fulness.~~”

“May God bless you, my son,” said he, with emotion—and he then quitted the cell.

What with the previous excitement, when my liberation was announced, and the parting with the kind priest, my feelings were so powerful, that, as soon as I was alone, I gave vent to them in a flood of tears. As soon as I was more composed, I rose from the bench, put my necessaries into my valise, and summoned the gaoler, to whom I made a handsome present, thanking him for his kindness during my incarceration. I then shook hands with him, fee’d the turnkey who had attended upon me, and in a minute more I was clear of the Tower gates. How my heart heaved when I was once more in the open air.

I looked around me, and perceived that many men were busy in erecting a scaffolding. My heart sank as I beheld them, as I felt certain what it was for; but to verify my opinion, I turned to an old woman who had a sort of stall from which she dispensed mead to the populace, and inquired of her for what the scaffold was being erected.

“It’s for the men who are to be executed to-morrow for aiding the Jacobites to escape,” said she. “Wont your worship take a glass of mead this morning?”

“I am not thirsty,” I replied, as I walked hastily away with my valise upon my shoulders.

A stranger to this part of London, I hardly knew where to direct my steps; I walked past the square before the Tower, until I came into a street called Catherine-street, where a tavern met my view, and into it I entered immediately, glad, as it were, to hide myself, for I felt as if all the world looked upon me as a person just discharged from prison. I obtained good entertainment there, and slept there that night. The next morning, the host having provided me a good horse and a youngster to bring it back, I set off for Liverpool, and after four days’ travel without adventure, I arrived at the town, and proceeded direct to the house of Mr. Trevannion, my owner. I took my valise off the boy’s horse, and having paid him for his attendance, I knocked at the door, for it was late in the evening, and dark, when I arrived. The door (for it was at his private house door which was next to the counting-house door that I knocked) was opened; and the woman who opened it shrieked, and let drop the candle, exclaiming, “Help, my God—a ghost, a ghost!” for



it appeared that the news had arrived at Liverpool from a messenger who had been sent express after I had been condemned, stating that there was no hope, and that I was to suffer on the Monday; and this was the Saturday evening on which I had arrived. Mr. Trevannion's clerk hearing a noise in the passage, came out with another candle, and seeing me, and the woman lying on the floor in a swoon, stared, staggered to the door of the room where his master was sitting, and the door being ajar, he fell back with great force into the room, dropping under the table between Mr. Trevannion and Captain Levee, who was sitting with him, smoking as was very often their wont. This brought out Captain Levee with one of the table-candlesticks, who upon seeing me ran to me and embraced me warmly, and then cried out, as the clerk made his escape,—

“Here is Elrington alive and well, sir!”

At this announcement Mr. Trevannion came out, and threw himself into my arms, saying,

“I thank God for all His mercies, but above all, that I have not been the cause of your death, my dear Elrington. Come in,” he exclaimed, in a faltering voice; and as soon as he gained his seat, he laid his head down and sobbed with excitement and joy.

I followed Captain Levee into the room, and was taking a chair, when I perceived that there was another person present besides Captain Levee and Mr. Trevannion, which was the daughter of the latter; that is, I presumed as much, for I knew that he was a widower, and had one daughter living out of a family of three children. She appeared to be about seventeen years of age, and had just come from a Protestant convent, as they called establishments where young women were educated at Chester. Mr. Trevannion was still with his face covered, and not yet recovered from his burst of feeling, when this young gentlewoman came up to me, and said,

“Captain Elrington, you have behaved nobly to my father; accept my hand and my friendship.”

I was so dazzled from coming out of the dark, and so excited from what had just passed, that I was almost bewildered, but I accepted the offered hand, and bowed over it, although I declare that, at the time, I could not distinguish her features, although I perceived that her person was slight and elegant. As she retreated to her seat, Mr. Trevannion, who had recovered from his emotion, said,

“I thought that, at this moment, your head was exhibited at the gates of Temple-bar. The idea, as Captain Levee will tell you, has haunted me, for I felt, and should always have felt, that I was the cause of your death. God bless you, my dear sir, and may I have an opportunity of showing you my gratitude and regard for your noble conduct towards me, and the sacrifice which you would have made. You need not tell me, for I know too well, that you took all the onus and blame of the affair upon your own shoulders, and preferred death to impeaching me.”

“My dear Elrington,” said Captain Levee, “I told our crew, and you have proved me a true prophet, that you never would peach, but would die game. We were talking of you, supposing you dead, when you came in. I must tell you, that more than once Mr. Trevannion had made up his mind to deliver himself up, and acknowledge the truth, but I prevented him, as it would have been an useless sacrifice.”

"You did, but, nevertheless, it was so heavy on my conscience that had it not been for your perseverance, and the thoughts of leaving my poor girl here an orphan in the world, I certainly should have so done, for I felt life to be a burden."

"I am very glad that you did not, sir," I replied; "my life is of little value; I have no one to support, no one to love, and no one to lament me if I fell. A shot from the enemy may soon send me out of the world, and there will only be a man the less in it, as far as people are interested about me."

"That is not the case now, at all events," replied Mr. Trevannion; "but pray, tell us how it is that you have escaped."

"I have not escaped," I replied; "here is my pardon, with the sign manual."

"And how was it obtained?" exclaimed Captain Levee; "all intercession made through some of the strongest friends of the government was in vain, that I can assert; for you must not suppose that we have been idle down here. We did not leave London till after you were condemned, and every entreaty to see you or to communicate by letter was denied to us."

"I had better then begin at the beginning, and state all that occurred. I will first thank you, my dear Levee, for your kind assistance, which I would not avail myself of, as I calculated (wrongly I own) that it would be wiser to remain a prisoner; and I considered that my very refusal to escape would be admitted by the government as a proof of my innocence. I did not know that I had to deal with such malignant people." I then commenced my narrative, which occupied the remainder of the evening, and, having received the congratulations, we had a pipe or two, and, as I was fatigued, we retired to bed. I slept little on this, I may say, first night of rest and quiet, after my liberation. I was happy, and yet perplexed. During the time of my imprisonment, it had occurred to me that the life of a privateer's-man was not one which I could follow up with a good conscience; and I had on my journey down to Liverpool made up my mind that I would give it up. I knew this might annoy Mr. Trevannion, and that I should have to meet with the ridicule of Captain Levee, and I was thinking whether it was possible, in the first place, that I could give some well-grounded excuse; and, in the next, what other means of gaining my livelihood I could substitute in its stead. My restlessness induced me to get up earlier than usual, and I went out for an hour's walk upon the wharves. I saw my little schooner riding on the stream, and as she gently rose and dipped to the swell which ran in with the tide; she looked so beautiful that my resolutions were already giving way. I would look at her no longer, so I turned from the river, and walked back to the owner's house. It was still early when I went into the eating-hall, where I found Miss Trevannion alone.

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## ECHOES FROM THE BACKWOODS.

BY CAPTAIN LEVINGE.

## CHAP. I.

## VOYAGE OUT.

Transport Service—"Girls we left behind us"—The Atlantic—Calm—Whales  
—Fogs—New World and Ladies' Maid—St. John's—Climate—Lumber—  
Hard and soft Wood.

IN June, 1835, the transports destined to convey the left wing of a light infantry regiment to our colonies in North America, had "made its number" in the Cove of Cork.\* At this time the transport service was a disgrace to the country, and although so many men-of-war were lying idle in our numerous dock-yards, which might have been employed as troop-ships, yet the comfort of the soldiers troubled not the heads of those gentlemen "who sit at home at ease." It was not sufficient that the poor devils should be "food for powder," but that the fishes also should have their chance. A tub of a vessel without a sailing point in her composition was hired, a mass of white paint, in the form of a parallelogram, smeared over her bows, the better to relieve the huge number by which she was designated. Water-tanks, heaps of biscuits, barrels of pork, and but one of rum; a pennant, an ensign, a skipper, a fat mate, and a superannuated lieutenant of the navy (by way of agent), a most inadequate crew were put on board, and the transport was reported fit for sea.

The service companies selected for duty in New Brunswick, marched through Cork to the tune of—

The girls we left behind us.

The solemn vows of eternal constancy of the previous night, were echoed and wafted from a hundred balconies; but—

Oh, shame! oh, sorrow! and, oh, womankind!

We knew that a few hours would bring the new regiment there playing "Rory O'More," or "Such a getting up-stairs," and that the pretty faces of the Cork fair would light up, their best bonnets would be put on, first appearances being every thing. Such is military life in country quarters, such is life everywhere; so—

How happy's the soldier who lives on his pay,  
And spends half-a-crown out of sixpence\* a day!  
He cares not a mar'vedi† how the world goes,  
The king finds him money, and quarters, and clothes.

With a row-de-row, row-de-row, &c.

The crowd and confusion of embarkation is not to be described: pigs squeaking, ducks quacking, cocks crowing, French horns, kettle-drums; stray friends come to see the last of one, the curses and maledictions of

\* Sixpence was the daily pay of a British soldier prior to 1792.

† Maravedi, a small Spanish coin of the value of about a farthing.



the skipper, who was eventually obliged to be snubbed ; and the firing off of soda-water corks lasted until the old tub got under weigh in the most lubberly manner. Soldiers, as well as every thing else, shake into their places in a wonderfully short time ; one-third of the number are always upon deck, and are called the watch, not that they are employed as such ; but there is only room for two-thirds below. Sea-sickness was urged by many of the officers as a reason why they were not "in force ;" but sundry three-cornered billets delivered to the Cork weather-beaten and amphibious-looking fisher for haddocks, who boarded us when off Cape Clear, and the strict injunctions overheard as to committing them to the first post-office, induced a suspicion that to the sea could not be imputed *all* the sickness on board. A breeze sprung up, and, as the Emerald isle receded from view, we turned our backs upon our homes, our hunting, and our loves.

A voyage across the Atlantic, even in the best of weathers, must necessarily be a bore. Calms for days ; fogs, as thick as that in which the cockney found himself enveloped when steering down Father Thames, and who requested an old tar to let him know "when they were off the Nore, for that he was very anxious to see where the Mutiny had taken place."

"You are this moment abreast of it," quoth Jack ; "*but it is so thick I cannot point out the Mutiny.*"

These fogs wet us to the skin as effectually as the heaviest rain, and, to use a sailor's phrase, "you might almost cut them with a knife." Occasionally we signalled vessels, who in return telegraphed that they would be happy to take our letters ; an insult which had no sort of effect in hurrying our sulky skipper, it was no object to him to make a quick passage ; *mais au contraire*, the longer he contrived to remain at sea (thanks to the authorities) the more pay he received. What little sail we carried was "shortened" at night, and, as the fat mate generally contrived to sleep well through his watch, no advantage was taken of a shift of wind.

After five weeks, we were on the banks of Newfoundland, got soundings, but no cod ; tried to surprise turtle dozing, which proved to be wide awake. Shot at whales, and got disagreeably near to ice-bergs. However, at the end of six weeks, in spite of calms, fogs, and the sleepy mate, seas of floating kelp-weed, and strong tides were met with ; certain symptoms of being in or near the Bay of Fundy ; and all hands looked anxiously for land. There was a dense fog, I was on deck in charge of the watch ; one of the men came and reported that he saw a light, and pointed out the direction. I could not see it, but roused the fat mate, who sent men aloft, and exerted himself so far as to climb to the mizen cross-trees. I called the watch—no one could see it. The man was laughed at, but persisted in saying he distinctly saw it ; he could not be drunk, for there was not the wherewithal to get so on board. Next morning's light found us close off Bryar's Island ; this man had seen the light upon it, although invisible to sixty others.

Owing to strong tides and the prevalence of fogs, the navigation of the Bay of Fundy is ticklish in the extreme, and we "felt our way" by the deep sea lead. When in stays a large ship, unperceived until then, passed so close under our stern that a biscuit might have been thrown on her deck. She was a transport, having the regiment on board we were

going to relieve : three cheers were hardly given and returned before she was lost to sight. The fog cleared up soon after, and the black masses of the pine forests of the New World opened upon us, stretching away in continued lines, until lost in distant perspective.

The first view of land, after the monotonous combination of two elements for six weeks, is exhilarating. The first sight of the primeval forests of the New World was sublime ; surely, such a view as this would have awakened the lady's maid to the power of nature, who, when passing the magnificent scenery of the Via Mala, asked me from the rumble tumble,—

“Lor, sir, how do they manage to *plant* trees in such frightful places as them there?”

On rounding a head-land, the view of St. John's broke suddenly upon us, and, from the distance, appeared placed, as it were, in a large gap, hacked out of “the bush.” When abreast of Partridge Island, the anchor was dropped, and the transport swung to her moorings, until leave from the authorities was granted for our disembarkation. Soon after, “the Maid of the Mist” (a most appropriate name for a steamer of the Bay of Fundy) came along-side, and carried off a subaltern and twenty-five men to St. Andrew's, whither they were to remain as detachment. We were now within a couple of miles of the town, the largest in the province of New Brunswick. The rocky promontory upon which it stands rises from the water on all sides, and the wooden houses piled up on a series of landings, gave it the appearance of a fabrication made with cards to amuse children, the summit being crowned with steeples and the spires of many churches, while the base, fringed with a forest of masts, and huge vessels on the stocks, proclaimed the commercial prosperity of the place, and presented a not displeasing picture to our land expecting eyes. All hands began peering through the telescopes, in the hopes of getting a sight of “what like” were the natives, amongst whom we expected to pass the better part of three years ; and the flutter of a petticoat, or the appearance of a straw-bonnet, was sufficient attraction to draw all the glasses to that spot. The head-quarters of the regiment had arrived a week before us, and had been ordered up the river St. John to Fredericton. It was our fate to occupy the town before us. Permission having at length arrived, we were disembarked, and marched to a range of barracks pleasantly situated on a rocky promontory jutting into the harbour, and commanding the entrance of the river. We had no sooner stowed away our men than a party of us (subs) rushed down into the town, hardly checking the pace to stare at some squaws and their Papooses, nor did we stop until we arrived at a confectioner's, and obtained enormous bowls of the most delicious wood strawberries and cream ; we had just landed from a long sea-voyage, the thermometer stood at ninety-five in the shade, in addition to which, the woods being on fire made the atmosphere close and sultry ; the excitement of landing, and the bustle of putting up the men, made them the most grateful feast I ever remember to have enjoyed, and such a contrast to our ship fare, that the gluttony of the proceeding must be pardoned.

The province of New Brunswick contains an area of upwards of seventeen millions of acres, and only one soul to every one hundred acres ; a glorious field for emigration, and the surplus population of the British



isles. The town of St. John, so little known in England, and generally confounded with that of St. John's in Newfoundland, contains thirty thousand inhabitants; most of the merchants are wealthy, and a fine class of ships are built at this port, which is situated at the mouth of the St. John's river. Wages are high, and labour is at a premium. Notwithstanding the changes from extreme heat to intense cold, the climate of New Brunswick is particularly healthy. The summers are fine; fogs occasionally prevail at St. John, and the immediate neighbourhood of the Bay of Fundy. The autumn (so expressively termed "the fall") is delightful, particularly the two latter months known as "the Indian Summer," at which time the early frosts tinge the leaves of the hard wood with the brightest colour imaginable. The effect of this varied foliage of every shade of yellow, scarlet and purple, when contrasted with the deep greens of the fir tribe, is striking in the highest degree, and can only be compared to a painter's pallet, or a modern picture of "*La Jeune France*" school. This season is most enjoyable, and the sun sets glorious.

About Christmas the snow has fallen, and the frost may be said to have fairly set in. The sun shines bright and clear in the deep blue heavens. Though the thermometer may be down to five-and-twenty degrees below zero, there is something particularly exhilarating in the dry clear air. The nights are proportionably fine, and the northern lights may be seen in all their glory, often assuming that beautiful rose colour, nowhere to be witnessed so grand as in the northern latitudes. Then the lumberers repair to the backwoods in search of the pine and spruce fir, which grow to enormous heights, often two hundred feet, perfectly straight and healthy, and so close together as to be self-pruned; a knife should never be applied to any of the fir tribe (a pernicious practice too often perceptible in English plantations), it only causes the tree to bleed. The axes of the American lumberers are totally different from those used in the old world. The haft, made of hickory, is curved, and has a knob at the end; in delivering the stroke the axe is swung as high as the head, the hands slipping up to the knob. Two backwoodsmen will fell one of these huge pines in an incredible short time. Of course a tree thus cut breast high, in addition to perhaps three feet of snow upon which the one man may have been standing, causes a waste of timber which, although not thought of in the forests of America, would be a serious consideration in England. When felled and snagged, one end of the tree is placed upon a small sledge, and dragged out of the bush by oxen. It is then piled along with others upon the frozen rivers, and the mass is carried down by the stream when the ice breaks up; passing in their progress through lakes, and from river to river, till they reach the St. John, where they are collected by their different owners, formed into rafts, and finally descend to St. John, whence they are shipped for England.

Birch, beech, and the rock maple, grow upon the best lands, and the cunning settler marks well the "hard wood ridge," and bids for it accordingly, whereas the uninitiated emigrant is often taken in by the healthy and flourishing appearance of the pine tribe, fancying that soil which has reared such noble timber will recompense him; for at the government price of land, which averages about seven shillings and sixpence an acre. But he will pay for his inexperience, as in many cases it

will but ill remunerate him for his outlay and labour. The larch, here called by the Indian name of hackmatack, or tamarack, does not attain any great size, and, unlike the same tree with us, which flourishes in a dry and sandy soil, here invariably marks the line of a swamp, and lives in good fellowship with the alders, ash, white cedars, and varieties of the willow tribe. Spruce firs here grow to a large size, and are much sought after for lumber. As they grow close together, they prune themselves, and are perfectly straight and free from knots. Of all the timber in this part of the world the hemlock attains the greatest size.

*A propos* of timber, it is a curious fact that, in the forests of North America, should the primeval growth be hard wood, oak, beech, birch, hickory, maple, &c., and be cut down *en masse*, pine or firs spring up in their stead, and *vice versa*: further, should the second growth be allowed a sufficient time to attain any size, the same effect will ensue on felling that, and so *ad infinitum*. The same thing may be observed in the forests of Carniola and Bohemia, and is the case in all natural forests; and was also remarked by Franklin in the sterile districts inhabited by the Esquimeaux.

## CHAP. II.

### A Fire—Spoil a Female—Skating, sleighing, and coasting—Sleigh Club— Breaking up of the Ice.

The ice was here, the ice was there,  
The ice was all around;  
It crack'd and growl'd, and roar'd and howl'd,  
Like noises in a swound!

COLERIDGE'S *Ancient Mariner*.

THE town of St. John was built entirely of wood, and had the luck to be burnt down, more or less, every eight or ten years; and that part which escaped one conflagration was generally included in the next. The houses being insured above their value, made it a matter of perfect indifference to the inhabitants, whether their property was consumed or not; and their household goods or little alls were removed without difficulty, with the exception of the banks. At this time there existed but one house built of stone, the inhabitants of which were known as the Stone-house P——s, the better to distinguish them from their wooden connexions.

One night after mess, a messenger arrived from the mayor, stating that a fire had broken out in the town. A strong armed picquet was instantly despatched: scarcely had they left the barracks, before a second messenger made his appearance, reporting that fears were entertained lest the whole town would be consumed. All hands then turned out, and went down at the "double quick." It blew a gale of wind. The thermometer stood at 7° below zero, the fire raged, every thing was frozen up, and no water was to be obtained, except in the immediate neighbourhood of the wharfs. The scene of confusion was beyond description. Gentlemen either from over-excitement or inebriation, floundered into tar-barrels, took fire, and rushed about requesting to be extinguished; one had, partly from the above causes, partly from fatigue, sat down in a wheelbarrow on one of the quays; it was within the influence of a hose, the *débris* from

which, aided by thirty-nine degrees of frost below the freezing point, soon made him part and parcel of the barrow. A friend found him, and no one being at hand, he was wheeled off to be cut out.

To the ladies it appeared the greatest possible fun, throwing beds, wardrobes, and all their finery out of the windows, and trusting to friends to carry them to the banks or other places of safety. On the part of the authorities of the town, there was neither order, system, nor regularity observed; it was every one for himself, and the soldiers for them all. In the hope of cutting off the fire, grappling-hooks with long ropes attached to them, were thrown over houses, and by the force of a hundred men, pulled bodily down. The officers and men worked like horses. But all to no purpose,

The grappling hook plucks rafters from the walls,  
And heaps on heaps the smoky ruin falls.  
Blown by strong winds, the fiery tempest roars,  
Bear down new walls, and pours along the floors.

The fire raged unchecked, as ashes and burning shingles were carried by the wind, and fresh houses and streets ignited. Notwithstanding the flames and the exertion of the men, so intense was the cold, that many of them were frost bitten.

All hopes of extinguishing the fire being abandoned, one of the authorities sent to the commanding officer, requesting that guards might be despatched to the different roads leading out of the town; for that sleigh-loads of plunder (the bells taken off the horses to enable them to get away unheard) were carried off, and boats were employed by sea for the same purpose. I proceeded with the picquet to one of the roads; the cold was so severe, that we were obliged to run up and down to keep the blood in circulation; and had not enjoyed this jog-trot exercise long, when the sergeant reported that an unnaturally fat woman was coming along, and at a very slow pace, considering the state of the atmosphere; hinting at the same time, at some comparisons with a lady of Carlton (the other side of the river), who, a few days previously, had blessed the province with four little Bluenoses\* at one birth. She was examined, and *safely delivered* of quantities of plunder, which she had swathed round her body.

Towards daybreak the fire was at its greatest pitch. Three whale ships, filled with oil and blubber, took fire. The effect was sublime, and the liquid sheet of flame was seen for sixty miles in all directions.

The cold, during the winter night, is very severe, and the sentinels are frequently obliged to be relieved every half-hour, and the officers, so long as they possess the "*primæ flora juvenæ*," may enjoy horizontal refreshments in peace; but when they obtained those manly appendages, yclept whiskers, find that turning in bed becomes hopeless, and being "brought up with a round turn," discover that they have become frozen to the sheets. Families have been awakened by their house becoming roofless, owing to the intensity of the frost having extracted the nails by which the shingles were fastened to the rafters. Provisions are brought into St. John frozen

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\* All persons born in the provinces of Nova Scotia and New Brunswick, are called Bluenoses.



hard, and they will keep perfectly well so long as the frost lasts; it is ludicrous enough to see pigs, hares, and large cod-fish frozen stiff, and carried by a leg or tail over a man's shoulder like a musket.

Skating, sleighing, and dancing are the amusements of the opulent; so anxious are the young ladies to make their *débüt*, that at one of the balls a fair creature whom the morning's lesson had only advanced to the third figure of quadrilles, stood up to dance with a brother officer; on *l'été* arriving, she deliberately walked off, and returned to her place, exclaiming, "Now I guess I'll sit down, I don't know any more," leaving her partner to make his peace with her *vis-à-vis*. Yachting on the frozen Kenebekasis was but a frigid amusement at the best. The manufacture of an ice-boat is simple enough: over two long skates are placed any construction sufficient to hold the party, and a long pole is lashed across at right angles, which prevents the boat from capsizing. When the wind is high, she flies over the ice at a most terrific pace; and goes so near the wind, that the least touch of the helm sends her round, when she is instantly off again on the other tack. A favourite amusement is coasting. On moonlight nights a party repair to the top of some steep frozen descent, and ladies and gentlemen in pairs seat themselves upon little sleighs or coasters, and push them off. After a thaw the frost makes the surface of the snow as slippery as glare ice; the pace is then awful, and the roll in the snow proportionate. They are steered in their headlong descent by a slight pressure of the heel, but the Bluenose ladies, being more *au fait* at it than we were, sat in front and guided them. N.B.—A stupid partner was not rewarded with an upset.

The meeting of the Tandem Club was a very gay affair, twice in each week. Twenty sleighs, painted of the most gaudy colours, and decked out with furs of all kinds, trimmed with fringe of different colours, drove off from the barracks or other rendezvous. The last married lady was selected as chaperon, and there were plenty of fair candidates for the drive. The brass band and merry bells added not a little to the cheerfulness of the scene. The horses bred in the province are compact little animals, and trot at a tremendous pace, particularly upon glare ice; so docile are they from being brought up in the house as part of the family, and so attached are the Bluenoses to them, that a man hearing I possessed a gray horse (a famous trotter) which he had bred, came a long distance to see him. Two years had elapsed since he had sold him; he might have been "*a whisperer*," but no sooner had he entered the stables, and spoken to him, than the horse reared up on his hind-legs, and showed every symptom of recognition and delight. I drove that horse and another, without the least preparation, from St. John to Fredericton in ten hours; the ice was in good order; the distance eighty-four miles. An officer of the 52nd made a match against a stage-driver, a noted character in the province, to perform the same distance. One of the driver's horses dying from over exertion, the gallant captain was enabled to win his match in six hours and a half! The drivers of the stages and the inhabitants, if either halting for refreshment, or for the night, never care to bring their horses cool into the stable, or even to rub them down; but, on the contrary, the perspiration is allowed to freeze upon their coats, which are a mass of hoar frost by the next morning. Towards the spring, when the ice is expected to break up, the horses are driven with long cords (acting as safety reins), fastened round their necks with a running knot.



Should the ice give way, the driver immediately hauls upon the rope until he has, *pro tem.*, strangled the animal. The air thus confined, inflates him; he floats, and is easily dragged out upon the sound ice, when the cord being cut, he jumps up, seldom or ever the worse for his immersion.

Every fresh fall of snow obliterates the beaten sleigh tracks, and in order to avoid doubtful ice, or air holes, it is customary to mark out the different crossings over the frozen bays or rivers, by fixing young fir trees into the ice at intervals: no one can imagine, until caught in a North American snow-storm, what a guide and blessing they are. Never shall I forget returning to St. John, after a hunting expedition, accompanied by an inhabitant of that place, and being obliged to cross the Grand Bay, and part of the Kennebekasis; frozen sheets of water, just above the tide-way; and over which we had sleighed in perfect safety in the morning. The moon shone clear and bright, and we had crossed one half of the Grand Bay, when, all at once, we heard strange sounds, like the clang of hundreds of rifles discharged on all sides, in the surrounding forests: it was soon evident whence the noise proceeded; from the effect of the noon-day's sun the ice was breaking up. My companion, who, from the moment that there was an appearance of danger, behaved in the most unmanly manner, and instead of administering any cheering advice, constantly repeated that he was certain we had lost the way, at last became so terrified, that he lost all further power of speech, wrung his hands, and blubbered outright. It was a route but seldom ventured over, and was not, for that reason, marked out with fir-branches. I was confident that, so far, I had kept the right course, and urged on the horses, who snorted and showed evident symptoms of terror. Suddenly the moon became overcast, black clouds began to gather and darken the heavens; a tremendous storm came on, and the snow beat thick and fast in our faces;

Mingling the ravaged landscape with the skies,

we came to a crack in the ice at least a yard wide, which extended across the whole bay; there was no time to be lost in searching for a narrow place, as the cracking of the ice became tremendous, so there was no alternative left but to run the horses at the chasm; they cleared it in gallant style, and by keeping them in full gallop, in ten minutes we were safe on the main land. Next day boats were to be seen upon the water; the ice having totally disappeared.

### CHAP. III.

Milicete Indians—Their Idea of Comfort—Canoes—Salmon spearing—Wild and Water-fowl—Genus Tetrao—Skunks—Bears—Governor gammoned.

THE hunting grounds of the Milicete tribe of Indians border the St. John; every possible means has been tried by the different governors to inculcate domestic habits, to induce them to cultivate the soil, and to build houses, but to no purpose; however, after much persuasion on the part of Sir Archibald Campbell, one of the chiefs consented to build a house: when it was completed, he requested the governor would come and see what he had done. He had built a house, and laid out a great

deal of money in the construction of it ; but upon further observation it was discovered that he had built his wigwam inside.

Some words of their language are beautifully soft and expressive ; the rivers, for instance, are named with regard to their character ; the Washademoak signifies the "river of the rapids ;" the Begaguimmick, the "dancing stream," and the Oromucto, the "deep rolling river." Each Indian tribe has its peculiar form and pattern for every thing they make and wear ; their canoes, paddles, snow-shoes ; the embroidery in birch-bark, in porcupine's quills, moosehair, or wampum : the latter is cut from the shell of the clam-fish, but is gradually going out of use, as Venetian beads find their way from the Atlantic to the Rocky Mountains. Some of these patterns are decidedly Egyptian, and would be worthy of copying for borders, ornaments, or ladies' work.

The canoes of the Milicte Indians are in the best possible taste, and of the most graceful forms of any of the tribes of North America. These most fragile of craft average from one to three and twenty feet in length, and weigh from one hundred to one hundred-and-twenty pounds, and are put together without nails, or metal of any description ; the ribs and flooring are made of white cedar,\* over which is stretched a covering of bark of the white birch ; best when obtained in the winter months. The whole is sewed together with the roots of the spruce-fir split, and the seams secured and made water tight, with the pitch or resin obtained from the white pine, or the spruce-fir. So frail are they, that it generally costs two or three duckings, by way of apprenticeship, before the uninitiated can attempt to navigate, or even preserve their equilibrium in them. The Indians will carry them on their heads for long journeys through the woods, frequently with the addition of a quarter of moose meat, or any other heavy load on their backs.

When the salmon make their appearance in the Nashwak, fleets of canoes, each containing a couple of Indians, leave Fredericton to spear them by torch-light. The fish, checked by the falls, are collected in great numbers in the pools below. Nothing can be more exciting than this scene, the canoes hurled about in all directions by the foaming tide, the skill displayed by the Indians in forcing them up the rapids, and sending them off the rocks, or allowing them to plunge head-foremost down stream, suddenly bringing them to, they transfix their fish. The eagerness of the chase, the contrast of the flaming torches with the black masses of the woods, and the fine attitudes of the men, dashing at the salmon with their long spears, form a wild and most animating picture. The spear, which is most destructive, is very simple in its construction, and does not lacerate or spoil the fish. A spike of iron is fastened between two jaws made of rock maple, into the end of a long light fir pole. When the fish is stuck, the jaws open far enough to allow the spike to pierce and break the vertebrae of the spine, which, closing round the fish at the same time, hold it fast.

Sturgeon are very numerous in the St. John river, and grow to a great size. When running up stream, they jump out of the water to a great height. A good story is told of an old squaw : whilst paddling down the river, one of these fish jumped on board her canoe with such impetus, that it must have gone clean through the bottom, had not

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\* Arbor vitæ.

Molly Greenbaize, quick as lightning, seized it by the tail, before the head and shoulders of the fish had got well through, and its progress thus arrested, it did the duty of a plug, until she contrived to work her canoe ashore. The trout fishing is excellent, and nowhere to be excelled; except, perhaps, in the Labradore. No sooner does the ice break up, than myriads of flies appear upon the water, and the trout come upon them at once. The Indians, not being disciples of Izaak Walton, know no other means of fishing for them, than by cutting a hole in the ice, when the largest fish instantly come to the apperture, and will take almost any kind of bait; they, however, do not consider them worth the trouble of fishing for, and only resort to the piscatorial art when in actual want, on a hunting expedition, or when other game fails. In the Redhead river, some few miles from St. John, are to be caught the most delicious trout: it is a back water from the sea, which it occasionally affects at very high spring tides, and which, no doubt, has its influence on the flavour of the fish. In the Lough Lomond lakes, also in the chain of lakes beyond the Bald Mountain, having their outlet in the Musquash marshes, and in the rivers connecting these lakes, the fly-fishing is excellent.

There is a description of large herring, called gasperoe, which, in particular seasons, run up the rivers in shoals; they are taken in quantities with large landing-nets, in the pools below the rapids, in the eddies, and in the cavities of the rocks: black bass also will rise to a red fly, and afford good sport to the angler, and when caught they are not to be despised on the table. In the months of June and July the "passenger pigeons," described by Wilson as darkening the sun for days, when on their migratory flights, arrive in New Brunswick. Their favourite resorts are the neglected clearances overgrown with wild raspberries and strawberries (which are their favourite food), also on the great mosses and barrens, covered with cranberries and whortleberries, where they are to be found in great quantities, and from amongst which they rise singly or in pairs, are strong on the pinion, and afford excellent sport. They have a long, wedge-shaped tail, the ends of which being cut off previous to putting them into a trap, astonishes them so the moment they attempt to fly, that they go off quite as game as the best blue rocks of "Red House" celebrity.

The woodcock of the New World is much smaller than that of Europe, and, in the plumage, differs materially, inclining more to a fawn colour, particularly on the breast, where the shades of that colour are beautifully delicate. They appear in the spring for a short time, on their migration northward, and on their return are to be found from the middle of August, until driven south by the frosts, which set in generally by the end of October. Their haunts are in the alder and cedar swamps, along the outskirts of the "Great Bush," and the margins of the clearances, particularly where they have been suffered to copse. In Upper Canada and the United States, they are particularly partial to the Indian corn or maize, when planted in low lands. They are very quick on the wing, and when flushed get up with a shrill whistle. The woodcock of the Western Isles is the same as that of North America; and I have heard that there they are to be met with in great numbers.

What has been said of the habits of the woodcocks, apply to those of the American snipe; but the latter flies much heavier, and, in consequence,



are more easily killed than the European snipe, and are rather larger. They are to be found in abundance at Musquash, on the St. Andrew's road, Gagetown, Sheffield, in the islands on the St. John river, the Gemsegs, and the "Grand Lake" meadows.

A high-couraged pointer, particularly of the Russian breed, is best adapted to find woodcocks in these woods, when, by fastening a bell round their necks, you can never be at a loss to know when they have come to a point; a practice generally followed on the Continent and in the Pontine marshes. Woodcock shooting is managed precisely as in New Brunswick, and the cover is generally so thick, that the only chance is to shoot the birds at first sight. Should any of my readers have pursued this game in the neighbourhood of Iro Ponti, they may have encountered that prince of Cacciatori, Scapellato, who kills more woodcocks than any man in Italy; but he is a most provoking dog to follow, for, amongst other poaching contrivances, he has a habit of imitating the noise made by a cock when flushed, so completely, as to deceive the sportsman, to cause him perpetually to cock his gun, and as often to curse Scapellato.

The duck tribe are very numerous, including the wood-duck, harlequin, and blue-winged teal. An Indian will kill from forty to fifty ducks and geese in the day, on the Grand Lake meadows and Musquash marshes: his watchful habits, guarded movements, and the colour of his canoe exactly corresponds with that of the sedge and bullrushes, and at once proclaim him the man of all others to surprise waterfowl. The "birch partridge," or "ruffed grouse," and the "spruce partridge,"\* or "dusky grouse," are beautiful specimens of the genus *Tetrao*, and are constantly met in all parts of the forests. They perch upon trees; and when suddenly disturbed in the great bush, will fly up into the nearest tree, when the whole covey or pack become an easy prey to the American sportsman, who begins by shooting the lowest bird first, and so on; otherwise, should he kill one upon the uppermost branches, its fall would disturb all beneath, and they would instantly fly off: however, when come upon suddenly, amongst brushwood or in clearances, they will get up and fly, like red grouse.

There is also a peculiarity appertaining to this bird, which I have never seen mentioned by its many describers; it is that of burying itself under the snow. This was first pointed out to me, when on a hunting expedition, by John Sabatiste's desiring me to prepare for a shot. After straining my eyes in all directions, I was not a little surprised to see old John stoop gently down at my feet, and press the snow with his hand, when, with a whirr, whirr, a fine birch partridge burst from the snow, and flew off, shaking a shower from his pinions. When about to ensconce themselves, they charge into the snow with all their might, directing their flight so as to be near the surface, the impetus carrying them some way into it, sufficiently far to prevent foxes and lynxes being attracted to the spot; indeed, so small is the orifice in the snow, the particles of which naturally fall over it, that the unpractised eye might pass numbers of these birds thus concealed. The initiated will, however, soon detect a sea-green spot of reflected light in the disturbed snow. Numbers of these birds become an easy prey to the Indian, who, in the early months of their winter's hunting (when the snow is so soft that

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\* *Tetrao Canadensis.*



the birds can easily hide in it), however other game may fail, need never go supperless to bed. Lloyd, in his "Northern Field-Sports," mentions this same peculiarity in the habits of the black cock and capercailzie, during the Scandinavian winters.

Bears, and lynxes, called lucifers, are the only animals of prey in New Brunswick ; and vermin are very numerous, among which is a description of polecat, called a "skunk," of which the Indians are in great dread, and hold in utter abhorrence : they are disgusting beyond description, and when wounded or pursued, nature has given them the power of ejecting to great distances, and with remarkable precision, the most foetid fluid, that, should it touch any part of the dress, it must be immediately burnt, as the smell is intolerable. The lucifer, a large kind of wild cat, is very destructive to the deer, passing from tree to tree, until they get directly over their prey, when they pounce from a lofty branch, and rarely fail in fastening upon the deer's back, holding on by their teeth and talons, until their victim sinks from pain and exhaustion.

Wherever the forest has suffered from fire, raspberries spring up in quantities ; these are the favourite food of the bear. In winter they lie in a torpid state in some hollow tree ; a scathed pine is generally selected, surrounded by a thick undergrowth of birch and raspberries, which have succeeded the devastation caused by the fire. The greatest care is taken by bruin to obliterate all traces of his abode ; but, to the searching eye of the Indian, certain scratches of the bear's claws on the charred surface of the tree, disclose his winter quarters, when an axe soon prostrates the tree, which, bursting in its fall, bundles bruin out, much to his astonishment.

The only opportunity I ever had of shooting a bear, was when lying down to rest upon a cranberry barren ; a huge she-bear came trotting along with her cub, when, just as I was in the act of firing at her, the Indian knocked up the rifle. They will parry any blow made at them with an axe with the greatest ease ; and when accompanied by their young, the Indians generally give them a wide berth, for, if then wounded, they will rush upon their assailant.

In the chase of the bear, the Indians prefer slugs to a single ball, as the latter, unless it strikes point blank, will not penetrate the skull, and if not killed dead (by being shot through the brain or heart), they will often suddenly spring up and show fight. But a very experienced hand *will hug* a bear, and, by dexterously seizing him by the windpipe, will choke him.

The flesh of a young bear is excellent ; and the paws, in particular, are reckoned a greater *bonne-bouche* than the tongue of the rein-deer, the hump of the bison, or the moufle of the moose ; so good is it, that on one occasion, the governor of the province, a gourmand and courtier, (on his way to the seat of government), dined at the mess at St. John, and eat plentifully of a haunch of bear, smothered in currant jelly, made most complimentary speeches as to the known reputation of the "*comme-il-faut* mess," begged to know how they contrived to have such *good mutton*, and wound up by declaring he had never eaten any better in his life.

## CHAP. IV.

## LIFE IN THE WOODS.

Moose—Caraboo—Accidents will happen—Toggery for the Woods—Snow Shoes—"Mal à Riguette"—Hints—Woodcraft—Lose the Way—Escape being frozen.

NEW BRUNSWICK was the favourite resort of the "moose,"\* but in the early settlement of the province, they were destroyed in thousands, for the sake of their hides and tallow. At present they are rarely to be met with, but are, according to the accounts of the Indians, likely to become numerous again, as they are gradually finding their way back from Canada and Maine, in search of their favourite "moose wood," so plentiful on the upper St. John.

The "caraboo"† (the reindeer of Europe) differs in many respects from the rest of the deer tribe—both male and female have horns, the antlers are of all shapes, those of the buck being larger, and more straggling than the female's. The hoof is large, round, and shaped like an ox's, and from the peculiar formation of the feet, which divide nearly up to the first, or fetlock joint, the animal is enabled to gallop over glare ice, clanging his hoofs together with great noise. A New Brunswick lumberer declared to me, that he once drove a caraboo on to the Grand Lake, when frozen over (a sheet of water of some fifty miles in length), and after an exciting chase on skates, he succeeded in tiring him fairly out, and killing him with his axe.

All other of the deer tribe browse upon leaves, the young shoots of trees, or under cover. The caraboo, on the contrary, loves to feed upon the mosses growing on the great barrens or plains, in the spruce fir forests, called caraboo barrens (upon which the large American cranberry grows). In winter, so long as the snow remains soft, they scrape it up with their feet to get at their favourite mosses; but when frozen too hard, they are driven to feed upon the hanging lichens, and on the stunted firs, struggling to vegetate on the spongy soil. They find pickings, too, under the banks and along the edges of the frozen lakes. Further, Nature has endowed these animals with such instinct, that towards the spring of the year, when the heat of the noon-day's sun has melted the surface of the snow in the woods, no power will drive them into it, where they would sink up to their bodies and be easily overtaken; but they will remain upon the frozen lakes, round and round which they gallop until they drop dead. The venison is not\* so good as that of the moose or the common deer.

The months of March and April are the best to hunt the caraboo. After a fresh fall of snow I used to sleigh as far as Mather's (a tavern so named after its landlord, an old soldier, and a jolly dog), and there leaving my horses, set off on snow shoes, accompanied by an Indian, in a south-westerly direction, some ten or twelve miles, to the Bald Mountain, the neighbourhood of which is the favourite haunt of caraboo.‡

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\* *Cervus Alces*.

† *Cervus tarandus*. By careful comparisons made by Mr. Gleannon, of Dublin, with the bones horns, &c., brought from New Brunswick, with those found in the fossil state in the bogs of Ireland, there remains no doubt as to their being a distinct species. The moose deer inhabiting the continent of North America, being deficient of the brow antlers, which are a distinguishing feature in those of the fossil elk.

‡ The Bald Mountain, so called from a large cap of white granite on its sum-

The Indians, so eager in the chase, are disgusted beyond measure at any failure in killing or at missing a shot on the part of the white man. With ever so ordinary a gun they contrive to shoot true with a single ball. On one occasion we had followed the trail of nine caraboo for two days. By the state of the frozen tracks the Indian can tell to a few minutes how far the game is ahead: John at last declared we were close to them. A frozen lake lay below us. We walked a great circle to ascertain whether they had left it. After a long fag, and just as we had completed the circle, we debouched upon a narrow point, running into the lake, when we saw them all, following in Indian file, and browsing along the banks. Unperceived, we slipped off our snow shoes, and raced to the other side of the point; and, the wind being favourable, lay down in the hopes of their feeding our way. I had a German rifle, one barrel smooth, but both loaded with ball: the deer came so close that I fancied by rolling down a second ball I should have a better chance of killing more than one. Fired—missed,—the balls flew too high; one had slightly raised the skin but did no further damage; the rifled barrel missed fire, snow having got into the nipple. John was frantic, and a Catholic—invoked all the saints in his calendar (a very limited one). The deer, which immediately started off on my firing, were now as suddenly stopped by John's shouting and roaring, and formed up in a half circle in front of us. John thundered out "Load!" I shook in the powder—the ramrod stuck in the greased rag, and no power could move it, at least, not his; he tore at it with his teeth, and blasphemed to a fearful average. I put on a cap and fired off, ramrod and all; one went off limping, and we in chase; but the traces and blood in the track became fainter; he was evidently gaining strength, so we gave in, and up the chase.

This is mentioned as an instance of the great fag and disappointment which frequently occurs to the caraboo hunter. It is useless to pursue them, for, if not wounded, when once alarmed, they will gallop right an end for four and twenty hours;—fresh tracks must be searched for, or the hunter may as well leave that district.

The operation of walking upon snow-shoes is a knack in which those only succeed who have a liking for it. The soldiers of the regiment were drilled upon them previous to their march over "the Portage" to Quebec, in 1837; and while some picked up the method at once, others floundered about, and only accomplished it with the greatest fatigue. These snow-shoes, upwards of four feet in length, are of an oval shape; the light bow or framework is made of tough ash, in the manner of a racket; and a fine network of the sinews of the caraboo threaded across it. They are attached to the feet by thick thongs made from the skin of the same animal; these are crossed over the toes; by which the snow-shoes are dragged or rather jerked forward. There is so much spring in them when well constructed, that when the snow is in good order, and the walker in good practice, thirty miles a day may be accomplished with comparative ease. It is necessary to wear three or four pairs of thick woollen

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mit, is the great feature of that part of the country, and well repays the trouble of climbing to the top, by the magnificent view (unlike any thing in Europe) obtained over the great forest, interspersed with countless frozen lakes. To the north, the view extends over the line of the Oromuc to as far as Fredericton, and the St. John's river to the eastward, over the Bay of Fundy, and the coast of Nova Scotia, and to the south lays Passamaquoddy Bay, studded with thousands of islands. But especially striking is the stillness which reigns over the whole.



socks under the mocassins to prevent the toes from being lacerated ;—the Indians substitute a piece of flannel doubled, and which perhaps is preferable. On coming to a descent when on snow-shoes, by sitting down upon them, and holding the heels fast to guide them, one slides down in the manner of a *montagne Russe*.

The produce of the chase is dragged out of the woods upon thin boards of eight or nine feet in length, called “Tabaugans,” turned up at one end to prevent their hitching in the snow. The venison is packed upon them, and covered over with a blanket. With the exception of going up hill, the labour of hauling them is not great, as they slide over the snow : when descending, they are slid in front, and restrained by the tow-line.

A dress made of white blanket, which from its texture throws off the snow, and from its colour is not observable in the woods, is best suited for winter hunting. The coat should be made as a hunting shirt, or double-breasted. The waist is confined by a broad leather belt, from which hangs a scabbard to hold the hunting knife, and through it is thrust a small one, or tomahawk. To these should be added a tinder-box, a pocket compass, and a *pocket pistol*, containing a small quantity of brandy for the use of self, to be used *medicinally*, as the teatotalers have it ; for with an Indian, however drunk he will get in the towns, it is a point of honour with him never to touch spirits when in the woods ; his duty is to carry biscuits, salt pork, a kettle, and a frying-pan, rolled up in a blanket, which serves as a cover at night.

A certain degree of tact is required in selecting the spot best adapted for camping for the night, and two hours at least before sundown it is necessary to begin the operation. Firewood, water, and shelter, are indispensably necessary. Numbers of white pine are to be found of an enormous growth, which, having died from old age, stand bleached and scathed amongst the living mass. One of these, when cut down, will, as it falls, splinter into a thousand pines. The largest slabs serve to cover in the back of the camp, and the remainder piled close to the fire—this burns like tinder. A live tree must likewise be cut and hewn into lengths for back logs, which, from being green, burn but slowly.

The fire made, the snow is shovelled out with the snow shoes to the required size, and until the frozen earth is quite cleared, over which is then laid a thick covering of the ends of the branches of the silver fir, broken off short by the hand, and layer placed over layer in the manner of a tile roof, slanting towards the fire. Two upright forked sticks are driven into the ground, across which is laid a long pole, and against it at an angle the pine planks (in the event of a pine not being to be had, then birch bark or fir branches must do), and the snow which was shovelled out is packed round the outside to make all air tight. The camp completed, the snow shoes are stuck upright in the snow, at a sufficiently moderate distance to dry them gradually ; the socks, &c., are hung upon the cross beam overhead, and the venison and Tabaugans so placed that wolves or lynxes may not take a fancy to them.

Thus encompassed by a wall of snow some three feet high, and with one's feet towards a roaring fire, it is sufficiently snug ; but towards morning, when the fire burns low, although your feet may be enjoying the luxury of an even temperature, your head and shoulders recline in that of some forty or fifty degrees below the freezing point. When awakened, therefore, at intervals by the intensity of the cold, an armful of the dry pine wood comes into play. An Indian detests to be aroused to perform



this office. He either does not feel the cold, or is too idle to stir, and I always found they disliked it more than being asked to carry great weights for a whole day, or other severe fag; in fact, it is the only sort of trouble they object to. I therefore always made up the fire myself, particularly as the exertion of shaking them was even greater than the trouble of heaping on the wood.

Any one who has encamped in Indian fashion knows the amusement of birch bark by way of pastime. A decided improvement upon the Yankee fashion of "whitling," it peals beautifully, layer after layer, and clean plates are not required when it is to be had. The Indians make the greatest use of it. It covers in their wigwams, is sewed together for that purpose, and when they move is rolled up. Their canoes, boxes, and in short all their utensils, are made of it. Birch bark torches light instantly, burn brilliantly, and emit the most delicious aromatic fragrance.

After a good supper we lit our pipes, and the fatigues of the chase being talked over and forgotten. I used to listen to old John's interesting accounts of his hunting expeditions, his manner of finding game, and the power of keeping his course through the woods, his adventures, escapes, and endless tales of the forest.\*

When in the woods, the Indians never call to each other, as a *whistle* does not disturb game so much. It is to be recollected that, whenever a halloo is required, the voice will echo in the opposite direction to the mouth from which the shout proceeds; so should the person turn round at the same time the sound will appear to come from all parts of the wood. This, therefore, causes great perplexity. All kinds of deer will stop short when hallooed at sharply, even when alarmed and galloping ever so fast through the forest; they imagine themselves to be running into danger, and therefore *halt* for an instant only; long enough to glance round; then is the moment the Indian fires.

The bark of the white willow, when dried, is a good substitute for tobacco, and when mixed with it is very agreeable, and modifies the strong oily taste.

With the Labrador tea, and a small ever-green leaf, the Indians make bitter, but refreshing beverages; the way they procure sugar is, by tapping the rock or sugar maple when the sap is running up; the tree bleeds profusely, and the stuff, when boiled, makes excellent sugar. The wood is very tough, and from it are made canoe paddles, the jaws of the salmon spears, &c. When in an unhealthy state, enormous excrescences grow from this tree; from these the beautiful bird's-eye maple is cut for veneering; it is not, as is generally supposed, a distinct species.

South-westerly winds prevail towards the autumn; consequently, the young shoots, and, in fact, the whole of the tops of the pines, incline to

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\* Old John, in his way, is quite a character, and a most amusing companion on a hunting expedition; he, like all his profession, requires to be treated with kindness, and not to be subjected to any thing that he considers beneath his dignity as an Indian. On one occasion, a cockney sportsman induced John to go as his guide to the Inglewood Lakes, Knockdrin, and the Ranccliffe River, where the best fishing is to be obtained. The cockney was a very indifferent sportsman and a swell, and treated John as he would a London coffee-house waiter, and finally d—d him for not cleaning his boots, the Indian all the time preserving an inflexible silence. The cockney was, however, so well pleased with the scenery on the lakes, that he wanted to see them a second time, and applied to John to accompany him. But he flatly refused, and being asked his reason, replied, "Me no walk again with you—me always used to walk woods with gentlemen."

the north-west. The trees, when blown down at this season, also lie in the same direction; and in thick weather the Indian mainly depends upon these signs for keeping his course, but for the same purpose he examines the bark of the hard wood, and discovers, by its roughness, on what side the tree is exposed to the north-east gales and snow storms.

To strike a light, iron and stone are indispensably necessary; an excrescence growing upon the black birch makes excellent tinder; this, ignited, is put into a heap of dried splinters, almost powder, obtained from the interior of the pine; all is then placed in a piece of birch bark, and whirled round until the action of the air causes it to blaze.

But howsoever well versed in wood-craft, let no one ever go into the woods without an accurate knowledge of the locale of the country, the general course of the rivers, the situation of lakes, and the direction of any roads which may be in the district, for he can never know, in the eagerness of the chase, what accident may separate him from his guide, or party; above all, let him never be without an axe, a compass, and the means of making a fire.

Never shall I forget having parted, on one occasion, from my guide (near the Bald Mountain), confident in the power of finding my way out, some eight or ten miles, to the Nerepis-road. We had had a hard day's work; the effect of the noon day's sun upon the snow had been great, the crust had completely disappeared, and my snow-shoes sunk deep at every step; I became fagged, could not recollect, or was not satisfied with the appearance of the timber and frozen streams passed; became more and more confused, dead beat, and fell often. The horror of being frozen to death came upon me; I was without the means of striking a light, or making a fire: I had heard that the only thing to be done in such an emergency was to beat the snow down into a circle, and run round it all night (a most consolatory prospect for a man dead-beat). Night was coming on fast; I floundered on and on, when, just as I was about to give in, I stepped into the sleigh track, which told me I had struck the Nerepis-road. The sort of ecstasy in which I slipped off my snow-shoes, is indescribable; and so confused had I become, that I ran along the road for nearly half a mile in the opposite direction to Mather's ere I found out my mistake.

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TO SERJEANT TALFOURD,

ON READING HIS ADDRESS TO THE MANCHESTER ATHENÆUM.

BY EDWARD KENEALY.

O'er the white urn that held the sacred heart  
 Of great Isocrates of old, was placed  
 The marble image of a Syren graced  
 With all the loveliness of Grecian art;  
 Emblem of eloquence whose music sweet,  
 Won the whole world by its enchanting spells;  
 Oh, with what type shall we our TALFOURD greet?  
 What image shall portray the spirit that dwells  
 Within his soul? An angel from the skies  
 Beaming celestial beauty from his eyes—  
 The olden Syren sang but to deceive,  
 To lure mankind to death her voice was given;  
 But thine, dear TALFOURD, thy bright words enweave  
 Immortal truths that guide to God and Heaven.

## THE ROBERTSES ON THEIR TRAVELS.

BY MRS. TROLLOPE.

## CHAP. LVI.

AND the Robertses? How were they engaged, both before and after this visit?

No sooner had Mr. Vincent the first time taken his departure than Mrs. Roberts renewed the attack upon her son, which had been so skillfully stopped by Agatha, when he was present.

"And now, sir," said she, "be pleased to account to me as politely, and a little more truly than you have been doing to your friend the tutor, how you have managed to lose hold of the girl whom I placed in so masterly a manner in your hands?"

"To answer you more truly than I did my friend the tutor is impossible, ma'am, but by way of politeness I can make you a bow if you please," replied her son, drawing his heels together and making her a low bow.

"I won't bear this!" returned the irritated Mrs. Roberts, stamping her foot upon the ground. "Gracious Heaven! After all I have done, all the money I have given, all the risk I have run, am I to be told by a sneering puppy of a boy that he has let the golden prize slip through his fingers and then returned to laugh at me? Agatha! I shall go mad! Make him tell you where the girl is. It may not yet perhaps be too late to secure her. You know not, any of you, how necessary it is that we should have and hold her and her money for ever. People can't go on playing at being lords and ladies for nothing, I can tell you. If we fail in getting this girl the game is up with us."

"Don't go on making a fool of yourself, Edward," said his eldest sister, with a good deal of severity. "This is evidently no time for jesting."

"Hold your tongue, Agatha! You are a devilish clever girl in some things, but you understand no more about the affairs of men than a baby. As to not jesting indeed, I am perfectly ready to obey you. being greatly more tempted to blow my brains out than to laugh."

"How can you try to frighten us by talking in such a horrid, disgusting way, Edward?" said Maria, beginning to cry, "and we kept all this time from going to dress! Do come, Agatha! will you? I have the most particular reason in the world for wishing to be in good time to-night. I don't know what may not depend upon it!"

"Maria, you are an idiot," said the young man, "and as for you, Agatha," he continued, turning to the eldest sister, "though you are not an idiot, you are an ignoramus. But my mother is neither the one nor the other if she does not let her temper get the better of her. So now, ma'am, be so good as to hear me, if you please; and don't let us begin by quarrelling, for it won't answer, you may depend upon it. As to your young devil incarnate, Miss Bertha, I tell you fairly that even if I knew what was become of her, which as I hope to be saved I do not, I never would, as long as I have breath in my body, attempt any thing more in the matrimonial way with her. You know as well as I do that I always hated her like poison, and you ought to remember into the bargain that I never let this make the very least difference. But it's no good to mince



the matter. The thing's no go, mother, and you may as well give it up first as last."

"But I will not give it up, sir!" screamed his strongly-excited parent. "Give it up? Gracious Heaven! Don't I know the monstrous sums I have squeezed out of your father on purpose to keep things going till I could make you set about the business in earnest! And a pretty job you have made of it at last. Oh! I shall go mad! I am quite sure I shall go mad!"

"And what do you think I shall do, ma'am?" cried Maria, wringing her hands. "The truth comes out at last. You say yourself now that you only squeezed out the money for the sake of Edward, so it is much that Agatha and I have to thank you for! And yet, cruel and unkind as you are, I have never for a moment lost sight of what you said ought to be our first object, and now at the very moment when I am quite sure of succeeding both as to the affections of my heart and prudent conformity to your wishes in every respect, you stand here scolding Edward about a thing that is past and over, instead of going to dress for the Princess Yabiolporakiosky's ball! and yet every thing depends upon my meeting him this very night!"

A sudden thought struck Mrs. Roberts as she heard these words, and for a moment a feeling of reviving hope for Maria overpowered her fears for Edward. She recollected the visit of Mr. Vincent, and the expression of her countenance changed, and her voice almost softened into a whisper as she said, "Has Lynberry written to you, Maria? Is it Lord Lynberry whom you expect to meet to-night?"

"Lord Lynberry, ma'am!" returned Maria, with such a mixture of scorn and indignation as made her look quite sublime, "Lord Lynberry! What a pitiful, poor-spirited creature you must take me for. No, ma'am. However badly you and Edward, between you, may have managed *his* affairs, mine have fortunately been left to myself. Agatha can tell you, if she chooses to do so, what the attentions of Prince Filippo Odoronto have been, and there was that in his manner when he engaged me for the first waltz to-night which convinced me."

"Why you silly fool," said her brother, interrupting her, "Prince Filippo Odoronto is married."

"Married!" returned Maria, with a contemptuous smile, "about as much married as you are, Master Edward. Give me leave to know what concerns myself if you please. The words which Prince Filippo said to me as he gave me my bouquet the night before last, could not have been spoken by any married man."

Mr. Edward's reply to this was a short whistle, and then turning to his mother he resumed what he very naturally thought a more important subject.

"I don't think you will do any good by listening to the history of Maria's loves just at this moment, ma'am; it will be more to the purpose I believe to tell me straightforward, without bothering the question with any ifs or buts, whether you can get my father to draw a check large enough to satisfy the claims of Frederigo Paulovino upon me?"

"No!" was the succinct reply of his mother.

"Then I advise you not to show yourselves in any drawing-room in Rome either to-night or any other night. I know you will get affronted if you do."



"If your conduct has really been such as to bring such a consequence upon us, Edward," said Agatha, colouring to the temples, "you deserve—" but there she stopped.

"You are quite at liberty to go on, Miss Agatha," he replied, "I believe that when cards turn against a man, his friends and relations generally turn after them; but that is a point of no consequence whatever. If this money can be paid I am ready and willing to start fresh, and hope for better luck for the future, but if it cannot, the game is up with us all. You had better take my word for it than wait till you have found it out for yourselves."

"You are talking the most outrageous nonsense possible, Edward!" cried Agatha, vehemently. "What on earth can it signify as far as the manner of our being received in society is concerned whether you lose or win?"

"As far as winning and receiving a handful of naps one night, Miss Agatha, or losing and *paying* them another, you are perfectly right in supposing that you could not by possibility have any thing whatever to do with it. But you are more behindhand in your education than I should have thought possible if you don't know that a fellow who pockets his winnings, and shirks paying his losings, is liable at any hour of the day or night to be kicked about like a dog, and that the loveliest women that ever trod the earth, if they are related to him, can no more hope to be well received by people of fashion than if they were known to be infected with the plague."

"Then how have you dared, young villain as you are, to betray us into so dreadful a situation?" returned Agatha with vehemence. "You are, if this be true, a reptile unfit to live! knowing, as you so evidently did, that you were risking our destruction, yet persisting in your villanous course just because it amused you! Edward, you are a monster."

"You may call me what names you like, my pretty young lady, and I will be generous enough not to call names in return, although—. However, that is no matter. I will just observe, however, that you are quite mistaken in supposing that I ever risked a farthing for the sake of amusing myself. It has, I assure you, been quite a matter of business throughout. I wanted money, and I had no other means of getting it. What the devil was I to do? You would not have had me go begging, I suppose? Besides, I have another excuse, if any excuse were wanted for a young fellow who has done nothing worse than all men of real fashion do every day of their lives. I had every reason to hope that if luck ran against me I should be able to make Sir Christopher Harrington pay the damages."

"Well, sir, and so you might," cried his mother, vehemently. "Did I not place her—" but suddenly recollecting that the "*dear chucks*," her daughters, were to be innocent of her part of the elopement, she checked herself, and then added, "upon all occasions as much within your reach as possible?"

"Yes, ma'am, I can't deny that you did your part of the business admirably, excepting that you did not give me quite money enough for the job. I might have been married to the little devil by this time, in some way or another, if I could but have afforded to take a courier."

"Do you mean to stand talking here all night?" cried Maria, clasping her hands imploringly. "I tell you all, and I tell you no more than

the truth, that every thing depends upon my going to the princess's ball to-night."

"And I tell you," replied her brother, that as far as your affairs are concerned you had much better stay at home. Filippo Odoronto is married, I tell you."

"And how do you know, you vile gambler you, that he may not get a divorce?" replied the enraged Maria. "Or how do you know, you wicked, selfish wretch," she added, "how do you know that I might not meet Lord Lynberry there to-night, and set every thing right again in that quarter? Oh! it is too, too hard!"

It seemed as if there were something in these last words of her daughter Maria which particularly irritated the unfortunate Mrs. Roberts. Perhaps she felt that there was a species of vagueness in the nature of that pretty young lady's hopes which partook a good deal of the character of despair. Whatever the cause might be, however, she seemed at this moment to lose her patience altogether, and stepping forwards with rapid strides to the table at which Edward was standing she said, with a raised arm and thundering voice,

"I'll make an end of it at once, children, for I am tired of it all. I have toiled and slaved like a negro to do the best I could for you all, but it is all in vain. You are a parcel of selfish, headstrong, extravagant fools, and I don't believe that if you had a dozen such mothers as I am, with all my good management, knowledge of the world, and unwearied industry, it would be enough to save you from destruction. But I shall go on no longer in this way I promise you. I shall go directly to your father and tell him the exact state of the case. I have done all that a devoted mother could do, and I will strive and strain no more. I declare to Heaven that since I have been in Rome I have never paid a single farthing for any thing that I could get on credit, in order that you might be able to enjoy yourselves, and the consequence is, that what with one thing and another, there is a good deal more owing here than we ought to spend in the course of a whole year. There is but one thing to be done, that is as clear as light. Don't you understand what I mean, Agatha?"

"I neither know nor care what you mean, ma'am," replied her fair counsellor. "You must know as well as I do that no maudlin half measures ever can answer. I have told you so a thousand times over. I know from the very best authority that more than half of the peculiarly elegant and fashionable-looking English who take the lead in all the first circles on the continent, are completely ruined in the vulgar, old-fashioned sense of the words. But where there is beauty in the young, and common sense in the old, such people may and do go on for years enjoying every pleasure that life can bestow, and without being one atom worse off at last than we seem to be now. But then, of course, they are not disgraced by having a swindling blackleg belonging to them! Edward ought to leave us instantly and go to New Zealand or Australia, or something of that sort, and we ought to go on immediately to Naples."

"But not till we have been to one more ball," cried Maria, suddenly dropping upon her knees, "oh, let me try what I can do at one more ball if you have any pity!"

Mrs. Roberts was in the act of making rather a spirited answer to this appeal, when Mr. Vincent entered the room in the manner described in the last chapter.

## CHAP. LVII.

ONCE more left to themselves, the unfortunate family appeared to have gained time for reflection from the interruption, for the mutual reproaches seemed to have ceased, and for a few moments after the door had closed upon the intruder, they all remained profoundly silent.

The first sound heard, was a deep sigh from the bosom of the fair Maria; but now, this sign of woe, instead of being noticed with severity, produced only a responding sigh from her mother, together with the gentle words, "Don't go on fretting so, Maria, that can't do any good to any body."

"You never said a truer word than that, Mrs. Roberts," said the son, evidently relieved by the comparative calm in which he found himself, "and if you could teach the girls to be as reasonable as yourself, I would answer for it that I would show you a way in no time to creep out of this confounded hole that we have got into."

"Well, speak, Edward," replied his mother, meekly, "I am so sick of plotting and planning for every body, and never finding any single thing answer, that I am ready and willing to listen."

"Well then, you have spoke out about *your* money matters, so it is but fair that I should speak out about *mine*. There is scarcely a shop in Rome where a man of fashion could get an article of any sort to please him, where I have not got a bill. Sometimes I went in with one first-rate fellow, and sometimes with another, and more than once, I have asked some of your fine lady friends to set me down at the shops where there was something I wanted; and in this way I have got credit to a larger amount than it is any use to talk about; for if the game is up, it matters little whether it is fifty or fifty thousand; that our creditors are to whistle for. Well then, it is as clear as daylight that there is but one thing to do, and that is to flit. We shall not be the first family who have performed that admirable piece, 'we fly by night,' in concert. The carriage will be here presently to take us to this ball that Maria is making such a riot about, and if you will take my advice you will bundle us all into it and be off. The money that you gave me for the purpose of obtaining the possessions of Miss Bertha, will help to take us. We must go to that place by the sea, Civita something or other, and stick to the steam-boats as long as possible, and then get on as cheap as we can to Ostend, or Havre, or Calais, or some of those places where people live upon nothing, they say, and if they have a mind for it can make a splash in a quiet way."

"And why not live upon nothing here, Edward?" said Agatha, rising from the sofa. "I have been told over and over again that it is the very easiest thing in the world, nor have I any doubt that we should find it so. Here we are precisely in the situation that suits us; the people, the manners, the perfect liberality of feeling on all points. In short, we wish, I mean Maria and myself, *we* wish to stay here, and that being the case, I can see no reasonable cause for our going. I do not wish to say any thing severe to you, quite the contrary, I have a great regard for you, and it is exactly for that reason that I so strongly advise your immediately setting off for Australia."

All this was spoken without any appearance of violence or ill-humour, and, as far as tone went, had every appearance of being a very reason-



able remonstrance. Edward appeared to think it so, for he replied to it in the same temperate and reflective manner.

"I am fully aware of all the advantages you allude to, Agatha," he said, "and value them as much as you do. When I was at school I used to hear a great deal about the glories of Rome, and I am now ready to give my testimony to its being the most glorious place upon earth for people of fashion like ourselves, who have a proper value for princes and princesses, and all that sort of thing. But let people say what they will, Agatha, about living here for *nothing*, that phrase, I do assure you, does not refer the least in the world to debts of honour. As to tradesmen, the letting their bills rest in peace as long as you possibly can, is, of course, all plain sailing and fair play, and those who best understand the keeping-up their credit by showing themselves off, side by side, with those who throw about their tin freely, can carry on the war the longest. But liberal as you truly say Rome is, I happen to know, my dear, that the women and the men hang-together like bees when the question is about cutting a fellow that can't pay his play-debts. Take my word for it, that my setting off for Australia won't rub out the blot, and that if you persist in staying here, you and Maria will find yourselves walking *tête-à-tête* on the shady side of the hedge."

Agatha listened to him in gloomy silence. Though not quite so well informed upon the subject as himself, she greatly feared that his statement respecting this one exception in the liberal code of Rome was only too correct, and her "fine spirit" was so completely overwhelmed by the idea that she was about to be dragged away, and actually forced to turn her back upon all the thrones, principalities, and powers, which she so fondly loved, and so devoutly revered, that she sank back upon the sofa in an agony of tears.

At that moment a heavy cloud did indeed seem to settle itself upon the Roberts race, for not one of them appeared to have sufficient vigour left to make a noise.

Mr. Roberts, senior, was pretty nearly fast asleep in his own little room, with his empty brandy-and-water glass standing on the table before him.

His wife stood exactly where Vincent's last entrance and exit had found and left her. Her hands were firmly clasped together, her brows knit, and her eyes fixed upon the ground.

Their son remained opposite to her, and having ceased to speak, he had crossed his arms upon his chest, and stood, if not exactly "at ease," yet affecting to look so as well as he could, while he waited with a sort of dogged patience for what was to be said or done next.

Maria was still on her knees, but her head and arms were now supported on a chair, and from it proceeded a low and very dismal sobbing, which several gentlemen, if they had heard and understood it, ought to have thought exceedingly flattering.

This gloomy state of things lasted for several minutes, but was at last interrupted by Agatha, who suddenly rousing herself, exclaimed, "Tell me at once, both of you—you, ma'am, and Edward, I mean—what is the sum that would bring us clear at once from all debts, gambling, tradesmen, and all?"

The abrupt manner of this appeal startled the whole party, and the two she had particularly addressed seemed to rouse themselves in order to give her an answer.



But there was apparently something either difficult or disagreeable in doing so, for they both hesitated.

"What is the good," said Edward, "of tormenting one's memory about every nap, that may be owing up and down this confounded place? You will be asking us next, I suppose, how much we left unpaid at Paris. What is the good of it, Agatha?"

"No good in the world," replied her mother for her. "Upon that point I certainly know better than any of you, for I have not forgotten the last scene I had when I got your father to draw for the money for Edward's running off with Bertha."

"My father did not then know how desperate our condition was," replied Agatha, with a little of her former stately decision of manner. "Let him now be told the whole truth, without any mitigation or disguise whatever. Let him be made to understand that we must all run away in the middle of the night, and never be able to lift up our heads afterwards, if he does not at once sell out of the funds, or draw out of the bank, whichever it may be, as many thousands as will be necessary to get us all perfectly clear. When this is done we shall be able to look about us, and I have no doubt in the world that we shall then be able to go on again as well, or rather, I ought to say, a great deal better than ever. Will you undertake to manage this, ma'am?"

"No, Agatha, I will not," replied Mrs. Roberts, in a manner so decided as to leave no hope of shaking her resolution. "I know the state of your father's mind better than you do, and I positively refuse to make any such proposal to him."

"Then if you want I will," said the young lady, springing to her feet with a degree of vivacity which showed that her confidence in her own powers was reviving. "If," she added, "if you would let me know the amount required it would be more convenient, and so you will both find, if I happen to bring you rather less than you want."

"Less than two thousand pounds would not be worth having for my share of the business," cried Edward, boldly, as he saw her moving towards the door.

"Very well," replied his sister, composedly, "that shall be the sum I will ask for; but it might be better for me to state how much of that is for debts of honour, and how much for tradespeople."

"One-fourth of the sum," said he, "would set me clear of the world, if my losses were paid."

"And for you, ma'am," resumed Agatha, "I presume that about two or three hundred would suffice?"

"Mercy on me! No, indeed it would not, Agatha!" exclaimed Mrs. Roberts, suddenly recovering herself, as it seemed, from the astonishment which had kept her silent. "Not a farthing less than seven or eight hundred would do me any good, if you mean for a regular paying up of every thing. Remember there are no less than four milliners that we have all had dresses from. I have not paid one sixpence of rent yet. There is a horrid long bill at the *restaurant*, and I have got the coachman and the footman to wait on condition that I should pay them almost double when we go. Then of course you all know there are millions of bills for gloves, shoes, hair-dressing, flowers, brandy, tea, coffee, wine, sugar, candles, wood, perfumery, milk, washing, silk stockings, shawls, bonnets, cloaks, turbans for me, scarfs and fans for us all, and a hundred and fifty other things that it is quite impossible I should remember all in

a moment. But if you are really in earnest, Agatha, in trying what you can do by way of getting a tolerably large sum at once, it will be best to put ours at one thousand ; for a hundred or two can make no real difference at such a time, and this would leave us a little mite of ready money, which would be a real blessing to us all."

"Very well, ma'am," said the self-elected nuncio, composedly. "I will take your estimate at one thousand, and Edward's at two, and trust I may be able to succeed for both."

"If you do," cried Mrs. Roberts, lifting up her hands and eyes, "I shall be ready to declare that you are the most wonderful creature that ever lived. Away with you, Agatha ! We shall neither of us be able to breathe, I think, till you come back again !"

"But Agatha ! Agatha !" cried Maria, raising her head from the chair, "do you hope to manage so as for us to go to the ball to-night ?"

"If I succeed at all, Maria, you may go where you will, not only to-night, but for a pretty tolerably long number of nights afterwards. I do not intend to do the thing by halves, I promise you."

Having said this, the young lady walked with a stately and assured step towards the door, but was stopped on the threshold by her mother's calling to her.

"Stay one moment, Agatha," she said. "Remember, my dear, that your poor papa thinks that Edward and Bertha are run off together, for I told him so. You will have to begin by setting him right about that."

"Very well, ma'am," again responded Miss Agatha, "that will be but a trifle among all the rest of it," and having so said with rather a sardonic sort of smile, she bowed her head and left the room.

#### CHAP. LVIII.

MISS AGATHA, as she expected, found her father dosing in happy ignorance of the important crisis at which the affairs of his family had arrived. And also, as she expected, he looked at her with an air of very great astonishment when, having roused him from his slumbers, she informed him that she had something important to communicate to him.

"You, my dear ?" he replied, with a very kind paternal smile. "Then I guess it must be something very agreeable, Agatha. For of late, Heaven help me, I have never had any thing important said to me, that was not disagreeable, but it was always your poor dear mother that said it. But now I hope the good news is really beginning, for even *she* told me something this morning that I was by no means sorry to hear about your brother Edward. And now as I take it, Agatha, you are come to tell me something either about Maria or yourself—which is it, my dear ?"

"The news I have to tell you, sir, is of a very different kind," replied Agatha, solemnly ; "and is, I am sorry to say, of a nature as far as possible from being agreeable. In the first place, sir, it is absolutely necessary that I should confess to you that I am convinced we have all been mistaken in supposing my poor mother was a good manager. I have now discovered facts which convince me of the contrary, and it is this which has determined me to come to you in order to explain fully the situation of your affairs, of which I am quite convinced you are almost entirely ignorant."

"God bless my soul, my dear child, you don't say so?" said the old gentleman, looking rather better pleased and rather less astonished than might have been expected. "Well, to be sure! who would have thought it. And yet, Agatha, I won't deny, my dear, that I have sometimes had a little misgiving about her being so very clever as to money matters, as she always said she was. However, Agatha, if she deceived herself in this, it was only a mistake, you know, and not her fault. Poor dear Sarah! only to think of my notions proving right after all! But at any rate, my dear, it is a comfort that your brother has made such a great match. It is a blessing that he is provided for, because I can do the more for you and Maria."

"There again, sir, my mother has made some most extraordinary blunder. Edward is now in the house, having come back from his ridiculous expedition with the news that Miss Harrington had run away from him with a priest."

"This is the worst news of all," said the poor old man, looking a good deal more rational and a good deal more miserable than when the conversation began. "We have then lost Miss Harrington as a boarder, and Edward has not got her as a wife?"

"Exactly so," replied Agatha. "And now, sir, do you think you are sufficiently composed to hear and understand the statement I am come to make of the real condition of your family affairs?"

By *composed*, Agatha probably meant *sober*, and she immediately perceived that when her father quietly answered *yes*, he spoke the truth.

The species of imbecility into which he had been for some time sinking, had a considerable mixture of wilfulness in it. He had found himself so miserable, poor man, in watching the waning state of his affairs, that he sought relief in ceasing to watch them any longer, and his brandy and-water system was, to a great degree, a matter of calculation. He did not wish to lose his senses every day from intoxication, but he did wish to become indifferent and forgetful. The *tête-à-tête* interviews with his wife which invariably ended by his being obliged to draw for more money, had long become the bane of his existence, and he now felt the interference of his daughter as a relief, and if it was necessary that he should hear of more troubles, he greatly preferred listening to them from a new quarter.

Taking advantage, therefore, of the readiness with which he seemed disposed to listen to her, Agatha related to him the whole of her brother's adventures, both respecting his unfortunate attempt at elopement, his heavy losses at the gaming-table, and his numerous debts to tradesmen.

She then went on to state, without any attempt at disguise or mitigation, the condition of the family credit, and concluded by asking him whether he did not think that the best thing he could do under the circumstances would be to redeem the whole family from utter disgrace by at once liquidating all claims upon them. This done, she said, he might save them all from future risk of similar embarrassments by letting her take the management of every thing relating to money.

"Try this scheme, my dear father," she said, in conclusion, "and you will find that you are not ruined yet."

There was something so new in being thus talked to by his daughter, who had never before addressed so many words to him on any subject, that he listened to her with the deepest attention, and when she had con-



cluded he got up, kissed her on the forehead, told her that he was very much obliged to her, and that he should take into consideration every word she had said.

This general assurance, however, was not enough to satisfy the anxious mind of Miss Agatha, and she confessed that she was determined not to leave him till he had told her whether it was his intention that all his family should be disgraced or not.

"Agatha," replied the old gentleman, with more firmness of voice and manner than she expected from him, "it is decidedly my intention that they should not."

This was enough. His daughter took a most affectionate leave of him, begged him to go to bed and compose himself, and promised that a list of all their debts should be furnished to him in the course of the following day.

She then returned very triumphantly to the anxious party she had left in the drawing-room, when it was quickly decided that the ladies should immediately dress for the ball. Mr. Edward, however, declined accompanying them, confessing that he should have more pleasure in meeting his particular friends after his accounts with them were settled than before.

\* \* \* \* \*

Having thus relieved the most important personages of my narrative from the terror of losing what they considered as a very *important* ball, I may with a safe conscience bestow a few moments upon poor little Bertha Harrington, who, though by no means a prodigy of youthful wisdom, was not without some sterling good qualities.

It is not necessary to relate all the particulars of her escape with the worthy curé at full length, and in truth I have no space left for it. It must suffice to say that under his protection she not only reached the convent of the Santa Consolazione in safety, but was fortunate enough immediately to obtain a hearing from Father Maurice, who undertook to take charge of her till he could place her under the protection of the relation she had named.

A mild-looking old man was commissioned to find her a bed, and to supply all her wants, and from him she learned that the guilty but penitent Mademoiselle Labarr survived the interview she had had with her but a few hours.

When the venerable Father Maurice came to her on the following morning, desiring to know in what manner he could serve her, Bertha certainly startled him a little by giving him to understand that all she wished or wanted was to be conveyed immediately to the most fashionable hotel in Rome, for the purpose of putting herself under the protection of a gentleman who was her cousin.

During the interval of a few moments the good priest sat with his eyes fixed on the floor, and his chin supported in his hand, pondering on what it would be most righteous to do under the circumstances; and, fortunately for Bertha, he decided upon letting her have her way.

As to pausing to describe the feelings of Vincent as he saw her ushered into the sitting-room which he occupied with his young pupil (who was, however, fortunately absent), it is quite out of the question. Had I some fifty pages left at my command I might succeed perhaps in giving some faint idea of the interview which followed; but as it is, I can only say that Father Maurice having been dismissed with grateful



thanks by both, and such a donation for the use of the poor as convinced him that they must be very excellent young people, these strangely situated and hitherto unacknowledged lovers, came to an explanation which made them rather happier than they seemed to think they ought to be under such very embarrassing circumstances.

Vincent in truth felt that the delicate forbearance which had hitherto prevented the avowal of his affection, had already plunged the object of it into dangers and difficulties from which he might have saved her, and with such a conviction on his mind it was not very likely he should persevere in a line of conduct which was still likely to prove as dangerous as it was painful. In short, before their interview ended by Bertha being put in the quietest room that could be found for her use, it was decided between them, that by far the most discreet and in every way the most proper thing they could do would be to adopt the scheme attempted by Mr. Edward Roberts. In plain English, to run away together to Naples, which Vincent believed to be the nearest place at which they could be married. And I, too, am clearly of opinion that it *was* by far the best thing they could do.

Nor had they ever cause to doubt the wisdom of the measure. Their journey to Castle Harrington after their marriage was as rapid as it could be without inconvenience, and Bertha found her father too ready to confess his own faults, and too happy at finding that the still worse suspicions which attached to him were removed from the mind of his daughter for ever, to be at all disposed to quarrel with the means which restored her to him.

He received Vincent too as he deserved to be received, which is equivalent to saying that he could not be received better; and as the repentant baronet never married again, he grew more firmly attached with every passing year to the man who not only made his daughter the happiest woman in the world, but who, in succeeding to his title and estates, transmitted them to his almost worshipped grandson.

## CHAP. LIX.

### CONCLUSION.

It was very evident to Mrs. Roberts that whatever might have been the nature of the conversation between her husband and their eldest daughter, the former had been apparently made a new being by it.

The accounts of every kind, including those of his dashing son, were furnished him according to the promise of Agatha, and greatly to the delight, and not a little to the surprise of Mrs. Roberts and her offspring, the old gentleman drew, and himself negotiated, a draft upon his London bankers which exceeded by exactly two hundred pounds the whole amount, exclusive, however, of the young gentleman's debts of honour.

With his own hand he paid every bill, and into his own pocket-book he put every receipt, and then he gave notice that he wished to say a few words to all his family together.

These words were really very few, considering the importance of them, and they were to this effect.

In the first place he addressed his son, and told him with a sort of quiet steadfastness that carried conviction with it, that he never would pay a single shilling towards liquidating his debts of honour.

The young man's only remonstrance was uttered in these words,

"Then, sir, neither I nor any of my family can ever show ourselves in society again."

To which his father replied, "So much the better, Edward. However, as far as the society of Rome is concerned it matters very little, one way or the other, for I do not purpose remaining here more than four-and-twenty hours longer. God forgive me for all the weakness I have shown! I will do the best I can now to remedy the mischief. I have eaten into my little fortune to the amount of four thousand five hundred pounds; and that is not the worst of it. My late partner tells me in his last letter that my repeated drafts upon the capital left in the business, and for which they stipulated to give me four per cent. interest, have led them to think that it will be better to pay off the loan, so that for the future I shall only get about three per cent. interest in the funds. My income therefore will be but a small one, but such as it is, it will for the future be spent in England."

Had Mr. Roberts said that he "hoped" it would be spent in England, or that he should "wish it might be spent in England," or had he used any phrase whatever which left an opening for an *if*, he would probably have failed in his purpose altogether, for he would have been assailed on all sides with such torrents of arguments to prove that he was wrong as must in all probability have overwhelmed him; but his absolute style of pronouncing the words "*it will*," settled the business at once, and before eight-and-forty hours had passed over their heads from the time that Miss Agatha undertook the affair, the Roberts family were packed into a Veterino carriage as snugly and as helplessly as so many cats in a basket, and pursuing the road to Civita Vecchia, from whence they immediately proceeded by water to Marseilles, and so on through France to England.

It was not without a strong exertion of firmness and resolution that poor Mr. Roberts achieved all this. His brandy-and-water was given up, and all his former habits of deference for his clever wife entirely broken through, so that by the time he had settled his family in a small lodging in London he fell sick, and very soon after his indignant wife thought he was ill enough to justify her sending for a doctor, he died.

This event, however, did not find him wholly unprepared. He had prayed very earnestly to be forgiven for the weakness which had occasioned so much mischief, and he had made his will.

Almost immediately after his death Mr. Edward "took his proportion like the prodigious son," and set off, in the hope of increasing it, to the United States of America.

And now any one who may think it worth their while to ascertain the subsequent adventures of the ladies of the family, will be sure to hear of them either at Cheltenham, Brighton, or Leamington, as they constantly move about from one to the other of these gay resorts, amusing every one whom they can get to listen to them with the brilliant history of the delightful year they spent abroad. Their three little incomes joined together enable them (to use their own phrase) "to keep up an appearance," but unfortunately neither of the young ladies seem likely to marry, and as the necessity of fine dresses, in all the various branches of the Roberts' family, increases with increasing years, they all find themselves occasionally obliged to take up a little principal money, and hitherto the great facility which attends the disposing of funded property in England has prevented their ever having been arrested for debt.

## L I G H T S   A N D   S H A D E S

IN THE LIFE OF A

GENTLEMAN ON HALF PAY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "STORIES OF WATERLOO."

No. XIX.

THE SECRET INTERVIEW—SHAWN A SAUGGARD, &amp;c.

I have told thee often, and I retell thee again and again, I hate the Moor: my cause is hearted.—SHAKSPEARE.

AN unexpected delay in the transmission of my papers, to obtain a retirement on half-pay, made me a sojourner in the pleasant town of Ballyraggett a fortnight longer than I had expected. The state of the country did not improve; matters from bad got on to worse; agrarian outrages increased; a magistrate, when in the act of reading a fictitious memorial, was shot dead at his own hall-door, and in the presence of the family, by the fellow who presented it; and, although a score of peasants were working on the lawn not fifty paces from the scene of murder, not an effort was made by any of them to arrest the assassin.

While this reign of terror had reached its height, and the tenure of life and property were not worth a pin's fee, the long-desired missive came, and I was liberated from my duty at Ballyraggett. Bobby Howard obtained the company I had vacated, and to the new captain I handed over the garrison in form. By the same post, a despatch arrived from the office of the chief secretary for Ireland. It contained extracts from the secret revelations of a treacherous leader of the Ribbonmen, detailing their numbers and their plans, and enumerating the principal directors of the conspiracy. Imagine my surprise when, conspicuous in the list, the name of *Shawn a Sauggard* met my eye; and, when it appeared that I had employed half my "charge of foot" in building a sod mansion for a brigand colonel, I had, as fat Jack says, "abused the King's press damnably."

That the designs of the conspirators were far more extended than the shooting of a middle man, or the slitting the ears of a tithe proctor, might be inferred from one of the plans of action on which they had decided; and its conception was so bold as to lead to a conclusion that the informer deceived the government, or had been deceived himself. It was nothing less than, by a *coup de main*, to surprise and disarm the garrison at Ballyraggett. Although Howard and I smiled at the absurdity of the attempt, we determined to make assurance doubly sure, and strengthen the fortress at the expense of light, by building up the lower windows with dry masonry, crenelated, however, to allow musketry to be plied from within, in the event of an attack being made on the barrack. The place had been made a dépôt for spare ammunition, for both the troops on detachment in the district and the revenue police, engaged in the suppression of illicit distillation. There was also a quantity of fire-arms either voluntarily sent in for safe custody by their owners, or which, from time to time, had been taken from the peasantry. The anxiety of the disaffected to obtain weapons and the munitions of war was unbounded; and hence the possession of the dépôt, rather than feelings of animosity



towards the soldiery, actuated the Ribbonmen in their intended attempt upon the barrack.

Howard felt somewhat uneasy in having a heavy responsibility thrown on his shoulders at this crisis ; and to his earnest request, that I should remain with him for a few days until things developed themselves more fully, I freely consented. In the mean time, every precaution was quietly taken, and we doubled the guard and increased the sentries. The tattoo was beaten an hour before the customary time, the gate closed, and admission refused to all without the garrison.

"By Saint George, Harry!" exclaimed my successor, as we sat after dinner, discussing the proscribed alcohol, which it had been part of our duty to suppress, but which, with a latitude of conscience that would puzzle a churchman to find apology for, we, nevertheless, most liberally indulged in, "I marvel at this secret information transmitted from the castle ; and, the more I consider it, the more I doubt its truth. If these fellows are so anxious to obtain arms, why the devil would they return the three stands they had in their possession, after disarming the escort ? And yet it may be a ruse—a tub to catch a whale ; and, supposing us in perfect ignorance of aught designed, they may calculate that this *amende honorable* would throw us into a still false state of security. Well, they won't find us napping, at all events—and, instead of a prize, they may catch a tartar. How now ?—any thing wrong, Edwards ?" as the serjeant of the guard presented himself.

"No, captain. This note was passed through the shot-hole in the wicket to the sentry, and it is directed to Captain O'Sullivan."

I looked at the superscription—"To be delivered in all haste." The serjeant left the room, the seal was broken, and the handwriting of the note was evidently the same as that of the slip of paper attached to the muskets which had been left beside the gate. The contents were brief, and merely entreated that a stranger should be admitted, without being questioned or delayed at the gate. He had particular business with myself and Captain Howard—and at eleven o'clock he would tap at the wicket.

"What's to be done, Harry ?"

"Admit him, by all means ; he's but a man ; or, were he the devil himself, in the shape of one, what mischief could he perpetrate ?"

"Right ; I suspect he'll prove an informer ; and, from our own secret instructions, we shall easily ascertain whether his disclosures are false or true. Serjeant Edwards !"

The non-commissioned officer re-entered. "A man will come to the wicket at eleven. Look out from the window on the street—and, if he be alone, don't challenge, but admit, and bring him here."

The hour passed—eleven came, and, of course, we had indulged in many a conjecture touching the person and business of the unknown visitor.

"He'll turn out a poteenie-dealer, for a hundred !" said Bob Howard.

"No, no ; depend upon it, it is no whiskey-selling errand that brings him here. No mystery would, in that case, be required ; on that business, ten times a day, men and women address you fearlessly in the street, and even in the presence of the guager. Hark ! steps upon the stairs. An informer, for a thousand ! say I."

As I spoke the door opened, and a man, muffled closely in a cota-more,



was introduced by the serjeant, who, on a wave from my hand, disappeared. His departure was a signal for the stranger to discard his incognito ; and, advancing boldly to the table, the brigand colonel, the owner of the burned sheeling, addressed us both by name, and bade us a good evening.

John Dwyer, or as, by a double *sobriquet*, he was sometimes termed *Shawn Dhu*, and at others *Shawn a Sauggard*, was a man rather past the middle age ; of great strength, with, generally, a good-looking exterior. His features were regular, and his eyes uncommonly black and brilliant, but the *ensemble* was not favourable ; for, either from the darkness of his complexion, or the heaviness of his brows, there were marked indications of a violent and excitable temper, easy to rouse, and difficult to allay. Dwyer's natural abilities were good ; and his uncle, a priest, educated him for the same profession. But to the nephew, exhibitions of strength and activity at markets, and flirtations with the fair, were more germane than inhaling the midnight oil over a fusty folio. After a season he quitted Maynooth ; and at two-and-twenty, instead of offering vows of celibacy at the shrine of Holy Church, he repaired to the altar of Hymen with the only daughter of a wealthy farmer.

With his wife, he received a large fortune for a peasant, stocked a farm with the money, and, for several years, was happy and prosperous. Suddenly a cloud obscured the horizon of his fortunes: the peace of Paris gave a death-blow to Irish stock-farming ; cattle depreciated beyond belief, the Western and Southern banks failed, and, in one swell swoop, the smaller farmers were annihilated.

Dwyer, of course, did not escape the common visitation ; and in one short twelvemonth, the proprietor of a large and comfortable farm became the occupant of a cabin, and a few acres of tillage and pasture, held at a rack-rent, and from which nothing but sweat and labour could glean common necessities to support existence.

Wretched as that home was, even from it he had been savagely ejected, and with what befell the unhappy wanderer afterwards, the reader is in full possession.

I filled him a glass of whiskey, and motioned that he should take a chair.

"It is a late visit, Dwyer," I said, opening the conversation.

"And it would be a dangerous one for me, were any suspicion to go abroad," was the reply.

"Then something important brings you here?"

"I am come, not to betray others, but to warn my benefactor. If you will listen to what I will tell, without endeavouring to know from me what I will not tell, I can give you, gentlemen, information that deeply concerns you both."

"Go on, Dwyer," said Captain Howard.

"Hold, for a moment, captain. What I am about to communicate is done without any hope of fee, favour, or reward : therefore, however valueless the intelligence, at least you will admit its cheapness. What I shall not divulge, it would be idle to waste a word in seeking after, for I tell you plainly, that were I tortured first and hanged afterwards, one syllable that could compromise the safety of a living being should never pass these lips. Now will you receive the information I am inclined to give, and seek for nothing more?"

"Yes, we agree to the terms."

"And it is on both sides, honour bright?"

"Assuredly," was the joint reply.

"My name and visit never shall transpire?"

"Never. We pledge ourselves to that."

"Then attend to me. I need not tell you that the country is fearfully disturbed: you know the fact, but the extent you little dream of. Long-continued and severe oppression has broken the spirit of the people; they struggle no more to support increasing burdens, thrown on their overladen shoulders by middlemen and tithe proctors; they know that any exertions of theirs to meet fresh and iniquitous demands would only produce renewed exactions: they see cattle and property melting gradually away—pounds crowded to an overflow with stock—distained for rent—and their poor cabins, article after article stripped, even to the potato-pot, and their children clamouring for food they cannot give them. Will they tamely lie down and perish on the way-side of starvation? Will they look at the wan infant straining idly at the mother's milkless breast—and she, poor wretch! bestowing tears upon her drooping offspring instead of nourishment? No; life, now, for them has but a solitary pleasure to look forward to—revenge—blood—murder!"

The deep intonation of the peasant's voice, as he ended his fearful sentence, was really terrific. No living actor could have pronounced those ominous words with the awful effect of him surnamed "Black John." A look passed between Howard and myself, and the dark stranger thus continued—

"I am not come here, gentlemen, to pule about peasants' wrongs, but to apprise you of their determination to avenge them:" then, throwing a suspicious glance around the room, in a lower tone he murmured—"Look to your barracks!"

I smiled:—the stranger coloured.

"You are incredulous, captain; but desperate men will attempt desperate acts—and how often to attempt is to succeed? A finer set of fellows than you command could not be found. But were they giants, and not mortal men, what could they do, assailed by a furious and united population? Listen, and attend to me. There are more able men banded to each other in this county by solemn oaths, and by the stronger tie of mutual misery, than formed the army with which Wellington won Waterloo. Within this barrack, even drum boys included, ninety-three men are quartered."

"By God!" exclaimed my successor, "the return is correct to a file!"

"It is a copy from your own return, captain."

"Traitors—and even in our barrack! This looks serious, Bob. Might I ask, through what means this information reached you?"

"No; it is a question not answerable, and, indeed, not important. Pshaw! a handful of soldiers are easily counted on parade by a girl who seeks a buyer for her chickens."

"But why assail our barrack, friend? We are neither connected with these oppressors that the country people complain of, nor are we in the most remote degree approvers of these severities. Did the hearty pleasure with which our people joined yours, in rebuilding the burned cabin, show aught but a feeling of kindness and confidence?"

"Oh no!" returned *Shawn a Sauggart*. "No, captain, the laying of these few sods gave a deadlier blow to Ribbonism than a cart-load of corpses by rope and bullet could have effected. I was present at the last commission. In two days, I saw seventeen men hanged; and on another, witnessed thirty-six sent from the dock to eternal exile, and not allowed to give even a parting kiss and blessing to the wives and children who followed the cars on which they were carried from the court-house. Ten thousand men witnessed the terrible scene. They returned home—intimidated, think ye? Oh no! burning to revenge their companions. But as to your people, let them traverse the country from sunset to sunrise, and none will give them a worse word than 'God protect ye!' One of your men was out late last night."

"He was; and discovered by his drunken groanings almost insensible before the barrack gate. What of him?"

"He wandered to a distant village, was kindly received, hospitably treated, forgot himself, and got helplessly intoxicated. Well, when it was sufficiently dark, the owner of the house brought him here upon a car, and he was carried as close to the barrack gate as fear of the sentry would allow them."

"These are indeed indubitable proofs of kindly feeling; but why, my dark friend, attack our barrack? That looks aught but friendly."

"Vengeance, captain, must have means to enable it to find its mark. For one stand of arms smuggled into the county, three have been seized and placed here. For one peasant who has the power of inflicting injury, one hundred are incapable from want of weapons. Here, what is most needed would be found—and possession was to be obtained by stratagem, and not by violence, if possible."

"Well, that secret design known, so end the hopes upon the barrack and the arms."

"Upon the barrack, certainly; but not upon the arms, captain."

"Bah! with arms in their hands, think ye, that ninety men would allow a mob, were it a mile long, to deprive them of their weapons?"

"Why no, captain, were they apprised of the intention; but men may be taken at advantage. Come, we will fancy a case."

"Proceed, my friend."

"Well, you go out upon the moor occasionally for ball practice against the cliff: you serve out eight or ten rounds a man for the purpose. As you fire at the target, the country people collect to look on, and pick up the battered lead, as it falls flattened from the rock upon the heather. The men expend their cartridges, and the last firelock is discharged: could not the crowd rush upon you unexpectedly, before you could screw a bayonet on?"

There was sense and boldness in the plan; and after Howard and I had interchanged a meaning look, I turned to the dark stranger, and told him the remarks he made were useful, and should be attended to.

"We feel obliged, Dwyer, by your confidence; and, I suppose, according to compact, the quantum of information you think fit to volunteer is ended."

"Why, nearly so: possibly another hint might not be thrown away. You were anxious to obtain a few smart recruits, and within the month have enlisted half a dozen strapping fellows?"



“Yes, the finest young men by far, which the regiment has got for a twelvemonth.”

“Send them away the first opportunity to head-quarters, and leave them there, if you take a friend’s advice. Away, they will make you splendid soldiers; at home they have friends among the hills. Enough, my say is said!”

“That last hint also is valuable. I am your debtor, Dwyer, and will ever remember your services.”

“*I, not you, captain, am the debtor,*” returned Shawn Dhu. “The evening you first met me, had the foul enemy of man presented himself, in me he would have found a willing servant; and, God knows, had not my bad feelings received another impulse—the providential succour a stranger opportunely gave it—I know not to what extent of desperate courses my maddened brain would not have hurried me. In your appearance I read the working of an agency not to be understood, and bowed to the visitation of Providence. Under a temporary shelter, I slept in the bosom of my family; when, had you not diverted evil thoughts, it is hard to say in what wild act that night would not have been consumed. But, on the morning, when a bugle-sound called me from my work, and I saw your party winding down the hill; when the priest came on before, and announced your charitable errand; when I saw my cabin rising, through your assistance, from its ashes; when I saw my wife smile, my children watching the dinner you had brought us, and the blind old man turning his sightless eyes to Heaven, and invoking blessings on the stranger who came to save; and when you spoke, listening to every word you uttered, and blessing you again and again, I stole behind the rock unnoticed, knelt upon the sward, and swore that if to that cabin you were raising, you came with a king’s ransom on your head, or a hand reeking with blood, spilled within the sanctuary of an altar—I swore that no power on earth should induce me to betray you; and that for life, your friend should be my friend, and your enemy my enemy. But ’tis time I were gone—forewarned you are safe. Here, for miles around, you may wander safely, night or day; not a hair of your head should be injured. But cross not the Callan. There is one there, to whom the very colour of the coat you wear would be excuse enough to issue a death warrant, were you unhappily in his power. When you see in a tall red man a person addressed as Captain Starlight, then tremble! But God grant that the hour when your eyes encounter his shall never come!”

Concealed as he had passed the guard-room, Shawn Dhu recrossed it, and I opened the wicket for him myself. He wrung my hand at parting, again poured out a torrent of gratitude for my kindness, glided off under cover of a wall, and I returned to Bob Howard.

“What think you of our friend the colonel?”

“Why, that he’s true as steel; and every syllable he uttered came directly from the heart.”

“Well, in *Shawn a sauggart*, I leave you a stout ally, and never did a fatigued party work to better military account than when they were turning up the turfs that built poor Dwyer’s hovel.”

It was now midnight—and after visiting the guard and sentries, we retired for the night.

The hours of my sojourn at Ballyragget were numbered ; for the morning's post brought me letters, both from Sir Cæsar and his medical adviser, which determined me to start for England without delay. The general had been seriously indisposed ; the term, on the expiration of which I had promised to return, had passed ; his kinsman of evil odour, had given him fresh cause of displeasure ; and his matrimonial designs upon me had, consequently, received an additional impetus. The physician assured me that my presence would do more towards the restoration of Sir Cæsar's health, than aught which the healing art could administer ; and I determined to promptly obey the old man's missive. An hour completed every arrangement : the men gave me three hearty cheers as I mounted my jaunting car at the gate, and I bade a last farewell to the gallant 87th. , ,

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## THE OLD PILGRIM FERRY.

BY ANDREW WINTER.

By the side of St. Ann's whirl'd round the mill-wheel,  
And in front lay the old pilgrim ferry,  
And the miller he plied in the midst of his meal,  
And nobody grudged him his penny.

Did a maiden come down to the clear water-edge  
With her musical " Boatman, come hither,"  
Full quick he push'd off from among the green sedge,  
Nor long was he crossing the river.

Was it one of the nuns with her black shining hair,  
Who would cross to St. Ann's by the water,  
She never refused the good miller his fare,  
A kiss from each penitent daughter.

And sometimes a pilgrim came dropping his beads,  
And down by the landing in patience would tarry,  
And sometimes an abbess in solemn black weeds,  
Would hastily call o'er the tide for the ferry.

But the miller for all had some kindly word,  
And never thought mirth born of folly,  
And his laugh crackled up when a sly joke was heard,  
As the burning of shiny-leaved holly.

## B E A U C H A M P ;

OR,

## THE ERROR.

BY G. P. R. JAMES, ESQ.

## CHAP. XIII.

IN WHICH BETTER DAYS SEEM TO DAWN UPON THE POACHER.

A HIGH-SOUNDING oath from Sir John Slingsby passed unnoticed, for though every one had heard the shot, each person's attention was suddenly called to an object of his own. Ned Hayward sprang to the window and looked out, Dr. Miles started up and turned towards Mr. Wittingham ; and Beauchamp, who was sitting next to that gentleman, suddenly stretched out his hand, and caught him by the arm and shoulder, so as to break his fall to the ground, though not to stop it ; for the worthy magistrate, with a low exclamation of horror, which reached no ear but one, pressed his hand upon his heart, and fell fainting to the ground, just as if the ball, which had entered the window, had found out the precise spot in his skin, which had not been dipped in Styx. Nevertheless, when Sir John and Mr. Beauchamp, and Dr. Miles, lifted him up off the floor, and seated him on his chair again, though they undoubtedly expected to find one of those small holes which I should call a life-door, were it not that they never let life in, if they often let life out, yet no wound of any kind was to be perceived, except in the wig. Lights were brought, servants hurried in and out, cold water was sprinkled on the old gentleman's face, the butler recommended sal volatile, Sir John Slingsby tried brandy ; and at length Mr. Wittingham was brought to himself. Every one was busy about him but Ned Hayward ; and as Ned was a very charitable and benevolent man, it may be necessary to say why he bestowed no care nor attention on Mr. Wittingham. The fact was, that he did not know any thing was the matter with him ; for Ned Hayward was no longer in the room ; the window was open, indeed, and Ned Hayward had jumped out.

To return to Mr. Wittingham, however, no sooner did he recover breath enough to articulate, than he declared, in a low voice, he must go home.

"Why, my dear fellow !" exclaimed Sir John Slingsby, "you're not hurt, only frightened, devilish frightened, that's all, and you're still white about the gills, and fishy in the eyes. Come, come, finish your bottle, and get rid of that haddock-look before you go, or you may faint again in the carriage."

"I must go home," repeated Mr. Wittingham, in a dismal tone.

"Then what's to become of the business you came about ?" inquired the baronet.

"I must leave it in your hands, Sir John," replied Mr. Wittingham, rising feebly ; "I have no head for it to-night. It was about that notorious poacher, Gimlet, I came ; the constables will tell you how I



happen to have him apprehended ; but I must go, I must go, I have no head for it."

"Though the bullet kept out, plenty of lead has got in, somehow or other," muttered Sir John Slingsby, as his fellow-magistrate tottered towards the door ; but the baronet was not a bad-hearted man, and, taking compassion on Mr. Wittingham's state, he followed him with a large glass of Madeira, insisted upon his drinking it, and supported him under the right arm to the hall door, where he delivered him over to the hands of the butler to put him safely into his carriage. While this was being effected, Sir John turned round and gazed upon the figure of Stephen Gimlet, and the two officers who had him in charge ; and if his look was not peculiarly encouraging to the poacher, it certainly was much less so towards the constables. To say the truth, a constable was an animal, towards which, for some reason or another, Sir John Slingsby entertained a great dislike. It is not impossible that his old roving propensities, and sundry encounters with the particular kind of officer which was now under his thumb, had impressed him with a distaste for the whole species ; but, assuredly, had he been called upon to give a Linæan description of the creature, it would have been : "A two-legged beast of the species hound, made to be beaten by blackguards and bullied by magistrates."

Waving his hand, therefore, with an air of dignity, over his extended white waistcoat, he said,—

"Bring him in," and leading the way back to the dining-room, he seated himself in his great chair, supported on either side by decanters ; and while the constables were entering, and taking up a position before him, he pushed a bottle either way, to Dr. Miles and Mr. Beauchamp, saying, in as solemn a tone as if he were delivering sentence of death, "A bumper, gentlemen, for a toast—now Master Leathersides, why do you bring this man before me?"

"Why, please your worship's honour," replied the constable, "we apprehended him for poaching in the streets of Tarningham, and ——"

"Halloah !" cried Sir John, "poaching in the streets of Tarningham, that's a queer place to set springes. Leathersides, you're drunk."

"No please your honour's worship, I arn't," whimpered the constable, who would at any time rather have been sent for a week to prison, than be brought up before Sir John Slingsby ; "I said, as how we apprehended him in the streets of Tarningham, not as he was a-poaching there."

"Then where was he poaching when you apprehended him?" demanded Sir John, half in fun, half in malice, and with a full determination of puzzling the constable.

"Can't say he was poaching anywhere just then," replied Mr. Leathersides.

"Then you'd no business to apprehend him," replied the baronet, "discharge the prisoner, and evacuate the room. Gentlemen, are you charged ? The king, God bless him !" and he swallowed down his glass of wine, winking his eye to Beauchamp, at what he thought his good joke against the constables.

Mr. Leathersides, however, was impressed with a notion, that he must do his duty, and that that duty was to remonstrate with Sir John

Slingsby; therefore, after a portentous effort, he brought forth the following words:—

“But, Sir John, when we’d a got ’un, Mr. Wittingham said we were to keep un’.”

“Where’s your warrant?” thundered Sir John.

“Can’t say we’ve got one,” said the other constable, for Mr. Leathersides was exhausted.

“If you apprehended him illegally,” said Sir John Slingsby, magisterially, “you detained him still more illegally. Leathersides, you’re a fool. Mr. What’s-your-name, you’re an ass. You’ve both violated the law, and I’ve a great mind to fine you both—a bumper—so I will, by Jove. Come here and drink the king’s health;” and Sir John laughed heartily while inflicting this very pleasant penalty, as they thought it, upon the two constables; but resolved to carry the joke out, the baronet, as soon as the men had swallowed the wine, exclaimed, in a pompous tone: “Stephen Gimlet, you are charged with poaching in the streets of Tarningham, and convicted on the sufficient testimony of two constables. Appear before the court to receive sentence. Prisoner, your sentence is this; that you be brought up to this table, and there to gulp down, at a single and uninterrupted draught, one glass of either of those two liquors called Port or Madeira, at the discretion of the court, to the health of our sovereign lord the king; and that, having so done, you shall be considered to have made full and ample satisfaction for the said offence.”

“With all my heart, sir,” said Ste Gimlet, taking the glass of wine which Sir John Slingsby offered him. “Here’s to the king, God bless him! and may he give us many such magistrates as Sir John Slingsby.”

“Sir, I’ve a great mind to fine you another bumper for adding to my toast,” exclaimed the baronet; and then, waving his hand to the constables, he continued: “Be off, the prisoner is discharged; you’ve nothing more to do with him—stay here, Master Gimlet, I’ve something to say to you;” and when the door was shut, he continued, with a very remarkable change of voice and manner. “Now, my good friend, I wish to give you a little bit of warning. As I am Lord of the Manor for many miles round the place where you live, the game you have taken must be mine, and, therefore, I have thought myself justified in treating the matter lightly, and making a joke of it. You may judge, however, from this, that I speak disinterestedly, and as your friend, when I point out to you, that if you follow the course you are now pursuing, it will inevitably lead you on to greater offences. It will deprave your mind, teach you to think wrong right, to resist by violence the assertion of the law, and, perhaps, in the end, bring you to the awful crime of murder, which, whether it be punished in this world or not, is sure to meet its retribution hereafter.”

“Upon my life and soul, Sir John,” said Ste Gimlet, earnestly, “I will never touch a head of game of yours again.”

“Nor any one else’s, I hope,” answered Sir John Slingsby, “you are an ingenious fellow I have heard, and can gain your bread by better means.”

“How?” inquired the man, emphatically; but the moment after he added, “I will try at all events. This very morning, I was thinking I would make a change, and endeavour to live like other people; but then

I fancied it would be of no use. First, people would not employ me, and I feared to try them. Next, I feared myself; for I have led a wild rambling kind of life, and have got to love it better than any other. If there were a chance of men treating me kindly and giving me encouragement, it might answer; but if I found all faces looking cold on me, and all hearts turned away from me, though perhaps I have deserved it, I am afraid I should just fall back into my old ways again. However, I will try—I will try for the child's sake, though it will be a hard struggle at first, I am sure."

Sir John Slingsby laid his finger upon his temple and thought for a moment. He had been serious for a long while—fully five minutes—and he had some difficulty in keeping up his grave demeanour; but that was not all: some words which Ned Hayward had let fall almost at random, suggested a plan to his mind which he hesitated whether he should adopt or not. Perhaps—though he was a kind-hearted man, as we have seen and said before—he might have rejected it, had it not been for its oddity; but it was an odd plan, and one that jumped with his peculiar humour. He was fond of doing all sorts of things that other men would not do, just because they would not—of trying experiments that they dared not try—of setting at defiance every thing which had only custom and convention for its basis; and, therefore, after an instant's meditation, given to the consideration of whether people would suppose he was actuated by benevolence or eccentricity (he would not have had them think he did an odd thing from benevolence for the world), he went on as the whim prompted to reply to Stephen Gimlet's last words, mingling a high degree of delicacy of feeling with his vagaries, in the strangest manner possible, as the reader will see.

"Well Ste," he said, "perhaps we may make it less of a struggle than you think. I'll tell you what, my fine fellow, you're very fond of game—a little too fond perhaps. Now, my friend, Ned Hayward—that's to say, Captain Hayward. Where the deuce he has gone to?—I don't know—ran after the clumsy fellow, I suppose, who fired through the window and missed the deer too, I'll be bound. It must have been Conolly, the under-keeper; nobody but Conolly would have thought of firing right towards the window—but as I was saying, my friend, Ned Hayward, said just now that you'd make a capital keeper. What do you think of it, Gimlet? Wouldn't it do?"

"Not under Mr. Hearne, sir," answered Ste Gimlet. "We've had too many squabbles together;" and he shook his head.

"No, no, that would never do," replied Sir John, laughing; "you'd soon have your charges in each other's gizzards. But you know Denman died a week ago, over at the Trottington Hall manor, on t'other side of the common—you know it, you dog—you know it well enough, I can see by the twinkling of your eye. I dare say you have looked into every nest on the manor, since the poor fellow was bagged by the grim archer. Well, but as I was saying, there's the cottage empty and eighteen shillings a week, and you and Hearne can run against each other, and see which will give us the best day's sport at the end of the year. What do you say, Gimlet? you can go and take possession of the cottage this very night; I don't want it to stand empty an hour longer."

"Thank you a thousand times, Sir John," said the man heartily;



"you are a kind gentleman indeed, but I must go up to my own place first. There's my little boy, you know. Poor little man, I dare say he has cried his heart out."

"Pooh, nonsense, not a bit," said the baronet, "I'll take care of all that. I'll send up and have him fetched."

The man smiled and shook his head, saying, "He would not come with a stranger."

"What will you bet?" cried Sir John Slingsby, laughing. "I'll bet you a guinea against your last ferret, that he'll come directly. Here, Matthew—Moore—Harrison," he continued, first ringing the bell, and then opening the door to call, "some of you d—d fellows run up and bring Ste Gimlet's little boy. Tell him, his daddy's here," and Sir John Slingsby sat down and laughed prodigiously, adding every now and then, "I'll take any man five guineas of it that he comes."

There is an exceedingly good old English expression, which smart people have of late years banished from polite prose, but which I shall beg leave to make use of here. Sir John Slingsby then was known to be a *comical fellow*. Stephen Gimlet was well aware that such was the case; and though he thought the joke was a somewhat extravagant one, to send a man-servant up to the moor at that hour of the evening, to fetch down his little boy, yet still he thought it a joke. His only anxiety, however, was to prevent its being carried too far, and, therefore, after twirling his hat about for a minute in silence, he said—

"Well, Sir John, perhaps if he's told I am here, he may come; but now I recollect, I locked the door; and besides, there are all my things to be fetched down; so if you will be kind enough to give me till to-morrow, sir, I will accept your bounty with a grateful heart, and do my best to deserve it—and I am sure I am most grateful to the gentleman who first spoke of such a thing. I am, indeed," he added, with some degree of hesitation, and cheek rather reddened; for while Sir John was still laughing heartily, he saw that Mr. Beauchamp's fine lustrous eyes were fixed upon him with a look of deep interest, and that Doctor Miles was blowing his nose violently, while his eyelids grew rather red.

"I don't doubt it in the least, Ste," said Sir John; "Ned Hayward is a very good fellow—a capital fellow—you owe him a great deal, I can tell you. There! there!" he continued, as the door opened to give admission to the servant, "I told you he would come—didn't I tell you? There he is, you see!"

Stephen Gimlet gazed for an instant in silent astonishment when he beheld the boy in the butler's arms, wrapped warmly up in the housekeeper's shawl; for at Sir John's indisputable commands, they had taken him from his bed. He was confounded: he was as one thunderstruck; but the moment after, the child, recovering from the first dazzling effect of the light, held out his little hands to his father with a cry of delight, exclaiming, "There's my daddy, there's my daddy!" and the poacher sprang forward and caught him to his heart.

Sir John Slingsby was himself overset by what he had done: the tears started in his eyes; but still he laughed louder than ever; out-trumpeted Doctor Miles with blowing his nose, wiped away the tears with the back of his hand, put on his spectacles to hide them, and then looked over the spectacles to see Ste Gimlet and his boy.

The child was nestling on his father's breast and prattling to him; but

in a moment the man started and turned pale, exclaiming, "Fire!—the place burnt! What in Heaven's does he mean?"

"There, there!" cried Doctor Miles, coming forward and making the man sit down, seeing that he looked as ghastly as the dead, with strong emotion. "Don't be alarmed, Stephen. Don't be agitated. Lift up the voice of praise and thanksgiving to God, for a great mercy shown you this day, not alone in having saved your child from a terrible death, but in having sent you a warning with a most lenient hand, which will assuredly make you a better man for all your future days. Lift up the voice of praise, I say, from the bottom of your heart."

"I do indeed!" cried the poacher, "I do indeed!" and bending down his head upon the boy's neck, he wept. "But how did it happen?—how could it happen?" he continued, after a while, "and how, how was he saved?"

"Why, Ned Hayward saved him, to be sure," cried the baronet. "Gallant Ned Hayward—who but he? He saw the place burning from the top of the barrow, man, rushed in, burnt himself, and brought out the boy."

"God bless him! God bless him!" cried the father. "But the fire," he added, "how could the place take fire?"

"That nasty cross man set it on fire, daddy, I'm sure," said the boy; "the man that was there this morning. He came when you were away, and he wouldn't answer when I called, and I saw him go away, through the peep-hole, with a lighted stick in his mouth. I didn't do it indeed, daddy."

A glimpse of the truth presented itself to Stephen Gimlet's mind; and though he said nothing, he clenched one hand tight, so tight that the print of the nails remained in the palm; but then his thoughts turned to other things, and rising up out of the chair in which Doctor Miles had placed him, he turned to Sir John Slingsby, and said, "Oh, sir, I wish I could say how much I thank you!"

"There, there, Stephen," replied the baronet, waving his hand kindly, "no more about it. You have lost one house and you have got another; you have given up one trade and taken a better. Your boy is safe and well; so as the good doctor says, praise God for all. Take another glass of wine, and when you have talked a minute with the little man, give him back to the housekeeper. He shall be well taken care of till you are settled, and in the meantime you can go down to the Marquis of Granby in the village, and make yourself comfortable till to-morrow. Hang me if I drink any more wine to-night. All this is as good as a bottle;" and Sir John rose to join the ladies.

The other two gentlemen very willingly followed his example; but before they went, Beauchamp, who had had his pocket-book in his hand for a minute or two, took a very thin piece of paper out of it, and went round to Stephen Gimlet.

"You have lost all your furniture, I am afraid," he said, in a low voice; "there is something to supply its place with more."

"Lord bless you, sir, what was my furniture worth?" said the poacher, looking at the note in his hand, with a melancholy smile; but by that time Beauchamp was gone.

## CHAP. XIV.

## THE PURSUIT.

"I WONDER where the deuce Ned Hayward can be gone," was the exclamation of Sir John Slingsby about ten o'clock at night when he found that his young guest did not reappear; and so do I wonder, and perhaps so does the reader too. It will therefore be expedient, in order to satisfy all parties, to leave the good people at Tarningham-park and pursue our friend at once, for we have no time to spare if we would catch him. He is a desperate hard rider when there is any object in view, and he certainly left the park on horseback.

When last we saw him, the hour was about half-past seven or a quarter to eight, night was beginning to fall, and without doing any thing figurative in regard to the evening—without comparing the retiring rays of light to the retreat of a defeated army, or the changing colour of the sky to the contents of a London milkmaid's pail under the influence of the pump—we may be permitted to say that the heavens were getting very gray; the rose and the purple had waned, and night, heavy night, was pouring like a deluge through the air. Nevertheless, the night was fine, a star or two shone out, and the moment Ned Hayward sprang to the window through which the ball had come, he saw a figure hurrying away through the trees at the distance of about three hundred yards. They were fine old trees with no underwood—English park trees, wide apart, far-spreading, gigantic; and Ned Hayward paused an instant to gaze after he had jumped out of the window, and then took to his heels and ran on as fast as a pair of long, strong, well-practised legs would carry him. There was turf below him and his feet fell lightly, but he had not gained more than fifty yards upon the figure when he saw through the bolls another figure not human but equine. For a short distance the person he pursued did not seem aware that he had a follower, but before the time arrived when the horse became apparent some indications seemed to reach his ear, and, if Ned Hayward ran quick, the other seemed to run nearly as fast. When the young gentleman was within about a hundred yards of him, however, the man was upon the horse's back and galloping away.

Ned Hayward stopped and followed him with his eyes, marking the course he took as far as the light would permit. He then listened, and heard the noise of the horse's feet distinctly beating the ground in one direction. The next moment the sounds became confused with others, as if another horse were near, and turning round to the road which led from the gate on the side of Tarningham, the young officer saw a mounted man coming slowly up towards the house.

"By Jove, this is lucky!" said Ned Hayward, as he recollected having heard Sir John Slingsby tell a groom to carry a note to Mr. Wharton, the lawyer: and running down to the road as fast as possible, he stopped the servant, and bade him dismount and let him have the horse immediately.

The groom recognised his master's guest; but he had some hesitation, and began his reply with a "Please, sir—" But Ned cut him short at once, in a very authoritative tone; and in two minutes he was in the



saddle. He paused not an instant to think. For calculation was a very rapid process with him, and, during his morning's rambles, he had marked, with a soldier's eye, all the bearings and capabilities of the park and the ground round about it. The result of his combinations was thus expressed upon the mental tablet, or nearly thus:—

“The fellow cannot get out by the way he has taken; for there is no gate, and the park paling is planted at the top of the high bank, so that no man in England dare leap it. He must take to the right or left. On the left he will be checked by the river and the thick copse which would bring him round close to the house again. He will, therefore, take to the right, and pass the gates on the top of the hill. He must come down half way to the other gates, however, before he can get out of the lane; and I shall not be much behind him.”

He rode straight, therefore, to the gates on the Tarningham side, passed them, turned sharp to the left, galloped up the sandy lane under the park wall, and blessed his stars as he saw the edge of the moon beginning to show itself in the east.

“Hang me if I give up the chase till I have run him down,” said Ned Hayward; but when a man sets out hunting a fox with such a determination, he never knows how far the fox or the determination may lead him. Away he went, however, like a shot. The horse was a strong, well-built cob, of about fourteen hands three, which had been accustomed to bear the great bulk and heavy riding of Sir John Slingsby to cover; and it sprang out under the lighter weight and better balance of the younger man, as if it had a feather on its back. Up this hill they went, all gathered together like a woolpack: an easy hand, an easy seat, and an exact poise, made the rider feel to the beast not half his real weight; and, in two minutes, Ned Hayward's quick ear caught the sound of other hoofs besides those underneath him. “I shall have him now!” he said; but suddenly the sounds became fainter. Three springs more and he had the horseman before him; but at a hundred and fifty yards' distance, going over the moor. There was a fence and ditch on the right hand; and Ned Hayward pushed his horse at them. The good little beast rose gallantly by the moonlight; but there was a ditch on the other side also, which neither saw. He cleared it with his fore-feet, but his hind went in, and over he came sprawling. Neither rider nor beast were hurt; and Ned Hayward picked him up in a minute, and away again.

The fugitive had gained ground, nevertheless, and was shooting off like a falling star; but the moonlight was now bright, lying in long misty lines upon the moor. A few rapid steps brought them to the sandy road, and on—on they dashed as if for life. On, however, dashed the other horseman likewise. He knew the ground well, his horse was good, he really rode for life. It was as even a race as ever was seen. The wide moor extended for miles, every tree and bush was visible, and even the distant belts of planting where the common ended on the right could be seen lying black and heavy against the moonlight sky; but yet there was a darkness over the ground which showed that it was not day; and still, as he urged the willing beast forward, Ned Hayward kept a ready hand upon the bridle in case of need. Soon he thought he gained upon the other, but then he saw him turn from the sandy road and take over the turf to the left. Ned Hayward ran across, and pressed hard the beast's sides. On, on they went; but the next instant the ground

seemed darker before him, and the pursuer checked up his horse suddenly upon the very edge of a deep pit, while the other rode on unobstructed on the further side.

Not more than a moment was lost or gained, however, for turning quickly round the edge of the pit, though keeping a sharper eye upon the ground than before, Ned Hayward still followed a diagonal course, which saved him as much of the distance between him and the fugitive as he had lost by the temporary check. When he, too, had got to the other side of the pit, the space between them was about the same that it had been at first, but the ground sloped gently downward, and then spread out in a perfect flat with neither trees nor bushes, although some thick rushy spots assumed here and there the appearance of bunches of bramble, or bilberry, but afforded no interruption to the horses' speed, and on they went, helter skelter, over the moor, as if the great enemy were behind them.

In a few minutes a light was visible on the right, and Ned Hayward said to himself, "He is making for some house;" but the next instant the light moved, flitting along from spot to spot, with a blue, wavering, uncertain flame, and with a low laugh, the young gentleman muttered, "A will-o'-the-wisp, that shan't lead me astray this time at least."

On he dashed, keeping the horseman before him; but ere he had passed the meteor a hundred yards, he felt the pace of his horse uneasy, the ground seemed to quiver and shake under his rapid footfalls, and a plashy sound was heard, as if the hoofs sank into a wet and marshy soil.

"A shaking bog, upon my life," said Ned Hayward, "but as he has gone over it, so can I."

With his horse's head held lightly up, his heels into its sides, the bridle shaken every minute to give him courage, and a loud "Tally ho!" as if he were in sight of a fox, on went Ned Hayward with the water splashing up around him till the hoofs fell upon firmer ground, and a slight slope upwards caught the moonlight, and showed the fugitive scampering away with a turn to the right.

"Hoiks, hoiks! haloo!" cried Ned Hayward, applying the flat of his hand to the horse's flank, and, as if inspired by the ardour of the chase, the brave little beast redoubled its efforts, and strained up the hill after the larger horse, gaining perceptibly upon it.

Clear and full in the moonlight the dark figure came out from the sky as he cleared the edge of the hill, and in two seconds, or not much more, Ned Hayward gained the same point.

The figure was no longer visible. It had disappeared as if by magic; horse and rider were gone together, and all that could be seen was the gentle slope downward that lay at the horse's feet, a darkish spot beyond, which the moon's rays did not reach, and then the moor extending for about a couple of miles further, marked in its undulations by strong light and shade.

"Why, what the devil is this?" exclaimed Ned Hayward; but though he sometimes indulged in an exclamation, he never let astonishment stop him, and seeing that if the figure had taken a course to the right or left he must have caught sight of it, he rode straight at the dark spot in front, and found that it consisted of one of the large pits, with which the moor was spotted, filled to the very top of the banks with low stunted oaks, ashes, and birch trees.

"Earthed him! earthed him!" said Ned Hayward, as he looked round, but he made no further observation, and soon perceived the sandy cart-road which the man must have taken to descend into the pit.

The young gentleman was now a little puzzled; the natural pertinacity and impetuosity of his disposition would have led him to plunge in after the object of his chase, like a terrier dog after a badger, but then he saw that by so doing, the man, who knew the ground apparently much better than he did, would have the opportunity of doubling upon him and escaping his pursuit, while he was losing himself among the trees and paths. Rapid in all his calculations, and seeing that the extent of the hollow was not very great, so that by the aid of the moonlight, any figure which issued forth would become visible to him as long as he remained above, Ned Hayward trotted round the edge of the pit to make himself perfectly sure that there was no small path or break in the banks, by which the object he had lodged in the bushes beneath him, might effect its flight without his perceiving it. Having ascertained this fact, he took up his position on the highest ground near, that he might command the whole scene round, and then dismounting, led his horse up and down to cool it gradually, saying to himself, "I will stop here all night rather than lose him. Some persons must come by in the morning who will help me to beat the bushes."

Ned Hayward concluded his reflections, however, with a sentence which seemed to have very little connexion with them.

"She's an exceedingly pretty girl," he said, "and seems to be as amiable as she is pretty, but I can't let that stop me."

I do not at all understand what he meant, but perhaps the reader may find some sense in it. But while he was reflecting on pretty girls, and combining them in the honestest way possible with his hunt after a man who had fired a shot into the window of Tarningham House, an obtrusive recollection crossed his mind that moons will go down, and that then wide open moors with many a shaking bog and pitfall were not the most lustrous and well-lighted places upon earth, which remembrance or reflection puzzled him most exceedingly. Though we have never set up Ned Hayward for a conjuror, he was an exceedingly clever, dashing, and amiable person; but he was far from being either a magician or an astronomer, and not having an almanack in his pocket, nor able to read it if he had, he was not at all aware of the hour at which the moon went down. He saw, indeed, that she had already passed her prime, and was verging towards decline, and it was with a very unpleasant sensation that he thought, "Hang her old untidy horns, she will be gone before the day breaks, and a pleasant dark place it will be when she no longer gives me light. I will stop and watch, however, but I must change my tactics, and hide under the hill. Perhaps he may think I am gone, and come out with fresh courage. The young blackguard! it would be a good turn to all the world to hang him, if it is but to prevent him marrying such a nice girl as that, who is a great deal too good for him. He won't thank me, however, for my pains."

This thought, somehow or other, was not pleasant to our friend Ned Hayward, and, indeed, like most of us, in many even of the ordinary circumstances of life, he was affected by very different emotions. Why it was, or wherefore, he could not tell, but he had been seized with a strong inclination to hang, or otherwise dispose of any gentleman whom



he could suspect of being a favoured lover of Mary Clifford's; and, yet on the other hand he had every disposition in the world to oblige Mary Clifford himself. These two objects seemed incompatible, but there is a fashion in the world which has a strange knack of trying to overcome impossibilities, and sometimes succeeds too—at least in overcoming those things which fathers and mothers, relations, guardians and friends, have pronounced to be insurmountable. At all events Ned Hayward made up his mind that it was his duty not to abandon his pursuit so long as there was a chance of its being successful, and, consequently, he drew his horse a little further from the edge of the pit, as soon as he had considered the peculiar circumstances of Mistress Moon, and endeavoured to keep out of sight as far as possible, while he himself watched eagerly, with nothing but his head as far as the eyes above the edge of the acclivity. •

Fancy is a wonderful thing, and it has been accounted for some people as good as physic. I should say it was better for most men, but yet, taken in too large doses it is dangerous, very dangerous. Now Ned Hayward had, that night, taken too large a dose, and the effect was this: he imagined he was perfectly well acquainted with the figure, person, and appearance of the horseman whom he had hunted from under the walls of Tarningham-park to the spot where he then stood, with his horse's bridle over his arm. He could have sworn to him!—very lucky it was that nobody called upon him to do so, as he found out within a quarter of an hour afterwards. Fancy painted his face and his figure, and a tremendous black eye, and a bruised cut down the side of his nose. Now as the man lay there quietly ensconced in the pit, his face was very different, his figure not at all the same, and no black eye, no bruised cut, gave evidence of the scuffle which took place two nights before. It was, in fact, quite a different person, and all the young gentleman's calculations were wrong together. It is a very happy thing indeed for a man in the wrong, when he acts in the same manner as he would if he were right. His doing so, it is true, sometimes proceeds from good sense, sometimes from good feeling, sometimes from fortunate circumstances, but, at all events, such was Ned Hayward's case in the present instance, for he had made up his mind to remain upon the watch, and he would have watched as zealously and only a little more pleasantly, if he had known perfectly well who the man was, instead of mistaking him for another. When he had remained about seven minutes and a half, however—I cannot speak to a few seconds more or less, and a slight mistake will make no great difference, as the first heat was over, and our friends were only taking breathing time; but when he had remained for about seven minutes and a half, his horse shied at something behind him, and when the young gentleman turned round, he perceived a long shadow cross the space of moonlight on the common, showing that some living object was moving in a slanting direction between him and the south-western side of the sky. The first question he asked himself was naturally, who he could be, and the first answer that suggested itself was, "Perhaps one of this fellow's comrades."

Two to one, however, were not odds that at all daunted our young friend; and turning quite round, for an instant he looked at the figure as it came down, and then directed his eyes towards the edge of the pit again. He kept a sharp look upon the approaching party, however, nor, though the step upon the soft turf made no great sound, his eyes were suddenly

brought round upon the visiter of his solitary watch, when about ten yards still remained between them. The moon now served our good friend as well as if he had been a lover, showing him distinctly the face, features, and figure of the person before him, and he instantly exclaimed,—

“Ah, Stephen, this is lucky! What brought you here?”

“Why, sir,” answered the man, “this is part of my beat, and as soon as I had got some supper down at the village, as it is not fair to take a gentleman’s money without doing something for it, and as I am rather accustomed to a walk on a moonlight night, I might as well just come out to see that all is safe. ‘I can guess what brought you here, for Ned, the groom, told me you had taken his horse and were off like a shot.’”

“Hush,” said Ned Hayward, “don’t speak so loud, my good fellow; I have earthened him amongst those trees in the pit there, but I could not dig him out, for I was afraid he would escape one way while I was hunting him the other.”

“Ah! ah! you have got him, then?” said Gimlet, “then, that’s a piece of luck. If he swings it will be no bad job; a bloody-minded scoundrel!”

Ned Hayward was somewhat surprised to hear his friend Wolf qualify by so unsavoury an epithet a gentleman, whose friend and companion he had very lately been; the young officer, however, knew a good deal of the world and the world’s ways, and he was not at all inclined to honour the *ci-devant* poacher for so sudden a change of opinion. His first thought was, this man must be a scoundrel at heart, after all, to abuse a man whom he has been consorting with in this manner, without any motive for so doing, except the simple fact of a change in his own avocations. If he thought young Wittingham a very respectable person two or three hours ago, when he himself was only Wolf the poacher, I do not understand why he should judge him a bloody-minded villain, now that he himself has become Stephen Gimlet, second keeper to Sir John Slingsby. This does not look like honesty.

A second thought, however, upon all he had seen of the man’s character, the frankness, the hardihood, even the dogged determination he had shown induced captain Hayward to say to himself, “The fellow can’t know who it is;” and as thought is a very rapid thing, he replied with a perceptible pause, “Yes, I have got him, safe and sure, and if you’ll help he cannot get away. You guess who he is, I dare say, Stephen?”

“O, to be sure, sir,” answered Gimlet; “it is that young scoundrel, Harry Wittingham. Bad’s the crow and bad’s the egg,” he continued, without knowing he was using a Greek proverb, “I suppose it can be no one else; for I heard from the old housekeeper down in the town, that he swore like fury that he would have vengeance on his father if he laid the information against him before Sir John.”

“Humph!” said Ned Hayward; “but then,” he thought, “I am rather hard upon the man too. The idea of any one in cold blood firing a shot at his own father is certainly enough to rouse the indignation and disgust even of men who would wink at, or take part in, lesser crimes to which they are more accustomed. Come, Stephen,” he continued aloud, “now you are here, we may do better than I could alone. Let us see what is to be done.”

“O, we’ll soon manage it, sir,” answered Wolf, “I know every bit of the pit well enough; there is but one place he can go to with his horse, and but one road up the bank. He can round the inside of the pit two ways, sure enough, but what we had best do is, to go in till we can see



what he is about, and then have a rush upon him together or separate, or cut him off either way."

Captain Hayward agreed in this view of the case, and after a few more words of consultation, the horse was fastened to a scraggy hawthorn tree, and stooping down as low as possible to conceal their approach, Captain Hayward and his companion advanced along the cart-road down into the pit. The moment after they began to descend, the bank on the right cast a shadow over them, which favoured their operations, and Gimlet, taking the lead, crept silently along a path which had once served for the waggons that carried the sand out of the pit, but was now overgrown with grass and hemmed in with bushes, shrubs, and trees of forty or fifty years growth. No moonlight penetrated there, and all was dark, gloomy, and intricate. Now the path turned to the right, now to the left, then proceeded straight forward again, and then began to mount a little elevation in the surface, or floor, as the miners would call it, of the pit itself, still thickly surrounded by green shrubs, through which, however, the slanting beams of the moon were shining over the edge of the pit. Stephen Gimlet's steps became even still more quiet and cautious, and he whispered to Ned Hayward to walk lightly for fear the fugitive should catch a sound of their approach, and make his escape. Each step occupied several seconds, so carefully was it planted; the slight rustling of the leaves, catching upon their clothes, and each falling back upon a branch, which, pushed aside as they passed, was dashed back upon those behind, made them pause and listen, thinking that the object of their eager pursuit must have caught the sound as well as their own nearer ears. At length Stephen Gimlet stopped, and putting back his hand, helped his companion aloof for an instant, while he leaned forward and brought his eyes close to a small hole between the branches. Then, drawing Ned Hayward forward, he pointed in the same direction in which he had been looking, with his right finger, and immediately laid it upon his lips as a token to be silent. Ned Hayward bent his head and gazed through the aperture as his companion had done. The scene before him was a very peculiar one. In broken beams, filtered, as we may call it, by the green leaves and higher branches, the moonlight was streaming upon a small open space, where the ground rose into a swelling knoll, covered with green turf and moss. There was one small birch tree in the midst, and a hawthorn by its side, but all the rest was clear, and on the right hand could be seen, marked out by the yellow sand, the cart-road which led to the moor above. Standing close to the two little trees was a horse, a fine, strong, powerful bay, with a good deal of bone and sinew, long in the reach, but what is unusual in horses of that build, with a chine and shoulder like those of a wild boar. Close to the horse, with the bridle thrown over his arm, and apparently exceedingly busy upon something he was doing, stood a tall, powerful man, whose face, from the position in which he had placed himself, could not be seen; his back, in short, was towards Ned Hayward and his companion, but from under his left arm protruded part of the stock of a gun, which a moonbeam that fell upon it, showed as plainly as the daylight could have done. From the position in which he held the firelock it seemed to Ned Hayward as if he were attending to the priming, and the moment afterwards the click of the pan showed that the supposition was correct.

At the same time this sound met his ear the young gentleman was drawn gently back by the hand of his companion, and the



latter whispered, "That's Harry Wittingham's horse, I'd swear to him amongst a thousand, but that's not Henry Wittingham himself, of that I'm quite sure."

"I cannot see his face," answered Ned Hayward, in the same low tone, "but the figure seems to me very much the same."

"Hush ! he's moving," said the man ; "better let us go round and cut him off by either road, you to the right and I to the left—straight through that little path there—we shall have a shot for it, but we must not mind that—see he is looking at his girths."

The man whom they spoke of had seemed perfectly unconscious of the presence of any such unwelcome visitors near him. His motions were all slow and indifferent, till the last words had passed Stephen Gimlet's lips ; then, however, he turned suddenly round, displaying a face that Captain Hayward did not at all recollect, and gazing direct to the spot where they stood, he raised his gun, already cocked, to his shoulder, and fired.

Fortunately, it so happened that Ned Hayward had taken one step in the direction which his companion had pointed out, otherwise the ball, with which the piece was charged, would have passed right through his breast. As it was, it grazed his left arm, leaving a slight flesh wound, and, seeing that they were discovered, both he and Stephen Gimlet dashed straight through the trees towards the object of their pursuit. He, in the meantime, had put his foot in the stirrup, and sprung upon his horse's back. One rushed at him on either side, but perchance, at all hazards and at all events, without a moment's consideration, the man dashed at the poacher, brandishing the gun which he held in his hand like a club. As he came up, without giving ground an inch, Stephen clutched at his bridle, receiving a tremendous blow with the stock of his gun, and attempting to parry it with his left hand. The man raised his rein, however, at the same moment he struck the blow, and Stephen missed the bridle. He struck at him, with his right, however, in hope of bringing him from his horse, and with such force and truth did he deliver his reply to the application of the gun-stock, that the man bent down to the horse's mane, but at the same time he struck his spurs deep into the beast's flanks, passed his opponent with a spring, and galloped up to the moor.

"I am away after him," cried Ned Hayward, and darting along the road like lightning, he gained the common, unhooked his own horse from the tree, and recommenced the pursuit with the same figure still flying before him.

The steep rise of the pit had somewhat blown the fugitive's horse, and for the first hundred yards or so Captain Hayward gained upon him, but he soon brought all his knowledge of the country to bear, every pond, every bank, every quagmire, gave him some advantage, and when, at the end of about ten minutes, they neared the plantations at the end of the moor, he was considerably further from his pursuers than when their headlong race began. At length he disappeared where the road led in amongst trees and hedge-rows, and any further chase seemed to promise little. Ned Hayward's was a sadly persevering disposition, however ; he had an exceedingly great dislike to be frustrated in any thing, and on he therefore rode without drawing a rein, thinking, "in this more populous part of the country I shall surely meet with some whom he has passed, and who will give me information."

It was a wonderfully solitary, a thinly peopled district, nowever, which lay on the other side of the moor from Tarningham. They went early to bed, too, in that part of the world, and not a living soul did Ned Hayward meet for a full mile up the long lane. At the end of that distance, the road branched into three, and in the true spirit of knight-errantry, the young gentleman threw down his rein on the horse's neck, leaving it to carry him on in search of adventures, according to its own sagacity. The moor was about four miles and a half across; but in the various turnings and windings they had taken, now here now there upon its surface, horse and man had contrived to treble that distance, or perhaps something more. There had been a trot to the town before and back again, a hand-canter through the park, and then a tearing burst across the moor. The horse therefore thought, with some reason, that there had been enough of riding and being ridden for one night, and as soon as Ned Hayward laid down the reins it fell from a gallop to a canter, from a canter to a trot, and was beginning to show an inclination to a walk, if not to stand still, when Ned Hayward requested it civilly with his heels to go on a little faster. It had now selected its path, however, remembering Ovid's axiom, that the middle of the road is the safest. This was all that Ned Hayward could have desired at its hands, if it had had any; but of its hoofs he required that they should accelerate their motions, and on he went again at a rapid pace, till, suddenly turning into a high road, he saw nearly before him on the left hand, six large elms in a row, with a horse-trough under the two nearest; an enormous sign swinging between the two central trees, and an inn, with four steps up to the door, standing a little back from the road.

There was a good light streaming from some of the windows; the moon was shining clear, but the dusty old elms were thick with foliage, which effectually screened the modest figures on the sign from the garish beams of either the domestic or the celestial luminary.

Ned Hayward drew in his rein as soon as he beheld the inn and its accompaniments; then approached softly, paused to consider, and ultimately rode into the court-yard, without troubling the people of the house with any notification of his arrival. He found two men in the yard in stable dresses, who immediately approached with somewhat officious civility, saying, "Take your horse, sir?"

And Ned Hayward, dismounting slowly, like a man very much tired, gave his beast into their hands, and affected to saunter quietly back to the inn, while they led his quiet little cob into the stables. Then suddenly turning, after he had taken twenty steps, he followed at a brisk pace, he passed the stable-door, walking deliberately down the whole row of horses in the stalls, till he stopped opposite one—a bright bay, with a long back, and thick, high crest, which was still covered with lather, and had evidently been ridden furiously not many minutes before.

Turning suddenly to the ostler and his help, who had evidently viewed his proceedings with more consternation than was quite natural, he placed himself between them and the door, and demanded with a bent brow and a stern tone, "Where is the master of this horse?"

The help, who was nearest, gasped in his face like a caught trout, but the ostler pushed him aside, and replied instantly, "He is in-doors, sir, in number eleven."

And turning on his heel, Ned Hayward immediately entered the inn.

## OLD ROMANCES CONCERNING BERNARDO DEL CARPIO.

TRANSLATED FROM THE SPANISH.

BY JOHN OXENFORD.

ALTHOUGH several of the ancient romances illustrative of the history of Bernardo del Carpio have been excellently translated by Mr. Lockhart, and published in his celebrated collection of Spanish ballads, the stock, as every Spanish scholar must be aware, is not nearly exhausted. From this stock I have made the following selection, avoiding those translated by Mr. Lockhart, except in one instance; viz. the concluding ballad. Although unwilling to translate again what had been so admirably rendered by Mr. Lockhart, I felt that I could not give a good termination to the story, if this poem were omitted. I had, moreover, the less scruple, on account of Mr. Lockhart not having followed the stanzas in *ottava rima*, with which the ballad terminates, and which, from their dissimilarity (not only of metre, but of style) to the rest, were probably added by a modern hand.

As all readers may not be acquainted with the history of Bernardo del Carpio, it is as well to give so much of it, as will conduce to the understanding of the following ballads—ballads, be it remembered, not written to form a connected whole, but the work of different hands, and probably composed with the belief that the subject was already familiar.

Doña Ximena, sister of Alfonso the Chaste, King of Leon and the Asturias, at the beginning of the ninth century, was privately married to Sancho, Count of Saldaña. The king, discovering the marriage (or intrigue, as some say), sent his sister to a convent, and imprisoned the count. Bernardo del Carpio, the issue of this unfortunate union, was educated at court. King Alfonso, not having any heirs, invited Charlemagne to take possession of his kingdom. This transfer of the country to the French was, however, so stoutly resisted by Bernardo and the other nobles, that Alfonso was obliged to relinquish his plan, and, when Charlemagne attempted to enter Spain, he was defeated at the pass of Roncesvalles, where his renowned Paladin Roland (Orlando) was killed by Bernardo. This version of the affair of Roncesvalles, it should be observed, is peculiar to the Spaniards. As a reward for his services, Bernardo frequently solicited the liberation of his father. The king at last complied with his entreaties, but he first put out the eyes of Don Sancho, and when Bernardo came to see his father, he found him a corpse.

This brief narrative will suffice to render the following ballads generally intelligible. I have not touched on the fortification of the castle of Carpio, as it is not made a motive in any of the romances which I have selected.

J. O.



I.

RETIRADO EN SU PALACIO, &c.

*Bernardo announces his Intention of defending the Kingdom of Castille\* against the French.*

1  
Now a court is held at Leon,  
By Alfonso of Castille;  
All his nobles are around him;  
They have met to hear his will.

2  
His intention he discloses,  
And no sooner is it known  
To the warriors and the statesmen,  
Who are standing by his throne,—

3  
Than from every side arises  
A confused and murm'ring noise,  
Not a hall but it re-echoes  
With the sound of many a voice.

4  
Some exclaim, "Castille, in justice,  
Should her perfect freedom have,  
To the foul and lying prophet  
She was long enough a slave.

5  
"If it be not that our errors  
Have so deeply anger'd heav'n,  
That submission to a stranger  
For a punishment is giv'n.

6  
"No, — the Gaul shall ne'er disturb  
us.  
If his realm he would increase,  
Let him elsewhere move his bound-  
ries  
He shall leave Castille in peace."

7  
Others say, "'Tis no dishonour,  
And we cannot deem it wrong,  
If a land on fair conditions  
To another should belong."

8  
While in doubt they are debating,  
All at once a motley crowd  
Through the palace gate comes rushing,  
Countless voices shout aloud;

9  
"May our lions† live for ever,  
And long live our fair Castille,  
And long live our King Alfonso,  
If he do not check our will.

10  
"Long live all who vote as we do!  
If there's one that murmurs 'no,'  
Be he knave, or be he noble,  
Here our sword shall lay him low.

11  
"May Bernardo live for ever,  
As the guard of liberty,  
From the yoke of foreign foes  
May he ever keep us free!"

12  
Bernard stands among the foremost,  
Bids the tumult be suppress'd,  
Then of all his men he chooses  
Twelve—the bravest and the best.

13  
Going straight to King Alfonso  
Thus he speaks: "If fear can bring  
Such a deep and base pollution,  
That the world is wondering—

14  
"To the blood that flow'd so nobly  
(Do I call it 'blood' aright?)  
In our glorious Gothic fathers  
Who all nations could affright—

15  
"If your blood is thus polluted,  
Vaunting fame can you command  
To proclaim your noble actions,  
While you serve a foreign land?

16  
"Oh, may Heaven with all its light-  
ning  
Sooner smite our fair Castille,  
Let her mourn beneath its anger,  
But no bondage let her feel.

17  
"Though the boundless earth be shat-  
ter'd,  
With the scheme I'll ne'er comply  
It shall fail, or else its authors  
By my hand shall surely die.

18  
"Know, besides me there are many  
Will combine their land to save,  
For 'tis sweet to be a freeman,  
And 'tis base to be a slave."

\* Throughout this ballad Alfonso's kingdom is by an anachronism called Castille.  
—J. O.

† The arms of Leon were *argent*, with a lion *gules*.—J. O.

19

Bernard strides from the apartment  
And the palace-gate he leaves,  
And his people he assembles,  
To his host his orders gives.

23

Then the king again reflecting  
Bids the nobles to decree,  
And they came to this decision—  
That Castille shall still be free.

## II.

## CON LOS MEJORES DE ASTURIAS, &amp;c.

*The Address of Bernardo to the Asturians before the Battle of Roncesvalles.*

1

All the bravest of Asturia,  
Quitting Leon's soil advance,  
Led by Bernard to the battle,  
They would check the Lord of  
France.

"From your old and honour'd banners  
You would ne'er the arms efface;  
Nor, where stand the noble lions,  
Let the fleur-de-lis have place.

8

Whom the king—the chaste Alfonso  
Must, forsooth, as heir invite,  
As though none in all his kingdom  
To be heir had better right.

"And the kingdom which your fathers  
Bravely conquer'd long ago,  
You will not, by one day's quailing,  
Give to any foreign foe.

3

On a plain two leagues from Leon  
Bernard bade his army rest,  
Then his voice with fervor raising,  
Thus his soldiers he address'd:

9  
"He who will not fight three French-  
men,  
Unassisted in the field,  
Let him stay—though less our numbers,  
We shall never have to yield.

4

"List to me, ye men of Leon,  
All who boast a gentle race—  
Nay I'm sure, with acts ignoble,  
None his lineage will disgrace.

10  
"I myself and all that follow,  
Will be each a match for four,  
Nay, all France we'll conquer, fearless,  
Though her 'vantage may be more."

5

"To defend your noble sov'reign,  
You advance like subjects good—  
To defend your lives and country,  
And the kinsmen of your blood.

11

Having finish'd, from his charger  
He with fury leaps, and then  
He exclaims, "Come follow boldly,  
All ye gallant gentlemen."\*

6

"You would never be the vassals  
Of a strange and foreign horde;  
You would never let your children  
Be the slaves of France's lord;

## III.

## ANTES QUE BARBAS TUVIESE, &amp;c.

*Bernardo requests Alfonso to liberate his Father, with the result of his Request.*

"Ere my beard grew, King Alfonso,  
This thou vow'd'st — can'st thou  
forget?  
Thou would'st free my noble father,  
And thou hast not freed him yet.

"When thy sister, *not my mother*,  
(Speak that word I never may)  
Gave me birth, then thou confin'd'st  
him,—  
Nay, 'twas months before, they say.

"Oh! bethink thee, King Alfonso,  
Not for his sake, but for mine,  
That my blood is still my father's,  
That thy sister's blood is thine.

4

"Though his trespass has been heavy,  
He has suffer'd heavy chains,\*  
And a sin, through love committed,  
Ready pardon, sure, obtains.

5

"Bear in mind what thou hast pro-  
mised,  
Oh thy promise do not break,  
For 'tis conduct most unkingly,  
A deceitful vow to make.

6

"'Tis thy duty to do justice,  
Mine to set my father free,  
If I am a son unworthy,  
King I may not censure thee.

7

"With the scornful name of craven  
By my friends I am beset,  
For they know I have a father,  
And I have not seen him yet.

"Since my sword I girded on me,  
I have used it for thine aid,

And the more has been my service,  
I have been the less repaid

9

"If thou hat'st my noble father,  
Still be grateful to my sword,  
For the man who well has served  
thee  
Surely merits some reward.

10

"If I have deserved a guerdon,  
That which all the world must know,  
Now 'tis time to undeceive me,  
Or the guerdon to bestow."

11

"Nay, be silent, Don Bernardo,  
I deceive not, be it known,  
That when kings display their mercy  
It can ne'er too late be shown.

12

"Mark, your sire shall quit his prison,  
This, I swear shall come to pass,  
Ere I go to John of Latrans†  
To attend to-morrow's mass."

13

And the king fulfill'd his promise,  
But 'twas done in artful wise,  
For, before he freed the pris'ner  
He had put out both his eyes.

#### IV.

##### MAL MIS SERVICIOS PAGASTE, &c.

*Bernardo reproves the King for his Treachery.*

1

"Thou ungrateful King Alfonso,  
Thus my deeds would'st thou repay,  
When thou know'st that all thy safety  
In my single valour lay.

2

"Yes, thou told'st me, crafty mo-  
narch,  
Thou wouldst set my father free;  
Yet an eyeless man thou gav'st him,  
For mine own sad eyes to see.

3

"Oh, a curse on all my actions,  
And a curse upon my sword,  
Which by true and gallant service  
Has procured me such reward.

"From this very day I leave thee,  
To thine enemies I go,  
When our kings commit injustice  
They do service to the foe.

5

"For my father's death I mourn  
not,  
But I grieve that all will say,  
I must be a son unworthy,  
Such respect to thee to pay.

6

"Oh for serving thee, thee only,  
May a curse upon me fall,  
When I let my own blood perish,  
And became the hate of all.

\*

Si yerros fueron los myos  
Bien de hierros le cargaste.

A pun is intended between "yerros" and "hierros."—J. O.

† "San Juan de Letrane," seems to have been a name commonly given to designate a church.—J. O.



"All will say, and say it truly,  
That my life has been most base.  
For though noble were my actions  
My own father I disgrace.

8

"All will say, and say it truly,  
He a craven son must have  
Who could let his sire be captive,  
Like some base ignoble slave.

9

"Though my mother was thy sister,  
Though thou mad'st a solemn  
vow,  
Yet thou basely hast deceived me;  
What wilt do, Alfonso, now?

10

"No, she never was my mother,  
I could never Bernard be,

When my wrongs and her transgres-  
sions  
Were the only store for me.

11

"For thy wrongs thou hast thy ven-  
geance,  
Yet, Alfonso, plainly hear,  
For my wrongs I will have vengeance,  
Even kings I do not fear."

12

Saying thus, the good Bernardo,  
From the king, his uncle, turn'd,  
Left him ere the speech was finish'd,  
Like a fiend with rage he burn'd.

13

He has gone to Moors and Christians,  
That for vengeance he may call;  
Many friends there are to aid him,  
For a friend he is to all.

## V.

## ' AL PIE DE UN TUMULO NEGRO, &amp;c.

*Bernardo attends the Obsequies of his Father.*

1

By the black tomb in the temple,  
Both his knees upon the ground,  
Is the brave Bernardo Carpio,  
With a mourning throng around.

2

Many a gallant knight has follow'd,  
Many a gentleman is there,  
Some for love and some for kindred,  
All a mourning vestment wear.

3

Bernard celebrates the fun'ral  
Of Don Sancho, who is dead,  
Though his heart is hard as iron  
Bitter tears his eyes must shed.

4

Though his heart is covered over  
With a gloomy mourning veil  
He is yet as bold and dauntless  
As when clad in suit of mail.

5

Now between his teeth he murmurs,  
Now his voice is loud and clear,  
He complains of King Alfonso,  
And he calls on Heav'n to hear.

6

How Saldana's curse was given,  
Whom to free the king had sworn;  
"When a king his word can forfeit  
Who shall trust the lowly born?

"By this monstrous act, Alfonso,  
Thou thy sister brand'st with shame,  
Thou hast ill repaid thy servant,  
Thou hast stain'd thy kinsman's  
name.

8

"But my fame is not depending  
On thy insults, or on thee,  
From the tarnish of dishonour,  
My good sword shall set me free."

9

Now the valiant Don Bernardo,  
To his father's body turns,  
While his heart with sighs is shaken,  
And with rage he wildly burns.

10

And the sable cloth that wraps  
him,  
Wide apart his fingers tear,  
He forgets the holy temple,  
And he cares not who may hear.

11

While one hand his sword is grasp-  
ing,  
One upon his beard is press'd,  
Wild with wrath these words he utters,  
To his king and sire address'd:

12

“ My father, to the spacious realms on high,  
Secure of retribution thou may'st soar;  
The iron of my lance that once could dye  
The soil with the invading Frenchman's gore ;  
And e'en to yonder starr'd and vaulted sky,  
The hopes of thankless King Alfonso bore,  
Has now to show that earth no safety gives,  
While, father, thou art wrong'd, and Bernard lives.

13

“ True, I am only one, a son of Spain,  
I am but one, Alfonso, yet my might  
Was found enough to conquer Charlemagne,  
And bring the whole of France to dismal plight.  
This is the hand victorious that could gain  
Glory for thee, and all the world affright ;—  
This hand, my sire, to thee full vengeance gives,  
For thou art foully wrong'd, and Bernard lives.”

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A SKETCH OF THE LIVES OF THE LORDS STOWELL AND  
ELDON,

TOGETHER WITH SOME CORRECTIONS, AND ADDITIONS, TO MR. TWISS'S  
LIFE OF THE LATTER.

PART V.

*Virtus omnia domuerat: sed gloriæ maximum certamen inter ipsos erat.*  
SALLUST.

As the last chapter took but slight notice of Sir William Scott, this chapter shall open with the continuation of his history.

It will be remembered\* that, in the latter part of the eighteenth century, Sir William Scott was appointed judge of the Bishop of London's Consistorial Court, and then judge of the High Court of Admiralty, both of which situations he continued for a long period to fill, alike to his own honour and the advantage of his country. Nor will it have been forgotten that, at the commencement of the nineteenth century he was elected to parliament as representative of that university which once as a tutor and professor he had instructed and adorned. The learned constituency of Oxford is not in the habit of withdrawing the confidence which it has reposed, and our civilian retained this honourable seat till his elevation to the peerage.

On the 4th of September, 1809, Sir William Scott experienced the loss of his wife, and, between three and four years afterwards, most inauspiciously was he induced to attempt to fill that void which her death had left in his domestic affections.

Strange are the circumstances which preceded and produced his second marriage. We shall, therefore, relate them, though they will involve the episode of the early adventures of the late Marquis of Sligo.

Howe Peter Browne, second Marquis of Sligo, then hardly twenty-

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\* See the number for last October, p. 220.

two years old, and freshly imbued with the associations of a classical education, was, in 1810, making the tour of the Mediterranean. He had formed the laudable project of visiting Greece\* and its islands,—laudable, if in its execution he had not been tempted into transgressing the dictates of patriotism and of honour. At Malta he hired a brig; he was anxious to man it with a good crew, and hence he seduced, or suffered his servants to seduce, two picked seamen from a king's ship to his own, and that (be it remembered) at a time of war; and, when they were demanded by a naval captain, denied that they were in his vessel. For this, his offence, he was called, as a criminal, to answer in a court of justice.

Over crimes committed at sea the Lord High Admiral, or his judges, would, in an early period of our history, have exercised an exclusive jurisdiction. But, as juries were unknown to the Court of Admiralty, the liberty or life of the subject could thus be sacrificed without the judgment of his peers. This infringement upon the spirit of the constitution, was rectified by statutes which directed that crimes perpetrated upon the sea should be tried by jury before commissioners appointed under the Great Seal.

On the 16th of December, 1812, such commissioners assembled in the court-house at the Old Bailey for the trial of the young marquis. In these commissions the Lord High Admiral or his judge, was necessarily placed, and it was usual to include in them two common law judges, and several civil lawyers, besides the judge of the Admiralty. The most distinguished members of the present commission were Lord Chief Justice Ellenborough, and Sir William Scott. Amongst the spectators was the Duke of Clarence.

At the commencement of the trial the counsel for the marquis stated that his lordship was anxious to plead "guilty" as to part of the indictment, and "not guilty" as to the rest; but Lord Ellenborough sternly answered, "The indictment must not be garbled. He must plead guilty to the whole, or not guilty to the whole." On this Lord Sligo pleaded "not guilty."

The evidence was then heard—Lord Ellenborough summed up for a conviction—the jury gave a verdict of "guilty."

On the following day Mr. Scarlett, one of the counsel for the defendant, stated to the court that it had been no wish of his client to justify his proceedings by the plea which he had offered;—that he had desired to plead guilty, but that his intention had been over-ruled by his professional advisers, who thought that he could not with propriety plead guilty to all the counts in the indictment.

It then only remained to pass sentence. This duty devolved on Sir William Scott, who thus addressed the distinguished prisoner:—

"It now becomes my painful duty to affix the penalty, which, on the result of a laborious inquiry, the country expects as a reparation for its violated laws. It is unnecessary for me to dwell on the magnitude of the offence; on the incalculable mischief which it might produce to the public safety; or on those unworthy practices without which the criminal purpose could not have been effected—practices, as adverse, no doubt, to

\* At Athens he met his old fellow-collegian, Lord Byron, and with him travelled as far as Corinth.—*Galt's Life of Byron*, p. 155.



the nature of your lordship's present disposition, as they are to those principles of honour which elevated rank ought to generate. Your lordship's exalted rank and ample fortune made your country expect from you a conduct equally dignified. Unfortunately, in the folly and indiscretion of youth, you have been betrayed into a forgetfulness of what you owed to your country and to yourself: you have perverted the great advantages which you possessed, to withdraw your inferiors from their duty, thereby exposing them to punishment, and weakening the defence of your country; and in the prosecution of your design your lordship has descended to practices of dissimulation and deceit. It is unnecessary for me to express my own sentiments on this subject; sentiments, which, no doubt, are equally felt by your lordship. It will become the duty of your lordship to make the effects of these sentiments visible in your future life, and to endeavour to efface the memory of these transactions by an ardent devotion to the service of your country, and by an application of all your efforts to its safety, prosperity, and glory. Though these may be the feelings and intentions of your lordship, yet the country expects that you should receive such an admonition as may operate for a useful example, and which may confirm that boasted principle of the English constitution—that no rank, however high,—no fortune, however ample,—no regrets, however severe, can prevent the due administration and enforcement of justice.

“The sentence, therefore, of the court is, that your lordship shall pay to the king a fine of 5000*l.*, and be imprisoned four months in Newgate.”

The Dowager Lady Sligo, widow of the late marquis, and mother of the prisoner, was on the bench, where she sat in order to witness the result of the trial. She was charmed with the majestic eloquence of the judge. She was charmed, too, with the benignity of his disposition, which could pour balm into the wound that he inflicted, mitigate her son's humiliation, and in judgment remember mercy. And she did not spare to tell him so either: and she passed to him in court a slip of paper on which she had written, how happy she should think it for her son, if he could but continue to have the advantage of such paternal counsels.

As for Sir William Scott,

He, on the other hand, if not in love,  
Fell into that no less imperious passion,  
Self-love—which, when some sort of thing above  
Ourselves, a singer, dancer, much in fashion,  
Or duchess, princess, empress, “deigns to prove”  
(’Tis Pope’s phrase) a great longing, though a rash one,  
For one especial person out of many,  
Makes us believe ourselves as good as any.

It was a proud day for Sir William Scott, that Thursday the 17th of December. But, alas,

Nescia mens hominum fati sortisque futuræ,  
Et servare modum, rebus sublata secundis!  
Turno tempus erit, magno quum optaverit emptum  
Intactum Pallanta, et quum spolia ista diemque  
Oderit.

Well, however, they were married, Lady Sligo and the judge who won her heart in condemning her son. The marriage took place on the 10th

of April, 1813, immediately on the expiration of the term of imprisonment of the young marquis. Lord Eldon augured ill of the engagement, and would not sanction the wedding with his presence. Nor had the marchioness the taste or temper likely to render her introduction into any family an accession to its happiness. And Sir William Scott was soon called himself to practise those lessons of domestic patience and forgiveness which, from the consistorial chair, he had taught so eloquently to others.\* Amongst the aggravating modes which she soon discovered of rendering her husband uncomfortable, and herself and him ridiculous, was that of giving him, in the presence of company, lectures upon manners; just as one sometimes sees domineering mothers correct their daughters in public, as though to call attention to their own good-breeding and powers of observation, and ignorant or regardless that they are spoiling the pleasure of the poor girls for the whole evening.

Sir William Scott removed from Doctors' Commons to his wife's house in Grafton-street; and ever economical in his domestic expences, brought with him his own door-plate, and placed it under the pre-existing plate of Lady Sligo, instead of getting a new door-plate for them both. Immediately after the marriage, Mr. Jekell, so well known in the earlier part of this century for his puns and humour, happening to observe the position of these plates, condoled with Sir William on having to "*knock under*." There was too much truth in the joke for it to be inwardly relished. And Sir William ordered the plates to be transposed. A few weeks later Jekell accompanied his friend Scott as far as the door, when the latter observed, "You see I don't knock under now." "Not now," was the answer received by the antiquated bridegroom, "*now you knock up*."†

Lord Eldon's displeasure at the connexion sometimes vented itself in ridicule. He used to revel in narrating, that, the morning after the marriage, he, or some friend of his, sent to inquire after Sir William Scott and Lady Sligo; and that the answer returned was, "Sir William Scott is as well as can be expected, and Lady Sligo is *much the same*."

The matrimonial infelicities of Sir William Scott were terminated by the death of Lady Sligo, in August, 1817. Henceforward there was little to disturb the tranquillity of his declining years, till he was overtaken by the infirmities of an extreme old age.

In July, 1821, on the coronation of George IV., he was, in reward of his long and eminent judicial services, raised to the peerage as Baron Stowell; and, in the following August, he resigned the chair of the Consistorial Court of London; though he continued to retain that of the Court of Admiralty.

In 1823, Lord Stowell's daughter, Mrs. Townsend, then a widow, was married to Lord Sidmouth. For his new son-in-law Lord Stowell had a great esteem; and loved to display his comic vein in talking of him, in spite of his years, as "his boy:" thus he would say, "my boy and I are going to dine together to-day."

In December, 1827, Lord Stowell having commenced his eighty-third year, and finding that it was hopeless to contend any longer against the

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\* See the case of *Evans v. Evans*, in Haggard's Consistory Reports, vol. i., p. 35; in which the reciprocal duties and interests of the married state, and the ingredients likely to disturb its tranquillity, are laid down with an admirable union of tenderness and penetration.

† The anecdote just mentioned, is given by Mr. Twiss, vol. ii., p. 238; but we have not followed him, preferring our own recollection of it.

advances of age, vacated the judgment seat of the Court of Admiralty, where he had presided twenty-nine years.

In the following summer, at the house of Lord Sidmouth, Sir Walter Scott dined in company with the venerable peer, and thus commemorates his powers and their decay: "Here I met my old and much esteemed friend, Lord Stowell, looking very frail and even comatose. *Quantum mutatus*. He was one of the pleasantest men I ever knew."\*

Henceforward the life, or rather existence, of Lord Stowell—

—nil jam coelestibus ullis  
Debentem—

ceases to be a subject for biography.

The decline, though at first gradual, soon becomes rapid. The body, blind, and borne down by infirmities, is hastening to its home. The mind has already departed. But let us draw back with reverence, nor curiously pry into the ruins of a temple once glorious in the presence of so bright an intellect.

He died on the 28th of January, 1836, in his ninety-first year.

Lord Stowell's early necessities had taught him habits of prudence; and he adopted and recommended the maxim, that "decent frugality is the parent of wealth." As he was a very careful, so he became a very rich, man. He had loved in later life to say that he admired, above all other investments, "the beautiful simplicity of three per cents;" and at his death he left personal property exceeding 200,000*l*. When adding field to field, and purchasing other estates around his own, he observed, that "he liked to have plenty of elbow-room;" and ample became the domain of him whose wants are now confined to the earth which he measures.

There is a story current of him in Newcastle, that, when advanced in age and rank, he visited the school of his boyhood. An old woman, whose business was to clean out and keep the key of the school-room, conducted him. She knew the name and station of the personage whom she accompanied. She naturally expected some recompense—half-a-crown, perhaps—perhaps, since he was so great a man, five shillings. But he lingered over the desks, and asked a thousand questions about the fate of his old school-fellows. And as he talked her expectations rose—half a-guinea—a guinea—nay, possibly (since she had been so long connected with the school, in which the great man took so deep an interest) some little annuity! He wished her good-bye kindly; called her a good woman; and slipped a piece of money into her hand. It was a sixpence!

Before, however, we form a harsh judgment of Lord Stowell's character from such a story as this, we should pause to reflect, that, though no one else of his rank or fortune would on such an occasion have given so small a sum, yet the sixpence which the old woman received, in no other way could she have earned so easily. He had considered her station, it was his own that he had forgotten.

But the memory of Lord Stowell claims the impartial judgment which he gave to others. Notwithstanding, then, that his notions regarding domestic economy, if not alien to the station from which he sprang, were unsuited to that to which he rose, and that he regulated his household expences with little correspondence to the war establishment of a nobleman or gentleman of fortune, yet William Scott, the friend of Johnson, was far from a man *naturally* mean.

\* Entry in his diary for the 24th of May, 1828.—*Lockhart's Life of Sir Walter Scott*, vol. vii., p. 135.



Nurtured in a mercantile town, himself the son of a merchant, he had seen that fortune was inconstant, and riches had wings; he had, therefore, to provide against the future. He had been ill-advised in extensive investments;\* he had, therefore, the past to redeem.

We have heard that when he was a fellow of University College, an anonymous donation was received for some specific purpose connected with that foundation; on which, it was said in the common room that it must have been sent by Wilkam Scott, as there was no one else likely to do so generous an action. And, though in his early letters, we find ample and ever-recurring proof that he was even then very thoughtful about money, we find no trace of conduct or sentiment intrinsically mean. On the contrary, they contain traits of delicacy, of consideration, and even of liberality.

Possibly, as life advanced, Lord Stowell might, in the matter of accumulation, have felt towards Lord Eldon some degree of rivalry; and, though the struggle there, too, proved vain, might have been unwilling that his youngest brother should beat him also in that. But, be the cause what it may, a change took place more lamentable than rare; and the prudence of youth was merged in the avarice of age.

Lord Stowell was a great eater. As Lord Eldon had for his favourite dish liver and bacon, so his brother had a favourite quite as homely, with which his intimate friends, when he dined with them, would treat him. It was a rich pie, compounded of beef-stakes and layers of oysters. Yet the feats which Lord Stowell performed with the knife and fork, were eclipsed by those which he would afterwards display with the bottle. And two bottles of port was with him no uncommon potation. By wine, however, he was never, in advanced life at any rate, seen to be affected. His mode of living suited and improved his constitution, and his strength long increased with his years.

The countenance of Lord Stowell was intelligent and benign; but his appearance presented the disadvantages of a slovenly toilet, and time-worn clothes.

With the peculiarities of the undistinguished herd of men, the public can have no concern and little curiosity; but in the case of such a man as Lord Stowell, who has rendered the Admiralty and Ecclesiastical Bench so distinguished for elegance and depth of learning, and has stamped an image of his own mind on the international jurisprudence of the world, the public, in return for the immortality conferred by its approbation, has a claim to be made acquainted with characteristic details of habits and deportment. It has a right to learn that the hand, which could pen the neatest of periods, was itself often dirty and unwashed; that the mouth, which could utter eloquence so graceful, or such playful wit, fed voraciously, and selected the most greasy food; and that the heart, which contained so much kindness and honour, was generally covered with a tumbled frik and soiled shirt.

The curiosity of Lord Stowell was remarkable: there was no subject above or beneath his interest. Superior to the pedantry or bombast which disdains common sources of instruction and amusement, he was

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\* It may be recollected that he lost some money in his early shipping speculations. At a later period, during the French war, he made a most unprofitable purchase of an extensive property in Gloucestershire, at the recommendation, it has been said, of his friend and solicitor, Mr. Richard Wilson. It is believed to have afterwards returned him scarcely one per cent. on the outlay.

the most indefatigable sight-seer in London. Whatever show could be visited for a shilling or less, was visited by Lord Stowell. In the western end of Holborn, there was a room generally let for exhibitions. At the entrance, as it is said, Lord Stowell presented himself, eager to see "the green monster serpent," which had lately issued cards of invitation to the public. As he was pulling out his purse to pay for his admission, a sharp, but honest, north-country lad, whose business it was to take the money, recognised him as an old customer, and, knowing his name, thus addressed him: "We can't take your shilling, my lord; 'tis t' old serpent, which you have seen six times before in other colours; but ye shall go in and see her." He entered; saved his money; and enjoyed his seventh visit to the painted beauty.

For table-talk Lord Stowell had a high reputation. At dinner, when surrounded by an "audience, few, but meet," he was one of the most agreeable of men. His mind was remarkable for its quickness; and, hence, he was capable of giving sudden and very pleasing turns to conversation. His humour was dry; his language was terse; he would say much in few words. His memory, enriched with the spoils of all ages, was tenacious and ready. At times, therefore, he would exhibit vast stores of learning; and, in a very agreeable way, would unexpectedly throw historical illustrations on the subject of discourse. His classical quotations, often humorously applied, were always effective. He was a frequent and honoured guest at the table of Dr. Howley, both when Bishop of London and Archbishop of Canterbury; and here, whether in the polite or profound erudition of the divine—himself also at one time an Oxford Fellow and a tutor—he would feel the inspiration of kindred sympathies. But to a lawyer, the greatest of all conversational treats, was to meet Lord Eldon and Lord Stowell together in a friendly dinner-party of lawyers. Here, sure of deference and appreciation, each brother would playfully unbend after the labours of the day; talk one against the other; and narrate alternately professional anecdotes.

The volatile ethereal essence of fine conversational wit can never be conveyed faithfully to print. You might as well attempt to represent Ariel on the stage, as to transfer to paper the spirit of a *bon mot*.

Having covered ourselves, as well as we can, by this protest, we shall now proceed to jot down for the reader one or two of the sayings of Lord Stowell.

On one occasion, when he had been worn out by a plague of clergymen, requesting his assistance in some parliamentary measure which promised to affect their interests, he ejaculated, "Those parsons! I shove them out by barrows-full!"—A miserable little cur ran barking after him furiously, "Ah!" he exclaimed, "get along with ye, *vox et præterea nihil!*"—Amongst the advocates in Doctors' Commons was a fat little fellow, as *round* as a ball, whom his friends sometimes laughed with, and sometimes at. This worthy gentleman had been jammed by a cart against a wall, and seriously hurt. The first time after the accident that Lord Stowell saw his strange figure, looking stranger than ever from his arm being in a sling, he congratulated him on his convalescence, and declared how "glad he was to see him again looking *totus teres*."—Meeting Sir Henry Halford in society, he took occasion to ask a question respecting the management of his own health. Sir Henry, knowing his man, and thinking the question would (to use a lawyer's phrase) carry a fee, made, with malice prepense, the resolution to evade it, and



therefore answered, "A man's health is generally in his own keeping : you know the old saying, that at forty every man is either a fool or a physician." "May he not be both, Sir Henry?" replied Lord Stowell, with an arch and pointed smile. But here Lord Stowell had met his match. The physician had his revenge ; for some one mentioning to him that Lord Stowell was "complaining of his bowels," he drily answered, "Then he is the most ungrateful man upon earth."

The domestic life of Lord Stowell was amiable:\* and he has always been considered a sincere Christian, and a conscientious member of the church of his country.

His parliamentary career was little distinguished : and all that need be said of it has been collected by the research of Mr. Townsend.† He was too timid, too sensitive for his reputation, too fearful of the press, to make a great debater. Nor had he the fervid vehemence, *ingentis Demosthenis arma*, requisite for carrying away with him a popular assembly. Hence, to the courts over which he presided were, for the most part, confined the graces of his eloquence ; and the private circle of his friends was alone delighted with the exuberance of his wit.

Over-estimating the dangers of change, he had more than the conservatism of a Tory. Yet, having declared himself hostile to excommunication, as a mode of enforcing the payment of costs incurred in the ecclesiastical courts, he was so pressed by Sir Samuel Romilly to bring in a bill that should correct this deformity in the law, that he could not but consent.‡ When he was drawing the act,§ a deputation of proctors waited upon him to request that he would ingraft some prohibitions, calculated, as they represented, to raise and purify their own branch of the profession. Sir William Scott, when informed of the object of the interview, thus drily addressed the spokesman : "So, now that I've got out my cart, you want to load it with your dirt, do you?" He agreed, however, to introduce the matter desired, and it now forms the eighth clause in the act.

This is not the place to discuss the legal merits of Lord Stowell's judgments ; but there is no one so ambitious of eccentricity as to deny them excellence of the highest order. The statesman will find in the Admiralty,|| the moral philosopher in the Consistory Court,¶ his own

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\* As no descendant of Lord Stowell survives to be pained by the disclosure, we are bound to make one exception to this praise, and to mention a misconduct, which brought, alas, its own retributive punishment. William Scott, his only son who grew to manhood, had formed an attachment that was unexceptionable. His father would not make him a sufficient allowance to enable him to marry. The intemperate habits of the son increased under the disappointment ; and he died of a broken constitution about two months before his father.—The title of Lord Stowell is extinct: the riches, which he had heaped up, are gathered by collateral relatives.

† No. xxxiii of the *Law Magazine*, where is a life of Lord Stowell, which, together with other interesting lives of lawyers by the same author, we have good reason to hope will speedily be published in a separate form.

‡ Hansard's Parliamentary Debates, vol. xxi., p. 310, and vol. xxiii., p. 806. Sir Samuel Romilly's Memoirs, vol. iii., p. 6.

§ Afterwards known as that of 53 George III., chapter 127.

|| The judgments of Lord Stowell in this court will be found in the Admiralty Reports of Drs. Robinson, Edwards, Dodson, and Haggard. His judgment in the case of the ship "Juliana," in Dodson's Reports, and that in "Ealing Grove," in Haggard's Reports, however high their merits, were not very popular amongst the mercantile body. That on "the slave Grace," also in Haggard's Reports, encountered more extended dissatisfaction.

¶ The judgments of Lord Stowell here will be found in Haggard's Consistory



more appropriate instruction ; while the scholar, who may turn to the reports of Lord Stowell's decisions in either court, will wonder at the inimitable felicity of the language on which his judicial thoughts are winged, and will acknowledge that his diction has been formed on the purest models of ancient and modern elegance.

Of Lord Stowell, it has been said by Lord Brougham,\* that "his vast superiority was apparent, when, as from an eminence, he was called to survey the whole field of dispute, and to marshal the variegated facts, disentangle the intricate mazes, and array the conflicting reasons, which were calculated to distract or suspend men's judgment." And he adds, that, "if ever the praise of being luminous could be bestowed upon human compositions, it was upon his."

Qualities, then, high and various, such as his judgments possessed, it would be idle to hope to convey by mere extracts; yet with one brief extract we will conclude this chapter.

The ecclesiastical judge is considering whether coffins of iron, or other very durable material, shall be admitted into our churchyards ; and, if so, whether at the same burial fees as those of wood. •

"It has been argued,"† he observes, "that the ground once given to the body is appropriated to it for ever—it is literally in mortmain unalienably,—it is not only the *domus ultima*, but the *domus æterna* of that tenant, who is never to be disturbed, be his condition what it may—the introduction of another body into that lodgment at any time, however distant, is an unwarrantable intrusion.—If these positions be true, it certainly follows, that the question of comparative duration sinks into utter insignificance.

"In support of them it seems to be assumed, that the tenant himself is imperishable ; for, surely, there can be no inextinguishable title, no perpetuity of possession belonging to a subject which itself is perishable.—But the fact is, that 'man' and 'for ever' are terms quite incompatible in any state of his existence, dead or living, in this world. The time must come when '*ipsæ perire ruinae*,' when the posthumous remains must mingle with, and compose part of, that soil in which they have been deposited. Precious embalmments and costly monuments may preserve, for a long time, the remains of those who have filled the more commanding stations of human life ; but the common lot of mankind furnishes no such means of conservation. With reference to them, the *domus æterna* is a mere flourish of rhetoric ; the process of nature will speedily resolve them into an intimate mixture with their kindred dust ; and their dust will help to furnish a place of repose for other occupants in succession."

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Reports, and Phillimore's Ecclesiastical Reports, which latter contains also the judgments of Sir John Nichol, who flourished contemporaneously with Lord Stowell, and occupied the chair of the three courts of the Archbishop of Canterbury; namely, the Court of Arches, and that of Pecuniars, and the Prerogative Court of the see of Canterbury.

\* In the notice of Lord Stowell in the "Historical Sketches of Statesmen of the Time of George III."

† Gilbert v. Buzzard.—Haggard's Consistory Reports, p. 351.; in which case he decides that iron coffins are admissible, but that the difference of the duration of coffins ought to make a difference in the terms of their admission.

## NEW YEAR'S DAY.

BY DUDLEY COSTELLO.

Foolery, sir, does walk about the orb like the sun; it shines everywhere.

TWELFTH NIGHT.

THIS is the day of Anticipation, as yesterday was of Retrospection.

A new volume lies before us, "pure and unwritten still," like a new album, which no hand has yet profaned. Like such a book, the coming year will be diversified by many a remarkable scene, by the record of many a strange event; the noble actions of some, and the evil deeds of others, ~~will~~ <sup>all</sup> alike find a place in it; and when it draws to a close, like the self-same volume, its brightness and its blots will leave it scarcely distinguishable from any of its fellows.

But it is not the province of Hope to anticipate evil. Let us, if we can, cheat ourselves into the belief that this year is fraught with much coming good;—let us boldly prophecy a better order of things, "a more renewed existence,"—not politically,—for with politics the *New Monthly* has nothing to do, but in all that brings gladness to our hearths, and sheds its influence on society; cheering those whose career is yet to be run, and rewarding such as have long laboured towards the goal. Each class has its especial advocates: our advocacy, with a kindly feeling to all, is more particularly enlisted in behalf of the struggling sons and daughters of literary toil, in the earnest wish that before the dark day comes when hope ceases to gild the future hours of their mortal existence, the reward of their exertion may not have been withheld. But we are merging into a serious vein, when our intent was solely to beguile the few first hours of the New Year of whatever bitterness the remainder may have in store, though of all difficult tasks, perhaps, the hardest is that of endeavouring long to separate the twin children, mirth and sadness. New Year's Day is, or ought to be, a great day of rejoicing. We are in the midst of the great holiday of the year. Our situation resembles that of Hannibal's army, "Before us is Twelfth Night, behind us Christmas Day." We have survived the good cheer of the latter, let us manfully encounter the Capuan luxury of the former. Not that we consider these events as very serious hardships, but if the world be willing to suppose that we deem them so we are content to earn the reputation of martyrs.

It behoves us, in the first place, to speak of creature comforts.

At this masticating season how many new qualities are called into existence, how many dormant ones revived! The hue of each man's sentiments may be classed under a new denomination. A little week since and his talk was of railways and politics—his thoughts were on the fluctuations of scrip or the embarrassments of ministers; now, like Sir Andrew Aguecheek, he had "as lief be a Brownist as a politician;" provided the Champagne rises in his glass he cares nothing how the speculations—of others—subside. If you ask him "who are *in*" he gives you the names of the people he expects to meet at dinner; if the question be of those who are "out," he is directly non-plussed; *dining* out is the one thing uppermost in his thoughts, and if you don't want to know any thing about that he wishes you good-day and a better digestion.

"When drouthy neebor, neebor meets," the phrase is not now, as at other times, about the weather of all, or the health of some, but has reference to

the appetite of each. The "when" and "where do you dine?" rattle about one's ears like small shot in the pheasant covers of October; we dwell amid a perpetual clatter of dishes,—a constant jingle of glasses—an uninterrupted din of knives and forks. The primest of beef, the most gigantic of turkeys, the most piquant of chines, the most ponderous of plum-puddings, encounter our glance whithersoever we turn. "Feed and be fat"—the counsel of ancient Pistol—is now the motto of the whole world whom a perfect *furor edendi* enthral.

The natives of Abdera, as we have been told, did nothing but repeat the name of the god of love in all their streets, till the very pavement echoed with his name. Our echo is more substantial than echoes usually are, and "Dinner" is the word which, like the "Pip—pip—pip," of Pope's applewoman, "resounds along the plain." A traveller in America has observed that if you pause for a moment in any of their mercantile cities, to listen to the conversation of any two Americans, you are sure to hear the word "dollar" many times repeated; in like manner at the present season the thought uppermost in Britain finds instant utterance, and "dinner" is the word which, resembling the mysterious letters prefixed to certain chapters of the Korân, signifies every thing to the initiated. In that little word how much is contained! The gastronomic science is much, but that is not all. The true definition of dinner, at Christmas, means—all we desire to render our Twelve days and nights superior to the memorable Ten, proposed by the Emperor Seged. To adopt another Mohammedan image, that dissyllable contains as much within itself as the great tree in Paradise, which is to furnish every conceivable luxury to the true believer who sits beneath its shade. The Shibboleth of good fellowship is now freely communicated to all; as each man grasps his neighbour's hand the prandial symbol is exchanged, and the freemasonry of roast beef is established. Antipathies now are forgotten; democrats object not to barons (of beef), nor henpecked husbands to ribs; even a *bore's* head is deemed admissible by all. We dream of sea-coal fires and sirloins—we revel beforehand in the good things already seething and smoking in our mind's eye; all our thoughts harmonise to the tune of "Roast Beef,"—and the whole universe—the solid globe on which we tread—appears but one vast, one enormous plum-pudding!

Enough of the prospects and enjoyments of *gourmandise*; let us turn to pleasures that cling closer to our memory as the year comes round.

This is the time for the renewal of friendship and the confirmation of acquaintance. The first is marked by gifts, the second by compliment. In this country "the giving vein" is fast subsiding, and the complimentary one dwells only on the lips. In France, they order these matters differently; young and old, rich and poor, make ready their *étrennes* for the new year, and ruin themselves in purse or constitution, by bestowing or devouring sweetmeats; and as to compliment, every one there contrives on New Year's Day to remember that he has acquaintance enough to devote at least one pack of the visiting-cards to their service. Here we are more chary of our pasteboard, and more liberal with our mahogany; we offer suppers instead of sugar-plums, and brawn and barrelled oysters in lieu of bouquets and bon-bons. The heartiness of the season is more observed in England, its gaiety more developed in France. The national characteristic speaks for each country in every thing that belongs to them.



It is said that the English are not a musical nation, but there are many indications of the contrary being the fact. To say nothing of monster-concerts, which fill nightly, or hint at the amusements of a London season, or even point triumphantly to our two live native composers, or give any other proof of the welcome accorded to music in England: in what other country of Europe, at mid-winter, with the thermometer below zero, can men be found hardy enough to pass their nights in the streets, tuning their viols and rebecks, and torturing cat-gut into sweet sounds, save in merry, musical England? Who but the mysterious beings, unseen, but not unheard, who enact the mellifluous "Waits," would perform sonatas and waltzes, *al fresco*, at the witching hour, in weather cold enough to freeze all melody, like the music in Munchausen's horn? But a market cannot be supported without chapmen, and to enable the waits to go on from year to year, as they heroically and pertinaciously insist upon doing, they must be sure of listeners. And it is no fable that individuals do exist who, spurning the warm blanket of security, and casting aside the counterpane of comfort, rush madly to lattices, which they open, and listen in shivering rapture to these Hyperborean peripatetics. The guitar and soft serenade beneath a Spanish balcony may win the hearts of black-eyed maidens, who in that sunny clime have little to do but sit and listen; the task, if it endure from midnight until dawn, is but a labour of love, and the pleasure of the performance grows by what it feeds on. But surely those professors of music deserve to be highly considered whose magic is powerful enough to withdraw from comfortable couches fair creatures who have a thousand other occupations, and who, moreover, happen at the time to be warmly and snugly in bed!

It must needs be that the *real* musicians are young men, very far gone in love, who say with Cloten, "I am advised to give her music o' mornings; they say it will penetrate;" and that those who perambulate the streets during the day, acknowledging the authorship of the persuasive circulars which they exhibit, are simply their delegates, through whose medium they ascertain, by the liberality of the payments made, the effect produced by their nocturnal demonstrations. We recommend parents and guardians to consider this hint when these pseudo sons of Apollo appear to receive the customary reward, hight the Christmas-box, which is one of the agreeable consequences of this merry-making season.

Christmas-boxes are pleasant things to the receivers of them.

Many a man would now gladly exchange his calling for a few days with the postman, the dustman, the turncock, the beadle, or any other of the numerous individuals of whatsoever denomination, who levy black-mail on the householders of their respective parishes. Even charity is now "an enforced gift," for she claims as a right what formerly she received as a favour. She enters our houses, sits by our fire-side, demolishes our larder, drinks our strong beer, wraps herself up in our blankets, carries off our coals, and scarcely refrains from taking possession of our very *penates*, and, sooth to say, the foray is, for the most part, endured with little grudging, if it is not even welcomed.

"To bear, is to conquer our fate;" and, as we have nothing left for it, we do bear, and, the holidays not lasting for ever, we eventually gain the day.

From the sublime to the ridiculous there is but a step; from the French-horn to the Pantomime the transition is easy. The mute comedy of kicks and cuffs, though fallen from its high estate, has still some lin-

gering charms. In the days of our "juvenility" when it was "tender," like Armado's page—we used to rejoice in Pantomime exceedingly and revelled in the unrivalled exhibition of the "wondrous three" conjured upon the scene by Farley, the arch-necromancer of Covent Garden. Then saw we Grimaldi, the impersonation of a grin, the type of petty larceny, the Maximus Imperator of clowns; Bologna, the Proteus of Harlequins; and Norman, the symbol of that strange anomaly, agile decrepitude. To our thinking, there was then but one way of realising the gorgeous fables of the Arabian Nights, and that was by witnessing the pantomimic "blaze of triumph" called "Harlequin Padmanaba; or, the Golden Fish." Time robs us of all our treasures, and he begins with those that first had charms; the dream of the Arabian Nights has long vanished—even before the *correct* translation appeared—and the halo that used to gild a pantomime went out with the linkboys' torches. But the world is ever new, and if the mimes appear less merry than of yore, let us hope that it is because we look upon them with dimmer eyes; the burlesques of Bland, the extravaganzas of Paul Bedford, and the dainty caricatures of Priscilla Horton will, doubtless, be remembered in a later day with the zest with which older memories now recall the fun and frolic of their nimble predecessors.

Last scene of all, among the festivities peculiar to Christmas, remains the celebration of Twelfth Day. The star of the confectioner is now in the ascendant, and his treasures prove more attractive than the regalia of monarchs. His crowns of sugar and vermilion, his jewels of citron and candy, his blazoning of painted paste, possess more charms to the apprehension of youthful taste than the queen's diadem or the herald's tabard. To those who are hovering on the verge of actual life, the child's amusement is not without pleasure. In the lottery of "Characters" many a tender word is first hazarded, which proves hereafter a ripening "fruit of love." Twelfth Night is the "Festum Regum" in a figurative as well as in a literal sense, and all who still adhere to the good old custom, we trust may be as happy as kings are supposed to be.

Like Falstaff's apology for himself, we have still "much to say in behalf" of the usages that belong to the New Year; but others better qualified than ourselves have gone before us, and our version of them would perchance be no more welcome than twice-told tales usually are.

Let us, in turning from the things that we actually possess, to those that we anticipate, say a parting word about Literature. In that wide realm, what new star shall rise and which shall set? Is the master of modern romance to be still silent, or, as the word of promise has been kept to our ear, is he destined to acquire still greater fame, by keeping it to our hope? Is another sparkling comedy to shine, and take away from the Drama the reproach of barrenness? Are the voices of the Muses to be heard again singing of our island's royal hope, or breathing sweetest strains from the rose gardens of Persia. Are railroads or politics to absorb every other consideration. As the Spaniard always says in answer to a difficult question, "Quien sabe?"

Let us hope that all may have a chance, and, in this hope conclude, by expressing to the readers of the *New Monthly*, the immemorial wish of "A happy New Year."

For ourselves, the New Year has already begun, and, as Sir Toby Belch says: "We'll go burn some sack, 'tis too late to go to bed now."

## THE TRAVELS AND OPINIONS OF MR. JOLLY GREEN.

## CHAP. IV.

M. AUGUSTE MOUSSEUX had fallen forwards, and it was not till we had turned him round that we could attempt to guess the extent of his injuries. As there were no outward signs of a wound, I began to fear that he had perished, like Haidee, from internal phlebotomy; his eyes were closed, his face pale as ashes, his hands tightly clenched, and his whole form rigid. Jawley and I took off his stock, loosened his collar—he wore no shirt—(the French, I have observed, seldom do)—and unbuttoned his waistcoat, while Mr. Miller felt his wrist and tried the pulsations of his heart. I was in breathless suspense till he spoke.

“Don’t be uneasy,” was his remark; “he’s either in a fit or shamming very cleverly. We must take a little blood; that will soon bring him round.”

I was inexpressibly relieved by these words, and my own observation confirmed their truth, for as Mr. Miller spoke, I perceived a kind of syncope contract the Frenchman’s features. While Jawley, therefore, supported the sufferer’s head, Mr. Miller took his case of instruments, and I knelt on the ground beside him to assist in the operation.

Owing to the rigidity of his limbs we did not attempt to take off his coat, but ripped up his sleeve, and his arm was speedily bare; I tied one of my best cambric handkerchiefs round it, and Mr. Miller applied the lancet. The effect was instantaneous: at the first puncture a convulsive movement shook his frame,—a grinding of teeth and the benedictional word “Sacre!” followed, he drew himself up suddenly, and then kicked out with such energy that both Mr. Miller and I were sent rolling on the grass. Before we had recovered our legs, the Frenchman had regained his, and this time he made good use of them, and was speedily out of sight. Mr. Miller could hardly stand for laughing, and Jawley and myself were equally astonished. On turning to look for the second of M. Mousseux, he was nowhere to be seen.

Thus ended my first passage of arms in La Belle France. We afterwards went down to the Teintelleries and breakfasted with Mr. Miller, and then passed the day pleasantly in examining the town.

Boulogne is a city of considerable pretensions. It contains a market-place, a guard-house, a French opera, and two cathedrals, the high church party frequenting that in the upper town, and the dissenters assembling in the lower. The architecture of the latter is of the rustic order, and this cathedral is therefore held in much estimation by the *badauds* of the surrounding villages. It is dedicated to St. Nicholas, on account of his fondness for children; for this reason also his effigy is suspended above the confectioners’ shops. The museum is well worth a visit. I found in it a gratifying confirmation of Shakspeare’s familiarity with the French language, for in the compartment devoted to natural history, I noticed a rare bird called the *coq-de-bois* (not unlike a pheasant) which, as Jawley remarked, must unquestionably be the “bawcock” of ancient Pistol. The public library is famous for its fine illuminations, but these of course are only visible at night, and, I suspect, only on particular occasions, for the expence of lighting up on a large scale is



always very great. In one of the side streets, not far from the Cathedral of St. Nicholas, I was shown the house in which Gil Blas was born, and where he wrote his famous memoirs. His "Diable Boiteux," I am told, still keeps possession of the French stage, and is one of those characters in which Carlotta Grisi has achieved so much fame. Surely it would be worth Mr. Bunn's while to translate the libretto, and bring it out amongst his other novelties!

The fortifications of Boulogne are imposing, and it may, therefore, well be called "an inland Calcutta," so completely do the bristling bastions of the upper town convey the idea; they are manned by a small, but vigilant, elderly garrison, who promenade the ramparts, accompanied by dogs, throughout the day, and keep a sharp look-out landward. Some of the shops in the lower town are handsomely fitted up; their greatest attraction, however, is inside, where the *coquettes* display not only very tempting wares, but charms of no mean order. Boulogne is famous for kid-gloves and eau-de-Cologne, and I gladly availed myself of the opportunity to lay in a considerable stock of both. Nothing could exceed the charming politeness of the young ladies from whom I bought them, who assured me, in their pretty broken English, that I spoke French as well as themselves. I certainly never paid five francs a pair for gloves with so much pleasure, but thus it is when mind encounters mind on equal terms; the rest is but as dust in the balance. I also bought a box of the best Havannah cigars from a merchant named Moïse; and from the assurance of their excellence which he made me, I have no doubt they will prove splendid. I shall not open the case till I travel.

It is not my intention minutely to dwell upon every circumstance that happened during the week I stayed at Boulogne. At the *table-d'hôte* at the Hôtel du Nord, I met some very agreeable fellows, countrymen of my own, with whom Jawley and I used to play at billiards occasionally, though, in consequence of being unaccustomed to the French tables, we were, generally speaking, unlucky. Our mornings were usually passed in lounging at the library-door in the corner of the Grande Place, where I picked up some knowledge of life on the continent, and made myself—I think I may say—a general favourite, for I was never met without smiles and expressions of good fellowship; Jawley also met with a warm reception from these happy idlers, whose spirits were far too buoyant to allow them to breathe freely in England. We used then to adjourn to a *café*, and played pool till dinner-time; then came the *établissement* with the fascinating polka, and a quiet game of *écarté* finished the evening at the private apartments of some light-hearted, contented Boulognese. I was beginning to acquire some skill as a player—though one must naturally expect to lose a little at first—when an event occurred which caused my sudden departure from this agreeable place.

I should have observed, that it was the custom with Jawley and I to go down to the sands every morning before breakfast to bathe. The shore at Boulogne is shelving, and the machines do not venture far out; the consequence is, that it is not until after wading some distance that the swimmer can boldly breast his native element, laying his hand upon the prostrate form of old Neptune, and smoothing down his dishevelled tresses. Accustomed to the watering-places of England, Jawley and I both bathed in the English manner, not being aware that fashion in France prescribes a peculiar costume to the worshippers of the briny

deities. As we were very early, we generally had the sea all to ourselves, and used to enjoy it exceedingly. One morning, however, it happened that the tide was going out when we bathed, and as we stayed in the water some time, sporting amid the foam like two regular Dryads, when we thought of returning, the sea had receded from the machine and left it high and dry on the beach. Indifferent to the fact, we waded into shallow water, and were then proceeding as speedily as we could towards the machine, when a terrible apparition suddenly met our view. It was the figure of a tall, gaunt, bony, elderly female, with her arms a-kimbo, standing between the machine and the margin of the sea, as if for the purpose of intercepting our passage. We were horror-stricken, and, of course, unable to stir; we believed that the woman was mad, and we knew not what course to adopt. At length Jawley mustered up courage to address her, and the following conversation ensued; I give it in the identical words used, as they were afterwards transcribed for me by an intelligent native to whom I told the story, for I gleaned quite enough of the lady's meaning, in addition to my acquaintance with the language, to comprehend her speech. Like "a Triton amongst the minnows" Jawley raised his voice.

"Nous voulons sortir, madame; nous voulons sortir."

"Eh bien, messieurs! sortez-donc!"

"Il n'est pas possible, madame, si vous restez là."

"Mais, messieurs, j'ai resté ici exprès, pour vous attraper."

"What does she say, Jawley?" cried I, in an agony.

"She has come here on purpose to catch us," groaned Jawley, with the aspect of a lion couchant, shaking dewdrops from his mane.

"Je demande, madame," shrieked my friend in fearful accents, "Je demande, pourquoi vous continuez là? Allez-vous en, allez-vous en."

I echoed these last words, for I knew their meaning well, having already freely used them to the beggars.

"Je ne sortirai pas d'ici, messieurs," returned the Amazon, "avant de vous expliquer pourquoi je suis venue vous confronter. Pendant quelques jours, j'ai remarqué que vous avez l'habitude d'aller dans la mer sans porter les habillemens qui sont de rigueur. Je ne pourrais pas souffrir qu'une pareille chose existât en face l'institution dont je suis la directrice, et je me suis déterminée de venir me planter sur la plage pour bien me satisfaire de l'indiscrétion dont vous avez été coupable."

"Indiscrétion!" shouted Jawley, "qu'est-ce que vous appelez votre présente—what the devil's the French for 'behaviour?'—votre présente conduite."

"Ce qui j'appelle ça, moi?—c'est la conduite d'une Française! d'une femme qui respecte les mœurs et les usages de son pays. Sortez-donc, messieurs, de suite. Je vous tancerai joliment."

"What is she at now, Jawley?" I exclaimed, as I noticed her menacing gesticulations.

"She says she'll give it us, and means to stay there," he replied, in a tone of savage doggedness.

"Well then," I returned, "there is but one thing to be done. If we stay here much longer there will be no water left,—and, besides, the people are beginning to gather on the pier there, so we must make the best of it. Here goes for the machine; come on!"

Accordingly, like the Roman warriors, described by Thucydides, when they contended in the Olympiads, we made a desperate charge. For an

instant the amazon stood her ground, but, as we drew nearer, she unfurled a large green parasol, under cover of which she poured forth a volley of invectives against our hapless persons. To gain the wished-for shelter, to dress ourselves in all haste, and then hurry towards the town was effected with unheard-of celerity; but our transit from the beach was not unmolested by the female conservator of public morals, or unobserved by certain "curious impertinents," whom the sound of her voice had drawn to the spot.

To be brief, we reached our hotel, and as I knew that a story like this would soon get wind, and as Jawley, moreover, was on the point of returning to England, I resolved at once to take my departure for Paris; and in about an hour after the above transaction had taken place. I once more found myself *en route*, exclaiming with the poet, "There is a world elsewhere."

I have already described the ordinary mode of travelling in France,—it will not, therefore, be necessary for me to repeat my description. These things are calculated to strike the young traveller, but when a practised eye has dwelt on them as mine had during my stay in Boulogne,—for I used every day to watch with interest the departure of the Paris diligence—it ceases to wonder. Amongst other things, I had learnt that the richly-dressed individual whom I at first took for a general officer, was an official, called in French, the "*conducteur*," holding a place of trust though not a military appointment.

We left Boulogne at nine in the morning, and travelled with the usual celerity of the diligence, which, since the disappearance of the English mail-coach, may be considered the fastest vehicle of its kind in Europe. I can assert this from my own experience. There are few things that a wise man may not turn to account in this vale of tears and contretemps, no matter how ungenial their original character. Thus, if it had not been for my "slight affair" on the heights of Boulogne, in all probability I should not have provided myself with arms for my journey. But now, I travelled in security, for my pistols were at hand in my portmanteau, on the top of the diligence, and it was only necessary, therefore, when we fell in with banditti, to desire the *conducteur* to stop the carriage, unstrap the covering that protects the baggage, and hand me down my valise, and then, having taken out my weapons, and loaded them, we might bid defiance to the robbers, and, perhaps, take some of them prisoners, or proclaim martial law, and compel them to cast lots for their lives.

As it happened, these precautions were unnecessary, for we did not encounter a single bandit the whole way from Boulogne to Paris,—a circumstance, which I think must be ascribed to the fact, of their being all employed on the staff of Marshal Bugeaud, in Algeria.

The country through which we travelled was of an Alpine character, for we were several times called upon during the day, to descend from the diligence and climb the rugged sides of the mountains, so as to enable the carriage, partially relieved of its load, to scale the lofty summits, a feat which was in most cases achieved after about an hour's walking. This mode of travelling varied the journey, and if the weather had not been intensely hot, and the roads exceedingly dusty, would have been delightful. But it was something to traverse the plains of sunny France, beyond the ken of British eyes, though not beyond the influence of British glory, for the ground which I now trod was hal-



lowed by the most sacred associations. It was upon this very high-road that were fought the memorable battles of Cressy and Poitiers, where the noble brothers, the Black Prince and Henry the Fifth, fought side by side in the death-dealing Tourney. There is a small posting-house at a place called Bernays, which was pointed out to me as the spot where the two princes changed horses on the evening of the battle of Poitiers, after the retreat of the French army. It still bears the name of the "Belle Alliance." Such events are not easily obliterated from the page of history.

We dined at Abbeville; our fare was classical and suitable to the occasion. We had, of course, soup of St. Julian, that saint being the patron of travellers; a dish called "bouilli," reminding one of the "cuir bouilli," a kind of tough, defensive armour of the middle ages, which, eaten with the rough-grained salt of France, called the "gabelle," is not unpalatable; "rognons au vin de Champagne," an artificial preparation of the corks of Champagne bottles smothered in a rich dark sauce; a little hard of digestion, but a standing monument of what French cookery is capable of accomplishing; "côtelettes de mouton," or French mutton chops, certainly not one-third the size of English ones and *without any fat*,—on which account they are called "*maigre*;" a roast fowl of Picardy—esteemed a very great delicacy—and appropriately garnished with cresses from the neighbouring battle-field, served up, of course, in honour of English travellers, whose national vanity is, I observe, always studiously ministered to in France. This, however, is but a natural consequence of our having so frequently conquered their country, for the French are a submissive race, and will bear kicking as readily as most people.

I have not much to say in regard to the smiling villages of France, for, in point of fact, I did not see any; it is probable that we passed them in the night. The general appearance of the country presents a uniform character; the fields are of immense extent, for, as far as the eye could reach, no hedges were visible. A very hospitable custom, however, prevails, which might be introduced with advantage in England. It is that of planting apple-trees by the road-side for the convenience of the hungry wayfarer, who may, at any time, make an ample meal on the delicious fruit; they are of the species called the "*ecrevisse*," and are considered to be great promoters of appetite; I ascertained, by a personal experiment, that these apples have the peculiar property of sharpening the teeth, which is undoubtedly an excellent preliminary to a banquet. Such as remain unpicked at the close of the vintage are then gathered, and wine is made of them, of the vintage called "*Saint Peray*," the flavour of which is considered by many equal to that of the remarkable boisson, known as British Champagne, and described by the Messrs. H——, of Holborn-bars, as "a good, stout wine." It is the wine of which the celebrated Daniel Lambert was so inordinately fond; and from the great bulk which he attained while drinking it, it probably derived its name.

It was midnight when we reached Beauvais, famous in history for the gallant defence made by Joan of Arc with her solitary battle-axe; but the lateness of the hour prevented my seeing the armoury in which that weapon is preserved—or, indeed, any thing else in the town. The discussion of a hasty supper, at which the *conducteur* presided, and helped himself first, in order that he might be in time, left us little leisure for

any thing beside. Very shortly after we resumed our journey I fell asleep, and did not awake until we stopped to change horses about eight o'clock in the morning at St. Denis, a place which owes its celebrity to the tradition that Louis XVI. walked here to be buried after being guillotined in Paris. I attach no importance to this fable, but it is a singular fact, that the monarch lies buried in the cathedral. *I have seen his tomb myself.* Arrived within six or seven *kilogrammes* of the capital (as miles are called on the continent), it was impossible that I could sleep again; not without emotion I reflected that, in one brief hour, perhaps, I should stand in the centre of France, and become—the envy of surrounding nations—a perfect Parisian. The diligence sped on; there was a momentary halt at the barrier of St. Denis; we passed beneath the frowning heights of Montmartre, from whence Napoleon looked his last on his native city, and rattling through the faubourg of the same name, which, in honour of the numerous foreigners who arrive by this route, is always hung with flaunting streamers of red and white calico, we dashed across the Boulevard, and threading a variety of narrow streets, with many shouts from the driver, and much clatter of wheels and horses' hoofs, finally drew up in the spacious court-yard of a large and fashionable hotel in the Rue Jean Jacques Rousseau, so called from its being the birth-place of that eminent artist.

It was with a reluctance, which I could ill disguise, that I delivered up my keys to the officers whom the Minister for Foreign Affairs had sent to examine my portmanteau, to discover if I had any poultry or wine, or other excisable articles, packed up in it; but as I learnt that no foreigner, however distinguished, is exempted from this violation of the law of nations, I submitted with as good a grace as I could. My baggage was accordingly opened, and the search about to begin, when I suddenly recollected the box of cigars which I had bought of M. Moïse at Boulogne; I feared to declare them lest, suspecting their excellence, the officials might refuse to let me ransom them—for a good cigar is worth any thing in France; so I resolved to have recourse to a bribe, which, it had been hinted to me, would smooth any difficulty I might chance to encounter. I found the plan successful; the significant words, "*Voulez-vous?*" uttered in a low tone, and a couple of five-franc pieces slyly slipped into the hand of the searcher, stayed all inquiry; my portmanteau and carpet-bag were barely opened, and my cigars were saved.

This little ceremony over, a person who I *knew* to be a commissioner, accosted me; he produced a card of the hotel to which he belonged,—the Boule d'Or, in the Rue Coq-Héron—a street which he assured me was one of the principal promenades in Paris. As I was not to be taken in, I scrutinised the card attentively, and having satisfied myself that there was an hotel so situated, I intimated that I desired my baggage might be conveyed to the apartment destined for me.

The Boule d'Or is a lofty and venerable edifice of the period of the *ancien régime*, and it bears on its dusty façade the evidence of having witnessed many a strong revolution. The Jacobins of the League and the Sans-culottes of the Fronde, may alike have held secret council within its dusky walls; here Danton may have plotted against Richelieu, or the wily Robespierre have concerted schemes against the Etats de Blois. No deeds can have been too dark for its roof to cover, no faction so foul but might have sought refuge within its walls. It is in truth a remarkable site, or at least such was my impression.

Following the porter, who carried my effects up a gloomy staircase, and accompanied by the commissioner and a stout female, who I found was the landlady of the Boule d'Or, I made the best of my way to an apartment, on what is called the second above the entresol; here I was shown into a tolerably large but not very newly furnished bed-room, with a dressing-room, or "*sec<sup>de</sup>nde pièce*" beyond. I perceived at a glance the remains of the former splendour of the hotel in the faded hue of the fauteuils of yellow velvet, and the once rich, though now dingy scarlet draperies of the bed and window-curtains. It vividly recalled to my mind the *Siècle de Louis Quatorze*, and I could not but congratulate myself on the chance that had led me to so interesting a spot.

The conversation that ensued between the porter, the commissioner, the landlady, and myself, was at first a little confused, for of course it was not to be expected that I should at once be able to comprehend the language of three different persons, spoken, moreover, in a capital which I had never visited. In speaking to the landlady, whose name I found was Ventrebleu, one not undistinguished in the annals of France, I raised my voice to its highest pitch, but could not succeed in making her understand me. The commissioner, however, knew a few words of broken English, and in spite of his obtuseness we came to an understanding. At his suggestion I paid the porter three francs for carrying my things and the man disappeared, uttering rude expressions of thankfulness in the patois peculiar to him. Madame Ventrebleu was given to understand that I wanted some hot water and my breakfast, and on her part I learnt, that as the fashionable world in Paris always dine at one o'clock, the table d'hôte would be ready at that hour, when, to use her own words, she promised that I should be gratified by some of the best society in the capital. As I was rather tired, and wished to arrange my things after my journey, and had, moreover, one or two letters to write to my friends in England, announcing my arrival in Paris, I checked my longing for an immediate examination of the city, and resolved to commence exploring after dinner. As I was a stranger in the land, I desired the commissioner to hold himself in readiness to accompany me at the appointed time, and I was left alone in the mighty heart of this vast acropolis.

My reflections were of an agreeable though not well-defined nature. As long as a city continues unknown to us, a certain mystery is shed over every thing belonging to it; and I had already caught a sufficient glimpse of the general aspect of Paris to set my imagination to work. All that I had read in former days came back, confusedly, perhaps, to my memory. The siege of Paris by Marlborough and Prince Eugène Beauharnais, after the battle of Blenheim; the unwise conduct of François Premier, when he refused to listen to the advice of Mirabeau, during the period of the Hundred Days; the erection of the Bastile by a belligerent mob; the noble devotion of St. Louis the Eighteenth on the eve of Bartholomew fair; the massacre of the Innocents at the fountain which bears their name; the interview between the two emperors, Napoleon and Alexander the Great, after the battle of Tilsit; the reception of Molière at the Académie Française;—these, and a thousand other pleasing incidents of French history, came back to my mind, with a degree of verisimilitude that was really astonishing. And when I thought that I actually stood on the spot where all these wonders were enacted, my emotion was so great, that I gave way to my feelings in a flood of tears.



**Revelations of London.**

BY THE EDITOR.

FIRST SERIES.

**AURIOL; OR, THE ELIXIR OF LIFE.**

BOOK THE SECOND.

## VI.

## AURIOL'S FURTHER TRIALS.

NIGHT came, and the cell grew profoundly dark. Auriol became impatient for the appearance of his keeper, but hour after hour passed, and he did not arrive. Worn out, at length, with doubt and bewildering speculations, the miserable captive was beset with the desire to put an end to his torments by suicide, and he determined to execute his fell purpose without delay. An evil chance seemed also to befriend him, for scarcely was the idea formed, than his foot encountered something on the ground, the rattling of which attracted his attention, and stooping to take it up, he grasped the bare blade of a knife.

"This will, at all events, solve my doubts," he cried aloud. "I will sheathe this weapon in my heart, and, if I am mortal, my woes will be ended."

As he spoke, he placed the point to his breast with the full intent to strike, but before he could inflict the slightest wound, his arm was forcibly arrested.

"Would you destroy yourself, madman?" roared a voice. "I thought your violence was abated, and that you might go forth in safety. But I find you are worse than ever."

Auriol uttered a groan, and let the knife fall to the ground. The new comer kicked it to a distance with his foot.

"You shall be removed to another chamber," he pursued, "where you can be more strictly watched."

"Take me forth—oh! take me forth," cried Auriol. "It was a mere impulse of desperation, which I now repent."

"I dare not trust you. You will commit some act of insane fury for which I myself shall bear the blame. When I yielded to your entreaties on a former occasion, and took you forth, I narrowly prevented you from doing all we met a mischief."

"I have no recollection of any such circumstance," returned Auriol, mournfully. "But it may be true, nevertheless. And if so, it only proves the lamentable condition to which I am reduced—memory and reason gone!"

"Ay, both gone," cried the other, with an irrepressible chuckle.

"Ha!" exclaimed Auriol starting. "I am not so mad but I recognise in you the Evil Being who tempted me. I am not so oblivious as to forget our terrible interviews."

"What, you are in your luns again!" cried Rougemont, fiercely. "Nay, then I must call my assistants, and bind you."

"Let me be—let me be!" implored Auriol, "and I will offend you no more. Whatever thoughts may arise within me, I will not give utterance to them. Only take me forth."

"I came for that purpose," said Rougement, "but I repeat, I dare not. You are not sufficiently master of yourself."

"Try me," said Auriol.

"Well," rejoined the other. "I will see what I can do to calm you."

So saying, he disappeared for a few moments, and then returning with a torch, placed it on the ground, and producing a phial, handed it to the captive.

"Drink," he said.

Without a moment's hesitation Auriol complied.

"It seems to me rather a stimulant than a soothing potion," he remarked, after emptying the phial.

"You are in no condition to judge," rejoined the other.

And he proceeded to unfasten Auriol's chain.

"Now then, come with me," he said, "and do not make any attempt at evasion, or you will rue it."

Like one in a dream, Auriol followed his conductor down the flight of stone steps leading from the dungeon, and along a narrow passage. As he proceeded, he thought he heard stealthy footsteps behind him; but he never turned his head, to see whether he was really followed. In this way they reached a short steep staircase, and mounting it, entered a vault, in which Rougement paused, and placed the torch he had brought with him upon the floor. Its lurid glimmer partially illumined the chamber, and showed that it was built of stone. Rude benches of antique form, were set about the vault, and motioning Auriol to be seated upon one of them, Rougement sounded a silver whistle. The summons was shortly afterwards answered by the dwarf, in whose attire a new change had taken place. He was now clothed in a jerkin of gray serge, fashioned like the garment worn by the common people in Elizabeth's reign, and wore a trencher-cap on his head. Auriol watched him as he timidly advanced towards Rougement, and had an indistinct recollection of having seen him before; but could not call to mind how or where.

"Is your master a-bed?" demanded Rougement.

"A-bed! Good lack, sir!" exclaimed the dwarf. "Little of sleep knows Dr. Lamb. He will toil at the furnace till the stars have set."

"Dr. Lamb!" repeated Auriol. "Surely I have heard that name before?"

"Very likely," replied Rougement, "for it is the name borne by your nearest kinsman."

"How is the poor young gentleman?" asked the dwarf, glancing commiseratingly at Auriol. "My master often makes inquiries after his grandson, and grieves that the state of his mind should render it necessary to confine him."

"His grandson! I—Dr. Lamb's grandson!" cried Auriol.

"In sooth are you, young sir," returned the dwarf. "Were you in your reason, you would be aware that my master's name is the same as your own—Darcy—Reginald Darcy. He assumes the name of Doctor Lamb to delude the multitude. He told you as much yourself, sweet sir, if your poor wits would enable you to recollect it."

"Am I in a dream, good fellow, tell me that?" cried Auriol, lost in amazement.

"Alack, no, sir," replied the dwarf, "to my thinking you are wide awake. But you knew, sir," he added, touching his forehead, "you

have been a little wrong here, and your memory and reason are not of the clearest."

"Where does my grandsire dwell?" asked Auriol.

"Why here, sir," replied the dwarf, "and for the matter of locality, the house is situated on the south end of London Bridge."

"On the bridge—did you say *on* the bridge, friend?" cried Auriol.

"Ay, *on* the bridge—where else should it be? You would not have your grandsire live under the river?" rejoined the dwarf. "Though for aught I know some of these vaults may go under it. They are damp enough."

Auriol was lost in reflection, and did not observe a sign that passed between the dwarf and Rougemont.

"Will it disturb Doctor Lamb if his grandson goes up to him?" said the latter, after a brief pause.

"My master does not like to be interrupted in his operations, as you know, sir," replied the dwarf, "and seldom suffers any one, except myself, to enter his laboratory; but I will make so bold as to introduce Master Auriol, if he desires it."

"You will confer the greatest favour on me by doing so," cried Auriol, rising.

"Sit down—sit down," said Rougemont, authoritatively. "You cannot go up till the doctor has been apprised. Remain here, while Flapdragon and I ascertain his wishes." So saying, he quitted the chamber by a further outlet with the dwarf.

During the short time that Auriol was left alone, he found it vain to attempt to settle his thoughts, or to convince himself that he was not labouring under some strange delusion.

He was aroused at length by the dwarf, who returned alone.

"Your grandsire will see you," said the mannikin.

"One word before we go—" cried Auriol, seizing his arm.

"Saints! how you frighten me!" exclaimed the dwarf. "You must keep composed, or I dare not take you to my master."

"Pardon me," replied Auriol: "I meant not to alarm you. Where is the person who brought me hither?"

"What, your keeper?" said the dwarf. "Oh he is within call. He will come to you anon. Now follow me."

And taking up the torch, he led the way out of the chamber. Mounting a spiral staircase, apparently within a turret, they came to a door, which being opened by Flapdragon, disclosed a scene that wellnigh stupified Auriol.

It was the laboratory precisely as he had seen it above two centuries ago. The floor was strewn with alchemical implements—the table was covered with mystic parchments inscribed with cabalistic characters—the furnace stood in the corner—crucibles and cucurbites decorated the chimney-board—the sphere and brazen lamp hung from the ceiling—the skeletons grinned from behind the chimney-corner—all was there as he had seen it before! There also was Doctor Lamb, in his loose gown of sable silk, with a square black cap upon his venerable head, and his snowy beard streaming to his girdle.

The old man's gaze was fixed upon a crucible placed upon the furnace, and he was occupied in working the bellows. He moved his head as Auriol entered the chamber, and the features became visible. It was a face never to be forgotten.



"Come in, grandson," said the old man, kindly. "Come in, and close the door after you. The draught affects the furnace—my Athanor, as we adepts term it. So you are better, your keeper tells me—much better."

"Are you indeed living?" cried Auriol, rushing wildly towards him, and attempting to take his hand.

"Off,—off!" cried the old man, drawing back as if alarmed. "You disturb my operations. Keep him calm, Flapdragon, or take him hence. He may do me a mischief."

"I have no such intention, sir," said Auriol; "indeed, I have not. I only wish to be assured that you are my aged relative."

"To be sure, he is, young sir," interposed the dwarf. "Why should you doubt it?"

"Oh! sir," cried Auriol, throwing himself at the old man's feet, "pity me if I am mad; but offer me some explanation, which may tend to restore me to my senses. My reason seems gone, yet I appear capable of receiving impressions from external objects. I see you, and appear to know you. I see this chamber—these alchemical implements—that furnace—these different objects—and I appear to recognise them. Am I deceived, or is this real?"

"You are not deceived, my son," replied the old man. "You have been in this room before, and you have seen me before. It would be useless to explain to you now how you have suffered from fever, and what visions your delirium has produced. When you are perfectly restored, we will talk the matter over."

And, as he said this, he began to blow the fire anew, and watched with great apparent interest the changing colours of the liquid in the cucurbite placed on the furnace.

Auriol looked at him earnestly, but could not catch another glance, so intently was the old man occupied. At length, he ventured to break the silence.

"I should feel perfectly convinced if I might look forth from that window," he said.

"Convinced of what?" rejoined the old man, somewhat sharply.

"That I am what I seem," replied Auriol.

"Look forth, then," said the old man. "But do not disturb me by idle talk. There is the rosy colour in the projection for which I have been so long waiting."

Auriol then walked to the window and gazed through the tinted panes. It was very dark, and objects could only be imperfectly distinguished. Still he fancied he could detect the gleam of the river beneath him, and what seemed a long line of houses on the bridge. He also fancied he discerned other buildings with the high roofs, the gables, and the other architectural peculiarities of the structures of Elizabeth's time. He persuaded himself, also, that he could distinguish through the gloom the venerable gothic pile of Saint Paul's Cathedral on the other side of the water, and, as if to satisfy him that he was right, a deep solemn bell tolled forth the hour of two. After awhile he returned from the window and said to his supposed grandsire, "I am satisfied. I have lived centuries in a few nights."

## THE WESTMINSTER PLAY.

AMONG all the sights of London, there is nothing that in the slightest degree resembleth the Westminster play. The actors are unlike all other actors—the theatre is unlike all other theatres—the audience is unlike all other audiences. He who hath not seen the Westminster play, can solace himself with the notion, that he may yet obtain a new sensation.

Art thou reader, among those who have not seen a Westminster play? Give to thine imagination a productive power, and picture to thyself the end of a long, rude room, converted into a temporary theatre; neat, indeed, but without superfluity of ornament. If the visiter be not especially favoured, he will mount to his seat by means of an uncouth flight of steps, and find himself in a locality not unlike the “boxes” at a theatrical booth. And what a long while will he wait ere the play commences! In his simplicity he has believed his ticket, which has told him that “hora sexta” is the appointed time for the comedy. Oh, thou of little experience! “Hora sexta” means half-past seven, according to the latinity of Westminster tickets.

Therefore, we will amuse ourselves by contemplating the audience, the fashion of the theatre, and all the *et cæteras* which fortune may be liberal enough to bestow. We say “we”—because, getting tired of the third person, we have put ourselves in the place of the inexperienced writer, and have thrown him overboard.

There, straight before us, stands the *proscenium* which we have seen for the last twenty years. There it is, in the similarity of a tent, with an indifferent hut at each end; and there are the two stage-doors, with very modern windows above them, through which the greater part of the exits and entrances will be made. The door to the right—mind, reader, the play is *Andria*—belongs to the house of Simo. At that door shall the offspring of his son’s unfortunate amour be laid by the directions of the wily Davus; through it shall the same Davus be dragged by the merciless Dromo. The door to the left belongs to the house of Chrysis—Chrysis, now no more; a fair frail creature, who, whatever her faults, was possessed of a world of kindness. There, at present, reside the lovely Glycerium, and the astute servant, Mysis; and there shortly will the family be increased by the birth of a son to Pamphilus. The green curtain at present conceals the scene from our gaze; but through the three slits in it, we can see portions of juvenile faces, anxiously watching the increase of the audience.

In the space below us, there are happier folks than we; less crowded, yet more abounding in acquaintance. Clergymen, in full canonicals, evidently authorities in the place, smiling complacently, and shaking hands condescendingly, as this youth or that parent approaches them. To the right, in a snug little pew—so we must call it—are the only ladies allowed to witness the drama, special friends of the master’s wife, all full-dressed, and some armed with English translations of Terence. Young gentlemen, with hair remarkably well arranged, with unexceptionable waistcoats, with light kid gloves, which they draw on with exceeding *gusto*, are most sedulous in their attentions to this fair group. These are “old Westminsters” many of them actors in the plays of former years. These are the men who are thoroughly trained up to the mark, who know every line of the comedy, who can laugh at every joke

in the epilogue, and who—not the least estimable qualification—will drop their guinea into the trencher-cap at the conclusion of the performance. They are different from some of our immediate neighbours, who bring their little sheepskin Terence with them, and look at it carefully, poringly, painfully. Aye, they are people who feel at home, and to whom Terence presents an accustomed atmosphere.

Suddenly the band behind the curtain, which has been endeavouring to amuse us with waltzes by Strauss, and selections from “Giselle,” strikes up, “See the conquering Hero comes!” Then how great is the commotion! What a rising from benches, what a clapping of hands! The “conquering hero” is the head master of the school, who, attended by his party, a somewhat aristocratic set, proceeds to his seat. The small boys perched on various eminences, applaud with the greatest vehemence, as far as their hands are concerned, but we trace no great enthusiasm in their countenances. Neither, when the play proceeds, will these urchins laugh with any great show of enjoyment, although the mechanical applause will be loud as ever. It is one thing to toil through “Terence” at ten or twelve, with all the attending horrors, of grammar and accident, another to slip through him at sixteen, with a free sense of his elegance, and a power to appreciate the neatness of his intrigue.

The appearance of the head-master is the signal for the captain of the school to come forward, be-capped and be-gowned, to speak the prologue, and it is no pleasant task to deliver this same prologue. It is a mere formal address, bowing in the play, as it were, craving indulgence, appealing to good feelings and the like. No wonder that the *encore* of the prologue is rather a matter of form than any thing else. The spice, the fun, the invention of the evening belongs to the epilogue.

The curtain rises for the play, and discovers the dear old street through which we have seen Thraso march in warlike guise, in which we have beheld Phormio struggling with the peccant old man, in which, in fact, all the Terentian incidents have occurred from time immemorial. Right down in the centre hangs from the sky a large chandelier, in glittering defiance of probability. Now enter Simo—no, no—turn to thy Terence, reader; we will not utter one word that shall relieve thee from that pleasant task. If thou hast not read *Andria* already, it is high time thou didst, and if thou hast, the reminiscence will be so agreeable that, as a thing of course, thou wilt turn to it again. The play at Westminster is well acted. Something, generally, of formality, because it is more the result of training, than (except in isolated cases) of natural aptitude. The shrillness of the juvenal voices, is, besides, somewhat monotonous, but the whole affair is altogether very agreeable, both to the spectator, who, folding his arms, looks on with an air of familiarity, or to the one who deeply follows the performance with his well-thumbed book.

The epilogue is a shout—a thing of joy to the well-tried Latinist, full of quaint conceits and pleasant allusions. Is it not a luxury to see Davus a railway director, and to laugh with complacency at being able to detect a Latin pun! But oh, to the less practised Latinist, the epilogue is a thing of sorrow. Now he has no book to aid him, no well-conned scene for his guide. He must look at the stage in mournful vacancy, while the laughter of the initiated rings horribly in his ear. Mind, reader, the epilogue of 1845 was a capital thing, and thou wouldst have roared at it, hadst thou been present, for we are civil enough to assume that to thee, it would not have been *caviare*, and we know thou wilt not contradict us.



## LITERATURE.

## THE QUEEN OF DENMARK.\*

THE "Queen of Denmark" possesses more remarkable claims upon the British public than its title intimates. It is a novel of the historical school of the very best class, and which delineates to perfection the manners and times of the Danish court, when its hereditarily incapable and sickly monarch, Christian VII., had wedded a beautiful and spirited British princess, Caroline Matilda, sister of George III.

The distinguished editress justly remarks, that *naïveté* is the characteristic of the author, which attaches strong inferences to its parentage being Andersenian. Be that as it may, there is certainly a simplicity in the style and sentiments of the author, which is peculiarly captivating, and lends an inexpressible charm to his narrative and sketches of character.

The hearty and life-like introduction to Sophus, the chamberlain of other times, "who, having outlived his contemporary world, wanders about its ruins like Scipio in Carthage,"—only that unlike Scipio he wears a gold embroidered pelisse and a tail, which is daily tied afresh with a new black bow, as a mark of anti-revolutionary independence, or to add an occasional pointed commentary to the words of the speaker,—gives the reader at once an idea of the equally genuine and life-like sketches, which are made to emanate from such a source, and which are narrated with such unaffected spirit, and such a delicate sense of tasteful simplicity, that, as Mrs. Gore truly remarks, "instead of feeling ourselves to be perusing a novel, or even a romantic series of historical memoirs, we could fancy 'The Queen of Denmark,' to be the mere journal of some observant courtier—circumstantial as Dangeau, and artless as Pepys."

Caroline Matilda, although her character is carefully sketched, is not, however, the polar star of the tale. That position is occupied by the pretty and good Lisette, the supposed goldsmith's daughter, and to whom, among all the various scenes and scattered groups, amid which she is made to move, the interest still ever reverts, as greater, as well as minor stars, alike revolve around their arctic contemporary. For the same reason, although interested in Sophus, we can never pardon his heartlessness—except in that, scarcely, indeed, a true specimen of Page—for, with all his faults, he is still virtuous; but his boy's love of Elizabeth changed for a manly admiration of Lisette, to again revert, after an inexcusable wavering, caused by Elizabeth's limp; and even the union of the lovers, brought about by Lisette's self-sacrificing goodness, give no interest to the usual matrimonial climax, that can for a moment compare with what we experience in the heart-severed, exiled, and melancholy fortunes of the fair Lisette herself.

The plot, which hurries the English princess and Danish queen into disgrace, is the only portion of the "memoirs," so to call them, that is not made sufficiently clear, and the catastrophe itself is most unexpectedly brought about. It is evident that the author has been guided in thus restraining himself within the close limits of a pleasing, instead of indulg-

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\* The Queen of Denmark: an Historical Novel. Edited by Mrs. Gore. 3 vols. Henry Colburn.

ing in a scandalous narrative, by the same delicate sense of propriety, which confers so simple and yet effective a charm, upon the love scenes in the goldsmith's house, held despite of the querulous and duenna-like aunt.

These are just the points which the modern novel school would not, for the most part, have treated with the same forbearance, and while it reflects credit upon the young literature of Denmark, so it also impresses us with a very high opinion of the public taste, which demands so much refinement in its works of fiction. The same just sense of the beautiful in forbearance is not only manifested in its most trying field, but also on all other topics. Take for example the chamberlain's idea of wit: "It was not a witticism, for wit should be free from malice;" or the old courtier's elaborate exposition of *bon ton*. And again: "Nature and truth are ever certain to make their fortune at court, like all rarities; but be it observed, only when they present themselves in a noble form;" or in another place, "Reality differs from fiction in this respect, that in the former we cannot always see the leading thread; whereas in the latter we must constantly be able to follow it and perceive the necessary concatenation." But this last quotation is rather an example of a just, than of a merely delicate sense of what is due to the historical novel, which combines both reality and fiction at the same time.

There are some oversights in the translation, as in the masquerade scene, where intruders are on several different occasions called "smugglers;" and old Calais is spoken of as being sadly "mauled," a word which is not at all adapted to represent the Dane's appropriate expression. But apart from such trifles, the "Queen of Denmark" is essentially a family novel, calculated to please by its style, to purify by its good taste, and to instruct by its life-like sketches of Danish life, manners, and feelings, both in humble life and at court, as it was in olden time. The author has not written in haste, nor till he was thoroughly master of his subject, and he has consequently placed himself, by this novel, in a situation of modest rivalry, with the best productions of the kind of which European literature can boast.

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#### SOUTH WESTERN AFRICA.\*

THIS work was introduced to the German public, by the best critical geographer in Europe, Professor Carl Ritter. This distinguished philosopher has pronounced it "to be peculiarly interesting," "to need no eulogium to render it popular," "to contain vivid and faithful representations of the tropical coast of Benzuela and Loanda," "to bring first into notice the almost unknown little negro kingdom of Ambriz;" in fact, that "*we have nothing decent to compare with it.*" Such a panegyric, from such a quarter, saves us all the burden of an elaborate notice of this truly curious and important work.

The Portuguese possessions in South Western Africa, are the sources whence, in defiance of treaties and armed intervention, the slave-

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\* Visit to the Portuguese Possessions in South-Western Africa. By G. Tams, M.D. Translated from the German, with an Introduction and Annotations by H. Evans Lloyd, Esq. 2 vols. Newby.

markets of Brazil and Cuba are chiefly supplied. It appears, from Dr. Tams's work, that the slave-trade is in the hands of a few individuals, many of whom are not natives of Portugal, but have been sent to those colonies as convicts, often for crimes of the deepest dye; that they are not subject to any control or restriction, but are at liberty to direct every effort to one sole object—the rapid acquisition of wealth; and that by this most infamous and impious of all traffics, Dr. Tams not only confirms, but gives us an idea which surpasses our worst apprehensions, of the demoralising effects of the slave-trade on those concerned in it. He attests, beyond controversy, that it is the slave-trade alone that paralyses every endeavour to improve the boundless commercial advantages which might be derived from the infinite variety and excellence of the natural productions of the country; and what is of deep interest to the British public, who have toiled since the days of Clarkson and Wilberforce—now sixty long years—to wipe away this stain from humanity; who have at an enormous expense—by an armed force, that is not equal to the object contemplated, and by treaties, which are not regarded,—exerted itself to procure the total extinction of this odious traffic, is, that facts unhappily testify that, notwithstanding all these efforts and sacrifices, the extent of the slave-trade is not diminished, nay, probably, by the introduction of steam, will soon be increased, and that the horrors of the middle passage are greater than ever; while, in spite of our treaties with foreign powers, the flags of more than one of them are still shamelessly abused, to cover vessels engaged in this disreputable service.

That, of all European states, Portugal should be the only one which retains extensive African possessions, for the sole purpose of subserving the basest self-interest, and of converting their richest plains into scenes of plunder and the most savage devastation, is so ignominious to its national character, as to have extorted from the learned and philanthropic author, a very just rebuke: “The time is not far distant when this injured race will avenge their own disgrace and the crime of their oppressors, will shake off the European yoke; and woe, then, to the Portuguese! if they have to atone, with only one drop of blood, for every life which they have wantonly and disgracefully sacrificed; the entire population of Portugal would not suffice for this atonement!”

The expedition which Dr. Tams accompanied, and which was fitted out from Altona, in 1841, was attended by almost as much mortality as that of Captain Tucker to the same neighbourhood. Science had more particularly to regret the loss of two young naturalists, Mr. Wrede and Mr. Grosbendner, while M. dos Santos, the leader of the expedition, whose object, at first, excited much unjust suspicion, was one of the first victims to this baneful climate.

The residence of Dr. Tams in the countries described, gave him great advantages over the generality of travellers, who usually hasten past these dangerous shores. His descriptions of the manners and customs of the inhabitants, and of the natural scenery, are simple and truthful, and hence powerfully attractive, while his learning enables him to give an account of the natural productions, and of the trade of the country, as well as to discuss its promises, and the capacity and intellectual power of its natives, in a manner which is at once satisfactory and trustworthy.

The work is, in fact, in every respect calculated to produce a consider-



able sensation, more particularly by what it relates concerning the actual state of the slave-trade, and the horrors of the slave-markets, as well as the immoral condition of the countries in which such odious practices are carried on. There is one observation that concerns our own little island. Dr. Tams describes his ship as being, while taking shelter under the cliffs of Deal, subjected to much annoyance from the begging effrontery and pertinacious impudence of the boatmen. It is bad enough to be ourselves robbed, without a remedy, by the Dover boatmen, but strangers ought to be secure from intrusion on our coasts, otherwise we are more savage than civilised.

### BIBLICAL LITERATURE.\*

THIS publication of a work of extensive and profound research, and of the highest standard of merit, reflects great credit upon the enterprise and discrimination of the Edinburgh publishers. The accumulation of materials in late years in illustration of the Sacred Scriptures in the immediate fields of historical, scientific, archæological, geographical, and natural historical research; as well as in the more erudite regions of Biblical criticism and interpretation, or of theological and philosophical inquiries and controversy, has been so enormous, that most persons would have shuddered at the undertaking, or have shrunk from it altogether.

No one point in Biblical Literature is so remarkable, as that every addition to knowledge in any of the departments of inquiry above enumerated, always assists in corroborating the great testimony of the inspired book. This is a thing perfectly understood, and profoundly appreciated by all persons of real learning, as well as of liberal and enlightened understanding. Yet, an editor, in sifting this vast mass of material, had not only an Augean task to perform, but many prejudices to conciliate. In the first place, it is impossible to deny that the tendency of some classes of theological inquiries, especially in regard to the New Testament among the schools of Germany, was of a sceptical character. It required to discuss these with united moderation and firmness, but as much as possible without prejudice. In the second place, there are, particularly in this country, a host of persons who from pure ignorance, will admit of no latitude of interpretation to what is in itself at best a translation, and that in many instances a very imperfect one; and who look upon any interference with the expanding of Scripture, except from the pulpit, as little better than heresy. A work like the present will do a deal of good to such classes of persons, and by displaying to them the intimate relations which there exist between sacred and profane history, and sacred and natural truths, will dissipate many prejudices, and materially advance the cause of Biblical Literature and Knowledge.

To show in what a learned and liberal spirit the able editor has performed his task, we would quote a passage which refers to one of the subjects which has entailed, in modern times, most animadversion from the ignorant; we mean the weight of censure which has been directed

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\* A Cyclopædia of Biblical Literature. Edited by John Kitto, D.D., F.S.A. 2 vols., illustrated by numerous Engravings. Adam and Charles Black, Edinburgh.

against the science of geology, but against which says the editor, "there are few now who venture upon open expressions of hostility. The main source of objection and offence," the writer, the Rev. Baden Powall, goes on to say, "has doubtless been the prevalence of certain views of the tenor and design of the Old Testament, which have by long custom passed current, among certain classes of Christians, more especially." \* \* \* "On the other hand, a more careful view of the actual design of the Hebrew Scriptures, may do much towards removing this source of embarrassment." The writer then proceeds to discuss at length, the characteristics of the narrative as a composition, to show that the entire system which pervades all its representations, more or less, is one of *adaptation*, and that the chief object in this representation of six *periods* of creation, followed by a *seventh* similar *period* of rest, was the institution of the Sabbath. We might turn to the subject of the "Star in the East" upon which even the solid learning and free conjecture of Christian divines have combined with the unfriendly daring of infidelity to cast a heap of difficulties, to show how ably and carefully these difficulties are encountered and overcome; but so many subjects of interesting reference present themselves, that we are obliged to stop short—and content ourselves with stating that this Cyclopædia is perfectly indispensable to all who would wish to thoroughly understand their Bible. We have hitherto had nothing of the kind in this country. The bold investigations of Strauss in his "Leben Jesu," the critical explorations of Holy Land, by Professor Robinson, the light that Egyptian antiquities have thrown upon manners and customs, the disputed forms and things of revelation, the recent investigations of Biblical natural history, are all alike discussed and propounded in this most complete and satisfactory companion to the Bible. It is not merely an invaluable addition to our theological literature, it is a compendium from whence to start in all future investigations; and which attests in almost every single branch of inquiry, that a necessary sequence to it, must soon be a corrected version of the Old Testament, if not also of the New.

It is on this account solely, that we would point out that the Rev. C. Bialltooblotsky, one of the numerous contributors, probably from his residing abroad, has not shown himself to be acquainted with the more recent discoveries made in Biblical geography by our countrymen; nor has he done justice to the authorities whence he has derived his information. The site of the primeval city of Resen, is left in the same doubt as it was in the days of Ephrem Syrus, when Resen was confounded with Rish-ain or Ras-al-ain of the Hebrews and Arabs. The able and satisfactory identification of Calah, by Colonel Rawlinson, with the ruins of Sar-Puli-Zahab, is entirely overlooked, and the identification of Halah and Holwan is still disputed. No account of Rahabah is given, beyond the mere statement that it is the same as the Rehoboth of Genesis, 36, 37. Of Carchemish, now Abu Sarai, or Karkisiyah, it is said, "it is unknown whether any traces of it still exist." The recent discussions that have taken place regarding the site of Shushan, are similarly neglected. Of Ur, all that is said is, that Professor Ritter considers it identical with Urfah, while Hâran, it is asserted, has no claim to be supposed to have derived its name from the brother of Abraham, except the identity of names; truly also its neighbourhood to Ur, and the corroborative discovery of another family name in a city of the same neighbourhood, Sarug, or Serug? but all notice of which is

omitted. The Tiphseh of 1 Kings iv., 24, and Thapsacus of the classics, is still erroneously identified with Al Dar or Ed Deyr, as it is called. In fact, throwing his whole strength into the geography of Palestine, with which the editor is intimate; he has neglected to give the necessary completeness to the more general, or rather distant Biblical Geography.

### THE SNOW-STORM.\*

SIR RICHARD RIBSTON, a rich parvenu knight, "who was denounced from the chimney-corner of Nessford Holm as a ruthless oppressor; reviled from the tap of the Reveley Arms as a subverter of the laws; and decried in the parlour of Hacklewood Rectory as an ignoramus, unable to distinguish between Elizabethan architecture and the bastard Norman," had converted all the country round the said Hacklewood into an enemy's camp, by changing its ruinous old manor house into a splendid modern mansion. The same Sir Richard Ribston, with somewhat of the peevish and fretful anxiety common to parvenus, was awaiting in the restored mansion of the Reveleys, Christmas visitors with titled, and what is far more exacting, remote hereditary claims to deference. And these claims, our fair author states, the wealthy East India director to have been always ready to bow to; not because forced so to do, "by the insolence of the great, but by the servile deference towards social distinctions, by which the middle and lower classes have assigned them such high precedence above the claims of talent and worth."

But there was also a Master Charles Ribston, a young gentleman, who, having no humiliating reminiscences in his mind, looked upon the Hon. Sidney Howard, or Sir William Meredyth, as his equals, and was, in return, known to his Christchurch chums by the familiar epithet of "Charley." "Now, Charley, although heir to the superseder of the Reveleys, inherited no plebeian pride; on the contrary, he had acquired a strange habit of nestling himself at the foresaid chimney-corner of Nessford Holm, where dwelt the worthy family of the Wellands, who had been driven from the Bush—the pet farm of the Reveley property—by the inexorable Sir Richard, and obliged to take refuge in the tumbling-down, quaint old fabric, which was called after the neighbouring ford, on a mountain stream, Nessford Holm.

Into this old house, with its peaked roof and twisted brick chimneys, the visitors to Hacklewood, all lords and ladies of high degree, were driven by the snow storm of a Christmas Eve, at the same time that, to their great consternation, a strange old man, enveloped in a threadbare green cloak, that looked as though it must have been old at the deluge, also sought refuge there.

"'But the quality, my good man! I tell you the house is full of quality,' interposed Master Abel, again endeavouring to draw him back into the passage.

"'A fig for the quality!' cried the stranger, striking his oaken cudgel on the brick floor till it rang again. 'A man's a man, I suppose? Fine quality, forsooth, if they've the conscience in such a night to turn a fellow-creature from the fire! House full? Ha! ha! As if houses

\* The Snow-Storm: A Christmas Story. By Mrs. Gore. With illustrations by George Cruikshank. Fisher, Son, and Co.



and hearts were not bound to stretch like India-rubber, on Christmas Eve and in a snow storm ! ”

The little old man in the patched green coat, seated in the chimney-corner of Nessford Holm, astonishes an ex-Lord of the Treasury and a President of the Board of Control by bold attacks upon ministerial foreign policy ; hemming them one moment in the fastnesses of Affghanistan, driving them another in disorder across the mountains—flinging in their teeth the injuries (?) of the Ameers of Scinde, and the sufferings of the martyrs of Bokhara, from which they are only relieved by the arrival of Charley Ribston, upon whom the social and political cynicism of the nabob in disguise vents itself forth in concentrated bitterness.

We said, accidentally, “ nabob in disguise,” but how this disclosure takes place, how the old man restores farmer Welland to the Bush, humiliates Sir Richard, proves Charley to be the last of the Reveleys, and marries him to his loved Grace Welland, are mysteries only to be hinted at in order not to anticipate the Christmas fare of amusement held out by Mrs. Gore’s clever story, a story which is at least not possessed of the great sin of the day, the extolling of the poor at the expense of the rich, but which, on the contrary, exalts the one to the level of the other, and practically illustrates that the Humble shall be raised, and the Proud humiliated.

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#### CIVILISATION.\*

CIVILISATION, according to M. Guizot, is “ a general hidden complex fact,” so much so that a reviewer in the “ *Quarterly* ” asserts that he has never met with a person who could define what it is. Mr. Mackinnon regards civilisation also as a complex idea, the existence of which he establishes by announcing its elements, or requisites, to be information, moral principle (based on religious faith), facility of communication and amount of wealth. Information would appear to correspond to knowledge, but knowledge viewed in the light of instruction emanating from some real or imaginary superior point. The moral principle, based on faith, is admitted by all writers as an element of civilisation: it is essential to the subjection of the physical force of individuals and of society. Facility of communication is at once a cause and a sequence of civilisation ; its history, as Montesquieu long ago pointed out, being that of commerce. Amount of wealth appears to be an original and new element of civilisation introduced by Mr. Mackinnon, who expounds the existence of three classes of society. An upper class, having an independent income of 3000*l.* a year, or more ; a middle class, having from 150*l.* to 3000*l.* ; and a lower, who have their own labour, or from 30*l.* to 150*l.* a year. This is a very Anglican division of the national mind into pounds sterling. It does not even appear to be necessary to the exposition of the author’s views, which, on the contrary, it helps to contract, as it causes him to limit the influence of public opinion to the middle class, the upper not being sufficiently numerous, whereas on all questions of public morality and social convenience, which constitute the great national safeguards, and therefore the main ele-

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\* History of Civilisation. By William Alexander Mackinnon, F.R.S., M.P.  
Vol. I. Longman & Co.

ments of social civilisation, the upper classes go hand in hand with the middle. Wealth, as an element of civilisation, ought only to be so considered in its influence upon society at large, and not upon individuals. It is credible that a man may be very virtuous, very good, and very learned, possessed, indeed, of all the best and greatest attributes of civilisation, and yet be supremely poor; but if a nation is plunged into want the good may abound, but there will be few learned.

Having established then, knowledge, morality, intercommunication, and wealth, as the bases of civilisation, Mr. Mackinnon proceeds to announce, that public opinion and civilisation do not co-exist exactly in an equal proportion. That part of civilisation which he here alludes to as being independent of public opinion, being apparently that which is forced upon the public. Popular clamour is at the same time distinguished from public opinion as an emanation of ignorance, poverty, and fanaticism. Ignorance would have sufficed. Poverty is accidental, and if part of what is expended in punishment were devoted to instruction, even poverty and ignorance would not go always together. As to fanaticism, the passions of mankind are all alike, except that reason, knowledge and morality teach us to control them. Ignorance, is therefore, the cause of fanaticism, and popular clamour does not so much emanate from poverty itself, as from the condition of the poor, or the absence of civilisation among the lower classes. Hence it is that in this country, the elements of civilisation being widely diffused, popular clamour has little influence, or as Mr. Mackinnon prefers to express it, "Popular clamour has probably less influence in this country than in any other, owing to the strength of public opinion." Such an expression is, however, somewhat objectionable, when it is considered that in politics, the elements not being fixed, as in science or morality, it is not certain where ignorance leaves off and knowledge begins; and hence public opinion is often looked upon in the pride of superior judgment as popular clamour, and when long disregarded positively becomes so. We have had frequent examples of this in the history of the domestic policy of this country.

Again, prejudice, or pre-admitted opinions, constitute a perpetual barrier to civilisation among all classes of persons. It is so omnipotent in this country that it will not allow a minister to act by his own judgment, but he must follow that of his party. Mr. Mackinnon quotes Bacon as saying that the opinion of all men of information, divested of prejudice, on a given subject, is nearly the same. Now history has attested that the prejudices of information belong most to the upper classes, where they are thus as mischievous in opposing themselves to the comforts of the lower classes, as the ignorance of the latter is at all times dangerous to the welfare of society.

Quitting these elementary but essential topics, Mr. Mackinnon proceeds briefly to discuss civilisation in relation to different conditions of society, from which he advances to more enlarged views of the state of civilisation among the nations of antiquity, confining himself to Egypt, Greece, and Rome; chapters which are full of learning and interest, and which cannot be perused without benefit and advantage even to the least thoughtful.

Disregarding afterwards the great principle of the historian of civilisation in Europe and in France, that the history of civilisation is not fully developed in the history of any single state of Europe, but that the

elements of that history are to be found sometimes in England, sometimes in France, sometimes in Germany, sometimes in Spain, and he might have added in Italy, in Arabia during the middle ages, and in America in the present day, Mr. Mackinnon proceeds boldly and justifiably to discuss the history of English civilisation by itself, and the epochs of which he evidently considers to be the Norman Conquest, the Charter, the destruction of feudalism in the wars of the Roses, the Reformation, the rebellion, and the civil war, the restoration of Charles II. and abdication of James II., the accession of the Prince of Orange, the constitutional leaning of Queen Anne, and the support given to the constitution by the house of Brunswick. And so indeed it is, that out of apparently incompatible events, such as a rebellion and a restoration, good ultimately accrued to this country; and under Divine Providence (we say this advisedly, without merging the control of mind into an only moral government of Providence), apparent evils have been made to contribute to the power and prosperity of this great nation.

These preliminaries got over, Mr. Mackinnon's work increases still more in interest, as that interest becomes more individual and immediate. This portion of his subject is opened by a view of the present state of society as contrasted with that of the last century, which is followed by an extremely judicious summary of the relative position in this country of the monarchical power, the House of Lords and the House of Commons, and it is completed by a summary of the author's opinions upon the influence of civilisation on the lower classes, in which he advocates opinions unfavourable to the prospects of the poor, and which consequently will be looked upon by many as impugning the wisdom and goodness of moral government. It is difficult to conceive a more illogical conclusion than that Condorcet's generous hopes for the improvement of his species were at all militated against by the crimes of the French revolutionists. On the contrary, had the perfectibility which that able philosopher and good man so fondly anticipated been in existence, no crime would have sullied that revolution, or rather there would, as in later times, have been a change without a rebellion at all. It is also far more agreeable, and to the plurality of enlightened and philanthropic natures, much more indicative of a generous talent, to see it labouring in discovering means of support for an excessive population (however theoretical, as in Dr. Loudon's case, those means may be), than to labour in substantiating Malthusian doctrines, ever repulsive to the man of enlarged and generous sympathies.

It will be necessary, however, to wait for a second volume of this important work, which embraces subjects, the consideration of which are of such vital interest to the country, to form a correct opinion of the author's views and their application to existing institutions. It is probable, that changes which are actually taking place in this country will modify them considerably, in the meantime we can express our perfect agreement with Mr. Mackinnon in the highest generality which he announces, "*that in a civilised community the form of government and its liberal tendency ought to depend on the state of society, not the state of society on the form of government.*"



## THE YOUNG BARONET.\*

It would be unjust not to say that this strange history is cleverly and forcibly written. Many of the characters are well sketched; Factor Drurie and Mrs. McMarmalade, admirably so; and there is often breadth and strength of description, as in the brush of the smuggler, as well as high poetical taste and feeling dispersed here and there. It is curious, that George the Fourth is several times in this work referred to, as having said on his death-bed, "My God! this is death!" This recurrence to the same thing, attests the effect which it has had upon the author. The practical working of such an example, ought to be also to remind an author of the vast responsibility attendant upon disseminating unsound morality.

## THE BRIDAL OF SALERNO.†

A ROMANCE in six cantos is a somewhat bold and novel attempt in recent poetical literature. Mr. Ellerton has adopted the measure of which Coleridge first exemplified the fitness for romantic narrative poetry in his "Christabel," and to which Scott subsequently gave so much perfection of rhythm and harmony.

## EASTERN EUROPE AND THE EMPEROR NICHOLAS.‡

WE have often had to speak favourably of the writings of this anonymous and prolific author. His works upon the same theme, will soon, indeed, amount to about eight volumes, yet we truly agree with him, and the character of the times attests the fact, that a hundred volumes would scarcely suffice to make known to the British public all that it should know, about an empire covering one-half the continent of Europe—whose action is so marked upon the present destiny—so inextricably interwoven with the future fate of so many neighbouring races. The English are, however, a strange race of people, profoundly interested in the welfare of the humble African race, while that of several millions of prostrate Slavonian tribes, a people essentially marked out from the rest of the world by habits of industry, and by an hereditary intelligence and usefulness, scarcely ever occurs to their thoughts. If a state of society so unparalleled as not to be readily believed, is exposed, the result is to merge the reprobation which ought to be felt against its rulers, into contempt of an unfortunate people. If on the other hand, the monstrous system which so profoundly demoralises and so cruelly oppresses our fellow-creatures in Eastern Europe, is dragged before the bar of public opinion, it is met by the cry

\* The Young Baronet: a Novel. 3 vols. T. C. Newby.

† The Bridal of Salerno: a Romance in Six Cantos, with other Poems and Notes. By John Lodge Ellerton, M.A. Longman and Co.

‡ Eastern Europe and the Emperor Nicholas. By the Author of "Revelations of Russia," "The White Slave," &c. 2 vols. T. C. Newby.

of Russo-phobia. It is *not* Russo-phobia, it is a simple question of the welfare of millions of human beings, and the author who brings his knowledge and abilities to the earnest task of awakening sympathy for the sun-burnt Servian, the toiling Slave, the tasked Russian serf, or the prostrate Pole, is labouring in a great and good cause, to which we heartily wish every possible success. The subject has so moved us, that no space remains to say of what the author's two last volumes consist. They treat of slavery in the Russian dominions, of the Russian rule in Poland, and, at considerable length, with interesting translations, of Slavonic and Finnish literature. The third volume, which is not yet published, will treat of those very interesting tribes, the Slavonic race in Turkey, Austria, and Prussia. We heartily recommend these volumes to all sober-minded and philanthropic readers, and all who have the welfare of the human race at large, at heart. ,

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#### FOREST AND GAME LAW TALES.\*

MISS MARTINEAU sets to work with her subject radically. The forest laws of Canute are the earliest on our records; and the operation of those of the Norman kings ceased from the first session of the Long Parliament. The tales of this first volume refer to this remote period. We can scarcely imagine a more suggestive manner of treating the subject, and although game is undoubtedly, to a certain extent, property, still it is high time to consider seriously whether it is any longer so, when it roams out of that property and feeds on that of others. "Merddhin," "The Manor and the Eyrie," "The Staunch and their Work," and "Old Landmarks and Old Laws," will form an excellent introduction to considerations of this class, to which they offer the safest and most philosophical guides by exposing their origin. The subsequent volumes are intended to expose, in like manner, the practical operation of the same laws, which evidently had their origin in barbarous and feudal times up to the present day. It is a most creditable task, and Miss Martineau has courageously and energetically engaged herself in its accomplishment.

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#### THE CITIZEN OF PRAGUE.†

THE public is certainly much indebted to Mrs. Howitt for her industry in presenting them with the treasures of German literature. The "Citizen of Prague" is an historical novel of an ambitious cast, very complete and detailed, occupying a space equal to four ordinary volumes, and it has the advantage of presenting English readers with characters that are quite new to them, and which possess an intense degree of interest. There is not so much play of the domestic affections as in Miss Bremer's

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\* Forest and Game-Law Tales. By Harriet Martineau. In Three Volumes. Vol. I. Edward Moxon.

† The Citizen of Prague. Translated by Mary Howitt. 3 vols. Henry Colburn.

works, nor is there the perfection of simplicity that belongs to Hans Christian Andersen, but we perfectly agree with the translator, that there is a beautiful and elevated spirit which breathes through the whole work, and animates its leading characters, making this splendid romance an honour to human nature.

The leading characters are Count von Lacy, a Bohemian nobleman, who by a mystification needless to enter upon, is bound to wed Magda, the grand-daughter of Thomas Thyrnau, the "citizen of Prague," advocate and patriot, or to lose his estates. Called in early life to the court of Maria Theresa, and led astray by the impetuosity of youth and the prejudices of rank, the count viewed this mysterious announcement of his destination as a fetter which he deemed himself entitled to cast off and despise. He accordingly woos and weds the Princess Claudia Morani, much his senior in age. But this did not occur till after certain visits to an Ursuline court; a spot which, with its worthy inhabitants, its fairy children, its Swiss dairy wife, Mrs. Bábili Oberhofer, its stone fountain representing the Red Sea, out of which rose the figure of St. Christopher, and upon whose shoulder glittered the child Jesus, is described with inimitable *gusto*, and where the young nobleman sees and admires the beautiful Magda; nor till after Thomas Thyrnau had called the young recreant to Bohemia to learn his doom, and find that the grand-daughter for whom he was destined, is this same Magda whom he loves, and by whom he is beloved. But honour carries the day with the count, he abides by his promises given to the princess, while Magda, who is an enthusiast to an extent unexampled in literature, more especially in her communions with saints and angels, destroys the will and liberates the count from his destiny; a proceeding in which the stern patriot to the loss of all his worldly goods, accedes. Truly might Maria Theresa say, "he was a man! we shall not find a second like him."

No sooner is the count married, than he is arrested as an accomplice of Thomas Thyrnau in a Franco-Bohemian conspiracy, in which Madame de Pompadour plays a part. The trial for high treason sets De Lacy free, but immures Thyrnau and Magda within the walls of the castle of Karlstein. This gives occasion for a description of a feudal castle, and its guardians, such as they were in olden time, which is remarkable for its vividness and brilliancy. The Count von Podiebrad is made as signally a creature of a castle, as Quasimodo is part of the towers of Notre Dame.

Ultimately the first Lady de Lacy dies with her first-born at the siege of Prague, during the Seven Years' War; and the count is united to the spiritual grand-daughter of the patriot. There are many other secondary characters equally admirably delineated; more especially Maria Theresa herself, the Princess Theresa, a very remarkable person, the minister Kaunitz, and the Hereditary Prince S——. In fact, a more complete German novel can scarcely be imagined, evidently careful in what appertains to history; its fictions being purely Germanic, and its descriptions at once correct, new, and delightful. To those, therefore, for whom new and untrodden fields of literature have any charms, this work will present irresistible attractions.

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\*.\* Notices of several other works received this month are unavoidably postponed.



# THE NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

## THE BERKSHIRE JUBILEE.

AN ODE.

WRITTEN FOR THE 22ND OF AUGUST, 1843.

BY FRANCES ANNE BUTLER.

BERKSHIRE is a county in the state of Massachusetts, bordering upon those of New York and Connecticut. Resembling in its natural features the softer parts of the Tyrol, it combines all the finer elements of beautiful scenery—mountains and forests, savage and sublime; fertile valleys, where a very careful agriculture contrasts most advantageously with these wilder beauties; placid rivers, flowing gently through rich meadow lands; exquisite lakes locked in the hollow chambers of the hills; and torrents, leaping by plunges of twenty, forty, and sixty feet down the rocky chasms of every pine-curtained ravine. But the soil is generally, and the climate always severe in this beautiful region; and the young men, sons of the hardy yeomanry who own the land, often prefer emigrating for awhile to the west or south, where more genial skies and a virgin soil tempt them with the hope of easier and more rapid fortunes. But the New England seal is upon their hearts; and, like the Scotch, whom the inhabitants of the eastern states so strongly resemble in all their national characteristics—no place is home to them but the dear “hill country.” Nor do they ever, amid the reckless licence and lawless habits of southern and western existence, forget that training, eminently pious, moral, and intelligent, which every New England youth receives beneath his father’s roof.

In Berkshire, two years ago, a Jubilee was held, for the purpose of gathering together, on their native soil, all the sons of that picturesque mountain district, scattered over the wide surface of the United States. The summons was enthusiastically obeyed. And some came thither from beyond the waters of the Mississippi; and some came from beyond the great chasm of a thirty years’ absence. And the occasion was very touching and solemn.

BRYANT, himself a Berkshire man, was solicited to celebrate it, but having declined doing so, the task devolved on one most unworthy of it, save for the love and reverence which she bears to the beautiful region that has been to her emphatically a home in a strange land.

DARKNESS upon the mountain and the vale,  
 The woods, the lakes, the fields, are buried deep  
 In the still, silent, solemn star-watch'd sleep:  
 No sound, no motion;—and o'er hill and dale  
 A calm and lovely death seems to embrace  
 Earth's fairest realms and Heav'n's unmeasured space.

The forest slumbers, leaf, and branch, and bough,  
 High feathery crest and lowliest grassy blade,  
 All restless wandering wings are folded now  
 That swept the clouds, and in the sunshine play'd;  
 The lake's wild waves sleep in their rocky bowl,<sup>(1)</sup>  
 Unbroken stillness streams from Nature's soul.  
 And night's black star-sown wings brood o'er the whole.

In the deep trance of the hush'd universe,  
 The dark death-mystery doth man rehearse:  
 Now for awhile cease the swift thoughts to run  
 From task to task—tired labour overdone,  
 With lighter toil than that of brain or heart,  
 In the sweet pause of outward life takes part;  
 And hope and fear, desire, love, joy, and sorrow,  
 Wait 'neath sleep's downy breast the coming morrow.  
 Peace on the earth, profoundest peace in Heaven,  
 Praises the God of peace by whom 'tis given!

But hark! the woody depths of green  
 Begin to stir;  
 Light breaths of life creep fresh between  
 Oak, beech, and fir;  
 Faint rustling sounds of trembling leaves  
 Whisper around;  
 The world at waking slowly heaves  
 A sigh profound.  
 And show'rs of tears night-gather'd in her eyes,  
 Fall from fair Nature's face as she doth rise.

A ripple roughens on the lake,  
 The silver lilies rocking wake;  
 The sapphire waves lift themselves up and break  
 Along the laurell'd shore;  
 And woods and waters, answering each other, make  
 Silence no more.

And lo! the East turns pale.  
 Night's dusky veil  
 Thinner and thinner grows,  
 Till the bright morning star  
 From hill to hill afar  
 This beacon shows.  
 Gold streaks shoot up the sky  
 Higher, and yet more high  
 The glory streams,

Flushes of rosy hue,  
Long lines of palest blue,  
Bright amber gleams;  
From the black valleys rise  
The silver mists like spray,  
Upcurling to the skies  
They catch the ray.  
Light floods the Heav'n's light pours upon the earth,  
In glorious light the glorious day takes birth.  
Hail to this day that brings ye home,  
Ye distant wanderers from the mountain land!  
Hail to this hour that bids ye come  
Again upon your native hills to stand!  
Hail! hail! from rocky peak  
And wood-embowered dale,  
A thousand loving voices speak!  
Hail! home-turn'd pilgrims, hail!  
Oh, welcome! From the meadow and the hill glad greetings rise.  
From flowing stream and rapid running rill,  
Bright level lake, and dark, green wood-depth still,  
And the sharp thunder-splinter'd crag that strikes  
Its jagged rocky spikes  
Into the skies.  
Gray Lock,(2) cloud-girdled from his purple throne,  
A welcome sends;  
And from green, sunny fields a warbling tone  
The Housatonick(3) blends.  
Welcome! ye absent, long, and distant far,  
Who from the roof-tree of your childhood turn'd,  
Have waged 'mid strangers life's relentless war,  
While at your hearts the holy home-love burn'd.  
Ye that have ploughed the furrows of the foam,  
And reap'd hard fortunes from the briny sea,  
The golden grain-fields rippling round your home,  
Roll their rich billows from wild tempests free!  
Ye from those western, deadly blooming fields,  
Where pestilence in plenty's bosom lies,  
The hardy rock-soil of your mountains yields  
Health's rosy blossoms to these purer skies!  
And ye who, on the accursed southern plain,  
Barren, not fruitful with the sweat of slaves,  
Have drawn awhile the tainted air in pain,  
'Mid human forms, their spirits living graves;  
Here fall the fetters by his cottage door,  
Lord of the lordliest life, the peasant stands,  
Lifting to God, as did his sires of yore,  
A heart of love and proud laborious hands.  
On each bald granite brow and forest crest,  
Each stony hill-path, and each lake's smooth shore,  
Blessings of noble exiled patriots rest;(4)  
Liberty's altars are they evermore;  
And on this air there lingers yet the tone



Of those last sacred words to freedom given,  
 The mightiest utterance of that holy one,  
 Whose spirit from the mountains soared to Heaven.(5)

Ye that have prosper'd, bearing hence with ye  
 The virtues that command prosperity,  
 To the green threshold of your youth; ah! come  
 And hang your trophies round your early home!  
 Ye that have suffer'd, and whose weary eyes  
 Have turned with sadness to your happier years,  
 Come to the fountain of sweet memories,  
 And by its healing waters dry your tears!  
 Ye that departed, young and old, return!  
 Ye who went forth with hope, and hopeless, come,  
 If still unquench'd within your hearts hath burn'd  
 The sacred love and longing for your home.

Hail! hail!

Bright hill and dale

With joy resound!

Join in the joyful strain:

Ye have not wept in vain;

The parted meet again;

The lost shall yet be found.

And may God guard thee, oh! thou lovely land!

Danger nor evil nigh thy borders come.

Green towers of freedom! may thy hill still stand;

Still be thy valleys peace and virtue's home;

The blessing of the stranger rest on thee;

And firm as Heaven be thy prosperity.

#### NOTES.

(1) The Indian name of an exquisite lake, situated between the villages of Lenox and Stockbridge, signifies "the Bowl." It lies like a cup of sparkling life in the bosom of the mountains.

(2) Grey Lock is the picturesque name of a mountain, of majestic proportions and beautiful outline, which rises in the northern part of the county. It is also sometimes called "Saddle-Back," from the peculiarity of its shape.

(3) The Housatonick is the Indian name of the stream that winds through the valleys of Berkshire, and upon which are some falls that in any country but America would be incessantly haunted by scenery-hunters, and celebrated far and wide by poets and painters.

(4) Count Confalonieri, Maroncelli, and others less noted but hardly less noble among the Italian patriots, passed some time among these hills, hospitably welcomed, cheered, and comforted, in the bitterness of exile, by kindred spirits, to whom this beautiful region appears to have been assigned as an appropriate dwelling-place.

(5) Channing pronounced at Lenox his last public discourse. It was upon the subject of all others nearest his heart, the abolition of slavery in his own country. He spent the summer of 1842 in Berkshire, and taking his departure thence, died before he had passed the borders of the county. His last public utterance is thus dedicated to its inhabitants.

"I dedicate this address to the men and women of Berkshire. I have found so much to delight me in the magnificent scenery of this region, in its peaceful and prosperous villages, and in the rare intelligence and virtues of the friends whose hospitality I have here enjoyed, that I desire to connect this little work with this spot. I cannot soon forget the beautiful nature and the generous spirits, with which I have been privileged to commune in the valley of the Housatonick."

# LAMAN BLANCHARD AND HIS WRITINGS.\*

WITH A SELECTION FROM HIS CORRESPONDENCE WITH MR. AINSWORTH.

His was the searching thought, the glowing mind;  
The gentle will to others soon resign'd;  
But more than all, the feeling just and kind.

His thoughts were as a pyramid up-piled,  
On whose far top an angel sat and smiled—  
Yet in his heart was he a simple child.

BLANCHARD.—*The Eloquent Pastor Dead.*

ADMIRABLY has Sir E. Bulwer Lytton performed his task. A labour of sorrowing love has this memoir of a departed friend been to him. He has screened no fault, disguised no imperfection, exaggerated no good quality, but has painted an excellent man, and an excellent writer, in his true colours. Hence the great value of the sketch. The life of Laman Blanchard, as here written, is a mournful tale; beautifully and touchingly told; and conveying a most impressive lesson. It is the picture of a struggling man of letters—very forcibly and faithfully portrayed—and excites a strong sympathy for the class to which the subject of the biography belonged, while it exhibits the dangers and difficulties to which all who embark in so hazardous a profession as that of literature are exposed. Apart from its truthfulness, the grace and tenderness of the sketch are singularly to be admired. The biographer's sorrow is unfeigned. Like gentlest rain, his tears descend upon his friend's untimely grave, and immortal flowers spring from it.

How eloquently are Sir Edward's regrets expressed in the opening passages of the memoir:—

“Who, among our London brotherhood of letters, does not miss that simple cheerfulness—that inborn and exquisite urbanity—that child-like readiness to be pleased with all—that happy tendency to panegyrisé every merit and to be lenient to every fault? Who does not recall that acute and delicate sensibility—so easily wounded, and therefore so careful not to wound—which seemed to infuse a certain intellectual fine breeding, of forbearance and sympathy, into every society where it insinuated its gentle way? Who, in convivial meetings does not miss, and will not miss for ever, the sweetness of those unpretending talents—the earnestness of that honesty which seemed unconscious, it was worn so lightly—the mild influence of that exuberant kindness, which softened the acrimony of young disputants, and reconciled the secret animosities of jealous rivals? Yet few men had experienced more to sour them than Laman Blanchard, or had gone more resolutely through the author's hardening ordeal, of narrow circumstance, of daily labour, and of that disappointment in the higher aims of ambition, which must almost inevitably befall those who retain ideal standards of excellence, to be reached but by time and leisure, and who are yet condemned to draw hourly upon unmatured resources, for the practical wants of life. To have been engaged from boyhood in such struggles, and to have preserved, undiminished, generous admiration for those more fortunate, and untiring love for his own noble yet thankless calling; and this with a constitution singularly finely strung, and with all the nervous irritability which usually accompanies the indulgence of the imagination: is a proof of the rarest kind of strength depending less upon a power purely intellectual, than upon the higher

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\* Sketches from Life. By the late Laman Blanchard. With a Memoir of the Author. By Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton Bart. 3 vols. Henry Colburn.

and more beautiful heroism which woman, and such men alone as have the best feelings of a woman's nature, take from instinctive enthusiasm for what is great, and uncalculating faith in what is good.

"It is regarded thus, that the character of Laman Blanchard assumes an interest of a very elevated order. He was a choice and worthy example of the professional English men of letters in our day. He is not to be considered in the light of the man of daring and turbulent genius, living on the false excitement of vehement calumny and uproarious praise. His was a career, not indeed obscure, but sufficiently quiet and unnoticed to be solaced with little of the pleasure with which, in aspirants of a noisier fame, gratified and not ignoble vanity rewards the labour and stimulates the hope. For more than twenty years he toiled on through the most fatiguing paths of literary composition, mostly in periodicals, often anonymously; pleasing and lightly instructing thousands, but gaining none of the prizes, whether of weighty reputation or popular renown, which more fortunate chances, or more pretending modes of investing talent, have given in our day to men of half his merits."

That merits of so peculiar and yet so high an order should not meet with worldly favour carries with it no reflection upon the man, but much upon the condition of society, the civilisation of which has not yet attained the perfection necessary to enable it to discriminate between toil for the welfare and happiness of the mind, and that which frets itself in providing for the wants or luxuries of the body. In countries so circumstanced, every thing that can in the most remote manner be made to tend to bodily comforts and convenience is readily protected, and the statesman, who merely reflects the public mind, directs it to no higher efforts. All that labours to chasten taste, to improve the intellect, and to open the heart, is a mere matter of course: the bare idea of honouring and protecting a toiling literature has become a theme for derision.

"In Laman Blanchard's life (says Sir E. Bulwer Lytton) there were apparent many of the sores and evils peculiar to literary men in a country in which mind is regarded but as a common ware of merchandise; its products to be bought but by the taste and fashion of the public; with no resource in those provisions which elsewhere (and in Germany more especially) the state affords to such as quit the Agora for the schools. The institution of professional chairs in Germany has not only saved many a scholar from famine, many a genius from despair, but by offering subsistence and dignity to that valuable class of writers whose learning and capacities unfit them, by reason of their very depth, for wide popularity, it has given worthy and profitable inducements to grave study, and more than all else, has maintained the German fame for patient erudition, and profound philosophy. And this has been effected without the evils which free traders in literature have supposed the concomitants of the system; it has not lessened the boldness and originality of such authors as a public alone can reward and appreciate; nor has it crushed, by the patronage of a state, the spirit of free inquiry and enlarged discussion. In England, the author who would live on his works can live only by the public; in other words by the desultory readers of light literature; and hence the inevitable tendency of our literary youth is towards the composition of works without learning and forethought. Leisure is impossible, to him who must meet the exigencies of the day; much information of a refining and original kind is not for the multitude. The more imaginative rush to novels, and the more reflective fritter away their lives in articles for periodicals. Under such influences the author of these volumes lived and died."

Sir E. Bulwer Lytton places his friend very high among the British essayists. And deservedly so. Laman Blanchard's name may well be associated with that of his own beloved Charles Lamb, whom he sometimes took as a model; or with that of Goldsmith, whom he resembled, not so much in style or manner as in kindliness of disposition and purity of sentiment.



"Putting aside," says his biographer, "his poetical pretensions, and regarding solely what he performed, not what he promised, he unquestionably stands high amongst a class of writers in which for the last century we have not been rich—the Essayists whose themes are drawn from social subjects, sporting lightly between literature and manners. And this kind of composition is extremely difficult in itself, requiring intellectual combinations rarely found. The volumes prefaced by this slight Memoir deserve a place in every collection of *belles lettres*, and form most agreeable and characteristic illustrations of our manners and our age. They possess what is seldom found in light reading, the charm that comes from bequeathing *pleasurable* impressions. They are suffused in the sweetness of the author's disposition; they shun all painful views of life, all acerbity in observation, all gall in their gentle sarcasm. Added to this, they contain not a thought, not a line, from which the most anxious parent would guard his child. They may be read with safety by the most simple, and yet they contain enough of truth and character to interest the most reflective. Such works more than many which aspire to a higher flight, and address themselves to Truth with a ruder and more vigorous courtship, are calculated to enjoy a tranquil popularity, and a favoured station among the Dead who survive in Books."

The philosophy of actual life, and the follies and humours of the age, have been inimitably portrayed by Laman Blanchard; while the great purposes to which his kind heart, amiable disposition, thoroughly respectable character, and proper feeling, ever directed him, and which shine so conspicuously in many of his sketches, more particularly his "City of the Virtues" have been well and cheerfully worked out in these essays. The world has enough of stern forbidding moralists, and more good is probably done in one month by an essayist like Blanchard, who can inculcate a lesson in an attractive and graceful form, than is often accomplished in a year, by dull scholastic argument.

Of Laman Blanchard's claims to distinction as a poet, we shall speak on some future occasion. And we trust the opportunity may soon be afforded us by a collection of his fugitive pieces in verse, many of which are exquisitely beautiful. The collection seems naturally to refer itself to the modern poets' publisher, Mr. Moxon.

Laman Blanchard's melancholy end is sufficiently well known. "The predisposition to suicide," his biographer justly remarks, "has been pronounced by eminent physicians to be more frequently a constitutional tendency, a physical disease, than a purely moral obliquity of judgment, or the result of mental operations. It seems probable that such a tendency, wholly of the constitution—and to be regarded with awe and pity, rather than the censure which we should attach to a deliberate desertion of the obligations and ties of earth—was interwoven with the keen and over-susceptible temperament of Laman Blanchard."

It was some consolation to his friends to know that, although pecuniary embarrassments added to Laman Blanchard's mental distress, the chief cause was the loss of a beloved wife. At the moment when his mind, to use an expression of his biographer's, "ground into unnatural sharpness by over-fatigue and over-grief, had not worn but cut through the scabbard," there were no circumstances of pecuniary difficulty calculated to awaken *immediate* anxiety or excitement. Upon this subject Sir Edward relates an anecdote which we shall cite.

"It so chanced that the day before, two friends of Mr. Blanchard, one of whom was Mr. Ainsworth, the distinguished novelist, accidentally met.

Upon ——'s inquiry after Blanchard, whom he had not seen for many months, Mr. Ainsworth said that he feared he was in a condition of mind that required instant and skilful attention. It was arranged that Mr. Ainsworth and —— should meet the next day at the house of the latter, and thence go to Mr. Forster, who was confined to his rooms in Lincoln's-inn-fields, by severe illness, to consult what could best be done for their common friend. . . . Each, no doubt, had formed in his own mind some affectionate scheme that should draw Blanchard for a time from the scene of his domestic affliction, and give him a total reprieve from his labours. Full of such projects, when they met the next day it was to learn that he was no more.

"The consultation at Mr. Forster's rooms was mournfully changed in its object; it was now not the father, but the children—the orphans, who were to be cared for."

It is almost unnecessary to observe that the name here so delicately omitted is that of Sir E. Bulwer Lytton himself; but we trust it may be added without impropriety, that that generous-hearted individual, who is not less distinguished for the mildness of his nature than for his exalted genius, had devised a plan which would have given our poor friend needful repose, and have effectually relieved him from any harassing pressure. But it was not to be.

The portrait of Laman Blanchard, by Maclise, is a wonderful work, considering the circumstances under which it was produced—partly from recollection, and partly from a bust. But it is not our friend's best expression. It has his gravest look, and wants that cordial and bewitching smile which ordinarily lighted up the features.

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In looking over our correspondence with our valued friend, several of his letters appear to illustrate his character, as delineated by Sir E. Bulwer Lytton, so perfectly, that we cannot resist making a selection from them. The first on the list was addressed to us soon after a monthly publication, called the *Omnibus*, had been started by Mr. George Cruikshank, of which Mr. Blanchard was editor, and of the conduct of which this letter gives the history.

11, Union Street, Monday.

My dear Ainsworth,

THERE seems no chance of seeing you in town, and talk of penny postage, I think it makes one write fewer letters than ever. I was just packing up an *Omnibus* with a note of introduction (last month), when I heard that you had seen it, and that the ladies, at least, had said many pleasant things thereanent. This, however, I wished to say to you, that my share in it consists in implicitly following G. C.'s instruction, not only as to subjects but the mode of treating them. Except little varieties in verse, I consider the vehicle to be his and his exclusively. You will find again, from the second number, that with the exception of Frank Heartwell (about which I have my opinion!) all the subjects are by my hand. Now don't imagine for a moment that this was my choice or wish. We couldn't get suitable writers, and I was obliged to go filling up till the end of the month and the number. This is the reason why it is a cab rather than a bus. There will be a great change in this respect, I hope, next month, when with the rollicking fun of a clown or two my harliquinade capers and light whimsies may not be so much of a bore, or at all out of

place. All this I say to you, not because I fear *you* will think me presumptuous in attempting to keep the vehicle all to myself, and in filling a space which belongs to broader humorists, but because I can't help feeling that you take an interest in the work, and still entertain the idea of joining Cruikshank in a monthly speculation. Now, until that time comes he has my best advice and help on "the most reasonable terms," and then I jump down, or serve in any shape that a friendly arrangement may afford me. In the meantime we shall mend by getting more variety than any *one* hand can supply in treating half-a-dozen subjects, *especially when those subjects are another's.*

I want to know, not in mere literary compliment, but in honest friendship, what way you are making. Is Old Saint Paul's near its end, and do you, indeed begin Windsor Castle this year? Of the first I have seen nothing for several weeks, the paper never falling in my way. Will you present my cordial greetings to the ladies, and receive now as always the heartiest assurances from,

\* Yours most sincerely,  
• LAMAN BLANCHARD.

The next was received just before the appearance of the first number of *Ainsworth's Magazine*, of which Mr. Blanchard was sub-editor. His advice about correspondents is amusing enough.

My dear Ainsworth,

I WAS meditating a ride over to-day to confer on the number, when your letter reaches me, showing an overflow as usual. How am I to cram in verses and three or four pages of irresistible comic sketching. Well, I'll see without delay to the various matters you suggest, and forward the two poems to Saville to-day. All the contributions shall be initialised duly. But why not have given me the drudgery of reading through and answering them? If I were to take the papers in the rough, and hand over to you only those which I thought might possibly do, it would make shorter work of it to you. It won't do (by the way) to give their names or addresses, or even their initials always, when their papers are declined. "Communications are at the publisher's for A, B, C, &c.," is the only phrase, when they are mentioned in print, by which they can be shielded from the publicity of rejection. But all this I will see to, to avoid offence. Should they not have had notes? Ever yours,

L. B.

Here are two jovial little notes, recalling pleasant meetings:—

My dear Ainsworth,

I CANNOT be left out, and have therefore apologised myself out of a particular engagement in order to join you. But I know my reward! Twelfth cake! Psha! ALE! I find Dickens is particularly pleased; and I find, too, Queen Anne is likely to "sit in the sun"—not the paper, though she sits there too. Ever yours,

L. B.

Thursday.



Saturday.

My dear Ainsworth,

I AM delighted with the prospect, and hope to see you all on Thursday revelling in that field, and imbibing bliss per that Hodgson's pale.

Ever yours, in haste,

LAMAN BLANCHARD.

The next letter refers to the tale of "John Manesty," a posthumous and unfinished work by Dr. Maginn. Blanchard undertook to put it into shape, but added nothing to it. The concluding chapters were written by Mr. Charles Ollier, author of the striking romance of "Ferners."

My dear Ainsworth;

You will be surprised to hear, that after three attempts—losing some hours each time—to *do* the Manesty affair; after reading it again and again, print and manuscript, backwards and forwards, getting more perplexed each time—I found out the cause of all my difficulty—and that was, *that the new chapter was not wanted, and could not be written at all.* It is all a mistake. You will find it so when you come to read and examine as I have done. How such a mistake originated as the supposition that a new chapter about that rigmarole of which the "heads" consist was to be written, is your affair, or Mrs. or Miss Maginn's. But my guess is—that they have got some notes of the Doctor's first intentions, or remember that he did so intend—and have overlooked the fact that in Chapters III. and V., he has himself done, *in effect*, what was proposed to be said in the "New" chapter—and that what is there said wholly precludes the possibility of such a chapter as the heads refer to. There is, to be sure, among the heads some new things proposed—such as Hugh Manesty's flirtation with Mary, and the introduction of Captain Stanley, but these are proposed in conjunction with things already done, and I am convinced that the writer designedly changed his plan—and that the makers-up of the "heads" have egregiously blundered—bamboozling me mightily. Some additions made to the eighth chapter may be necessary—but at that we do not arrive this month. I have arranged it all for the number—and, however you may be startled, I engage to prove I am right. Never was I so worried to find out a simple fact.

In haste, ever yours,

L. B.

The next refers to a trashy and forgotten book :—

My dear Ainsworth,

You will see proof of the "Horne-Book," I suppose, to-morrow. I have written in the dark, but carefully as to style, and in all to the best of my judgment. The book is not attackable in detail, without giving offence to friendly and innocent people. Its grand sins—apart from the impudence of the pretension—relate to yourself (*who cannot be visible*), Barham, Macready, and Bulwer. Of course to Barham in an unapproachable degree—nothing so atrocious was ever said by the most ferocious anti-Sheppardite! Be henceforth content—you are in good company. But then to quote largely, *might* be offensive. You will judge

as to what is done. The awkwardness is, that to some objection the legends are open—but all rational objection had been made before. Observe, what I have not before adverted to. George Colman is mentioned without a syllable of horror—but whether it would not be hurtful to Barham to make further allusion, you might give a thought to. As to Macready and Bulwer, I notice them (*not as you will feel, because I know them and like them*) but because, considering their position and doings, they are worse treated than any body, except yourself and Barham—indeed nobody else has any thing else to complain of but omission or slight—points not profitable to dwell upon too strongly. There are strong points of protest in both their cases—and these points refer especially to interested and jealous feelings in the editor. *Therefore I have done as is done.* You will have to add and omit and amend. I should like you to throw in a flourish or two of a classical kind—there are several places where a bit of Latin or other learning would give a sparkle—and it would mislead the fellows, who, knowing me, are aware of my unclassical pretensions. However, I must come out to you when you are at leisure, or would meet you when you come to the office. — assures me that — abuses the work most earnestly, is deeply sorry that Horne should have done it. \* \* \* \* I have other little particulars that have amused me, and tend to show the hollowness and humbug of the thing.

Ever yours,  
L. B.

Monday night.

The next note refers to the subscription for poor Elton's family, in behalf of whom Mr. Dickens exerted himself so nobly and successfully :

My dear Ainsworth,

DICKENS, chairman of the committee, has answered for your permitting your name to be placed on the list. I could have answered for it myself. Most of your personal friends are on it, and thank God we are prospering most mercifully — and we are sure of success. Poor Elton was an intimate and valued friend for sixteen years. I have been shocked past expression, and should have been ill, but that I have not had one minute's rest since Sunday, continual exertion being necessary. Dickens has acted nobly, and works night and day.

Ever yours,  
L. B.

In haste.

The following explains itself :

Monday night.

My dear Ainsworth,

I HAD so fully relied on seeing you on Saturday, that (the time being so short) I did not even write—but told — I should be sure to meet him at your house. And half way there I got, that is, to the Edgware Road, when I found a dizziness and pain in the head (unlike headache) which I had partially suffered all day, increased so as I rode—making me feel drunk *before* I got to your table—that I took fright, and went from one omnibus into another, and so came home dinnerless and savage beyond expression ; for by the time I arrived here I was just as well as I ever was in my life, and have been so ever since.

If I should ever get such a chance again—catch me coming back, I hope you all had a miserable evening.

Ever yours sincerely.

LAMAN BLANCHARD.

Mrs. Blanchard having been for some time an invalid, her husband removed her to St. Leonard's, in the hope that change of air would prove beneficial to her health. The following letter was received from him at the time:

St. Leonard's, Wednesday.

My dear Ainsworth,

MANY thanks for your note, which I was very glad to get, as I was to hear of your arrival—the essential point I shall attend to to-morrow. On Friday I must be back as poor — is extremely ill, and a prisoner in bed. But whether I return here on Saturday or Saturday week to bring home my wife is uncertain. If the *latter*, then I shall seize beyond all doubt the pleasure of seeing you at Kensal Green; and the hope of that, and the chat consequent upon it, will, I need not say, influence me in making my arrangements. But I will write you a note on that point. My wife, who is now, after some months of gloom, really brightening, and if I can prevail upon her to remain will have reason to bless the trip.

Ever yours,

L. BLANCHARD.

The following touching letter was received soon afterwards:

My dear Ainsworth,

You must not give me up. Think what *real* impediments they must be to keep from your table one who, in all weathers, has sought it, and found there pleasure upon pleasure a hundred times over. But in truth this change of hour makes a vast difference, both in getting out and home again; and, with my experience of the mental irritation of this week, I shrink from the hazard of increasing it on Sunday. Now, on Saturday, I can get out to dinner; but then the distance is easy, and the day is different.

Ever yours,

L. B.

Friday.

The next announces his beloved wife's fatal seizure:

My dear Ainsworth,

At five o'clock yesterday my wife was seized with an alarming illness. I have been up all night, and am in the greatest anxiety. The attack partakes somewhat of paralysis.

Yours ever,

L. B.

Sunday, 10 o'clock.

He again refers to her alarming condition in the following:

My dear Ainsworth,

THANKS for your very kind note, and most kindly, too, I felt the visit of F. A. I have had a fearful time of it, but am composed now, and relying on the prospect of safety. Whether her speech and sight will ever be perfectly restored, is doubtful, but she is entirely conscious and recog-



nises every body with a little effort. The word paralysis is one not readily forgotten—and I do not mention it where there is no necessity. Her escape has been miraculous, as the shock was sudden.—I shall be able to-morrow to set about pen and ink matters—I hope, so—and feel all your friendly thought for me.

Ever yours,

L. B.

The two following letters exhibit the sensitiveness and modesty of our friend's character. Most truly does he say he was "*not* presuming :"

My dear Ainsworth,

BEFORE this reaches you, you will have finished, and I trust fervently—to your satisfaction, and with a confirmation of success.

I have taken a great liberty in noticing —, as you will see. I could do it most easily, and it admitted of a few words about —. Assuredly I think the half of the first volume is his, and the thing altogether is novel and striking. It makes a very fair little article, with nothing I believe you will oppose. Up to Saturday I could scarcely do any thing; for though we are going on reasonably well, I have suffered a shock; and as it is, each day brings a bit of it back, as the poor creature, in trying to talk, utters such strange things that I am unhinged for hours. Yet she will recover, I believe, and be quite restored in time. I hardly knew that I had so much to suffer about any thing.

I have experienced during the past fortnight a world of kindness, and kindness always reminds me of you.

Monday night.

Most truly, always,

L. BLANCHARD.

My dear Ainsworth,

Thursday morning.

I SHALL be very pleased to attend at the Parthenon on Friday; but for Sunday, I must deny myself all such indulgence. Your note is kind in tone; but I see there has been annoyance on three points, and there is misapprehension on all,

1st. *Mr.* —. No — Street person can possibly dream of seeing a puff in the Magazine, knowing nothing whatever of it till it appears. I happened to have read the book for a totally different purpose, and it was *very convenient to myself* to do it, as I explained and apologised for. The notice is a godsend to —. Of course, when any book is noticed, *some* bookseller will have the benefit of the puffery.

2d. *Mr.* —. I cannot be responsible for the ravings of a hungry man; but you ought to feel sure that I had given him no undue promise. I venture to say I *never* take upon myself, and *never* arrogate, any authority. He worried me to death to urge the instant insertion of the paper you had accepted. I promised to use my best influence with you, and twice bored you about it. Doubtless I may have said, "there can't be a doubt of its going in this month," or something to that effect; for in a letter he reproached me with some broken promise. I told him as soon as I saw it was sure to go in, I would try and procure an advance, meaning to give once more the money out of my own pocket.

3rd. *Mr.* —. The cravings of the mind should be as closely suspected as the cravings of the stomach.—I trespassed a little in L——'s affair. Meeting him at E—— T——'s, his project was broached and help asked. We were all friendly enough, and I suggested that we must manage announcement in the literary notices of the magazines—saying, "Send

me a Prospectus, and I'll draw up a paragraph, and send to *New Monthly and Ainsworth*." He did not send me the Prospectus, and I did nothing. That was all.

I write—rather than talk of such matters,—not trifling to me, because they involve points of feeling. I am bold to say, that I am *not* presuming—but I am sensitive, and especially on that score.

Your's, ever sincerely,

LAMAN BLANCHARD.

The next letter is without date, but we believe it to have been the last we ever received from him :

My dear Ainsworth,

I FIND you are not aware of my condition. I have been in the worst state—excessive debility having combined with my mental ailments to reduce me in a way that admits of no description. Opiates first, and within these three nights, natural sleep, of which I have been deprived, give me hopes, and just now I am creeping on. But some time must elapse before my nerves are still, or my stomach recovers itself—it has been so insensibly weakened. I can read no book—or write a line—but with much difficulty arrange and superintend the paper, for ——'s excessive illness renders him unable to help. Long must it be before I can share your friendly dinner—yet my appetite, thank God, is growing—and if the sensations in my eyes and temples would abate, I should be far from desponding.

Ever yours, dear friend,

L. BLANCHARD.

Friday night.

Many letters, full of generous criticism upon our own efforts, have been omitted, from a fear of misconstruction. As a critic, indeed, it was that the thorough kindness and goodness of Laman Blanchard's nature were most strongly displayed. Possessed of the nicest critical faculty, his aim was ever to discover the beauties of an author, rather than to seek for and dwell upon his faults, and unless under circumstances of strong provocation, he never wrote a hostile review in his life—never wounded the feelings of a friend, either by a jest or sneer—and having no personal animosities to serve—no miserable jealousies to foment—no rivalries to sustain, he was ever just and generous—and far more impartial than many who lay claim to impartiality. Of an irritable race he was the least irritable, and rarely arose in dispute except in the defence of a friend.

His social characteristics have been faithfully represented by Sir E. Bulwer Lytton. His natural, good breeding, modest deportment, keen susceptibility of enjoyment, ready wit, and happy temperament, made him a delightful companion. In a *tete-à-tete* he was charming; and some of the most agreeable hours of our life have been passed in his society.

Farewell, then, thou best of friends, farewell! Never again shall we hear thy joyous laugh—never listen to thy easy flow of wit, thy jests, ever tempered with good-nature, or thy shrewd remarks unalloyed by asperity and cynicism! Never again shall we behold thy beaming and intelligent countenance, and the sparkle of thine eloquent eye! No projects shall we ever more discuss with thee, no troubles shall we ever more confide to thee, no successes recount! Gone, art thou, best of friends ever! and only livest to us in memory and in thy books!

## PIERRE PICARD; OR, THE SEA FAMINE.

BY CHARLES HOOTON. '9

## I.

*The Mate of the Ship Osprey muses as he sits on Deck—He describes a Morning Scene, and gives some Idea of the Character of his Captain, Pierre Picard—Then repeats the Captain's passionate Apostrophe, and tells what he himself did thereupon.*

WHAT think you of a river ? and what is it unto thee ?  
Is it a mass of water running down into the sea ?  
Is it rain-born, is it cave-born ? Is it strong or is it deep ?  
Arise within thyself and think :—thy soul is half asleep.

A river is a blood-vein of this great cold-blooded earth,  
And back into the mighty heart it runs that gave it birth.  
It mingles with the saltness, and the saltness purifies,  
Till up in unseen glory it ascendeth to the skies.

How gentle feels the blessedness and calm when it comes back,  
To run anew, with better life, along its ancient track !  
As one that, having gathered up corruption as he went,  
Is cleansed in death's abyss;—then back to his sky-home is sent.

Lord ! many seem the courses, and many seem the fates,  
And different seem the pathways, and countless look the gates  
That lead unto thy mysteries:—yet men have reason none.—  
As insects with their hundred eyes, make hundreds out of one.

Diverse, excentric, opposite, or strange as things may be,  
They all are bound in unity, and black and white agree.  
And darkness hath a sisterhood with rose and lily light,  
And mid-day hot remote salutes the forehead fair of night.

Thus, sitting on the quarter-deck, I mused, as, outward bound,  
From the Rio de la Plata, we keel'd the muddy ground.  
The morning sun, uprising then, was like the burning shield  
Of some almighty angel striding forth into the field,

Of God's own ether battle-ground, when Lucifer so fell  
With his chaotic millions through red space to redder hell.  
And the clouds vermilion-coloured, hung in flakes and draperies;  
And mimic'd uncouth mountains and rude rocks along the skies.

The breeze was friendly to a fault:—the rushing, anxious sea—  
Like one who seeks another shore, leapt onward cagerly.  
Yet now and then in play came back,—'twas like a lion's play,—  
And rudely kiss'd our pretty ship, and christen'd her with spray,

Our captain was a moody man, and oft I used to think  
Some buried crime within him lay that made his spirits sink.  
His eyes so oft were on the deck, that they familiar grew  
With every seam, and nail, and speck, till not a mark was new,

The earth has caverns fathomless, and on the earth are men  
Whose souls—save self-laid open—lie beyond a mortal's ken.—  
Dark, living caverns, self-contain'd, that hold in horror pent,  
The ruins of that former world in which their lives were spent.

Soul-hollow men, whose gloomy realms of memory and sad thought  
With visions dire of broken faith's and hearts betray'd, are fraught.  
Hells, in the shape of men.—A truth that all the wicked find,—  
Since hell makes not an outward pain, but burneth in the mind.



That morn was bright as May in heav'n—if heav'n have any May,—  
 While, green as June in the temperate zone, the shores beside us lay,  
 When Pierre Picard, our captain sad, cried in his spirit's might—  
 "My God!—what darkness *lives* amidst this dumb dead world of light!

"Shall the skies for ever brighten,—the sun for ever shine,  
 Nor fall one star to break the night that clouds this soul of mine?  
 Shall trees bear blossoms ever, or shall clouds in glory fly,  
 While not one flow'r's beneath *me*, nor one glory in my sky.

"All things that be insensate may look beautiful or bright,  
 While I, who think and feel, am but a hideous thing of night;  
 A sin embodied in a man, who crawls beneath the sun  
 As though the Day of Doom for him already had begun.

"Oh!—that one speck upon the soul,—like that we sometimes see,  
 No bigger than one's hand, upon a sky else cloud let free,  
 Should suddenly so overcast the canopy of blue,  
 That anywhere no rifts appear to see one's pole-star through!"

And then the captain blindly gazed upon the purple sea,  
 As though a deeper gulf than that rolled in his memory;  
 And in one sorrow gather'd then the griefs of many years,  
 While in the brine beneath him fell the bitterer brine of tears.

'Tis pitiful to hear a babe cry vainly for its rest,—  
 'Tis sad to see a woman's tears fall rain-like on her breast;  
 Yet keener is the pain to see, in resolute silence chase,  
 Drops of unwilling water down man's proud and marble face.

I noticed not his sorrow, since 'tis best to notice not,  
 Those signs of things a man himself would soonest have forgot;  
 I trimm'd the sails and squared the yards—then sent the men below,  
 That vulgar eyes no more might see a man of thought in woe.

They understand him not; but smile, perchance, to see *him* weep.  
 'Tis true in feelings as in facts,—short lines reach not the deep.  
 As the far internal heavings that disturb some gulf profound,  
 Scarce reach the waves that always laugh along the shallow ground.

## II.

*Pierre Picard tells the Mate a Portion of his Story—The drinking Store at Buenos Ayres  
 —Shooting with Melon Seeds—The Captain fights and proves himself a terrible  
 Marksman.*

Fear made our captain double every night the watch aboard,  
 And all the men were arm'd to rise when he should give the word.  
 I'd voyaged with him many years, yet ne'er before had known  
 The bright brisk current of his soul so blackly overblown.

With terrors and chimeras dire his mind was sore beset;  
 He struggled, as a tiger might, entangled in a net.  
 And his body seem'd a dungeon about a man confined—  
 A prison that let in no light, but made the tenant blind.

Now, by the rood! I do not like this mystery in men:  
 Till souls are freer, ne'er shall we be Christians true again.  
 O, for another Peter, with the spirit on his brow,  
 To denounce the lies, like current coin, we pass amongst us now!

At church, at chapel, at the gates of heav'n itself, we lie;  
 For lust of gain we falsehoods tell in all we sell and buy.  
 Our counters are but stalls for lies;—pews, pens of hypocrites,  
 And stools are they of cheating where the tradesman daily sits.

We sailors out upon the main have nought to do with this;  
 We help to gain another's gain, but pocket none, I wis.  
 'Tis ours to climb into the clouds—on sorry fare to pine—  
 To flash a moment on the shore, and bury in the brine.

Well, well, it matters not—one's home is but one's place of birth :  
A sailor's cradle is his ship, his home the whole wide earth.  
One misery alone pervades for aye, his heart of pain—  
He always feels he ne'er may see his best beloved again.

Ten days by log we'd been at sea, when Pierre Picard first broke  
The dreary silence of the ship, and thus to me he spoke :  
"My trusty mate, my worthy man ! I want a word with thee ;  
'Tis time you knew the causes that have made me sad at sea."

So we went below together, and some grog the captain set ;  
Said he, "Dry talk is *very* dry ; sad tales tell best when wet.  
While we lay off Buenos Ayres, I one night had gone ashore,  
And, wanting better things to do, dropped in a drinking store.

"A crowd of southern savages—both sea and land, were there ;  
Mere lusty brutes who exercise no influence but fear,  
And feel no pow'r upon themselves save that of *greater* might ;  
Black souls whose sympathies and thoughts are lost in worldly light.

"Men—if to make a man it takes mere body and no mind  
(And such, I guess, are half the men at least that one can find)—  
Men who conceive no thought above the life they now are in,  
Nor heed, while it *seem* happy, if by virtue or by sin.

"I sat apart, much thinking, 'If the books of old *be* true ;  
If prophet's eyes *did* truly see man's future history through ;  
If their visions of the coming *were* realities to come,  
How will these tongues of valour at the day of doom, be dumb !"

"Just then a something struck me rather sharply on the ear—  
It was like a blunted arrow, or the pricking of a spear—  
I started, and look'd round, but nought save drinking men could see,  
And *one* who sliced a melon and gazed earnestly at me.

"I turned away in quietness, nor seemed to notice aught,  
When instantly upon my hand another sting I caught.  
To that *one* man again I turn'd—his eyes were on me still,  
But with a look of fierceness that betoken'd deeper ill.

"While face to face we sat, as if to solve my further doubt,  
He took a slimy seed and shot it from his fingers out.  
It hit me on the forehead, where a man might strike a beast :  
'If this be not mere chance,' thought I, 'tis ably aim'd at least.'

"I was on him in an instant, and, said I, 'Beyond these doors  
I'll do myself the pleasure of three shots as good as yours.'  
'With all my heart, old villain !' he replied, 'for you are he,  
The captain base, who starved to death my father when at sea !'

"I think I might turn pale just then, although the charge was vain :  
But paleness does not solely to the guilty appertain.  
Before your common judges purest Innocence turns pale,  
And trembles even more than Guilt, lest justice *blind* should fail.

"Yet, than this Sightless Justice, fitter emblem might not be  
Of half the painful judgments men are hourly doomed to see.  
True justice, like its God, ALL-EYE, should be personified,  
Since justice cannot be, where truth or lies pass unespied.

"But the truth or falsehood of the charge made by this man of brass  
I'll leave just now—another time 't may serve an hour to pass—  
And steer my course as clearly as a grammar-pilot through  
My story to the end, at least within a point or two.

"Though dark the night he would have fought, but I required broad day  
To show this riflesman of seed as well with lead I'd play.  
So we supp'd and drank together, nor seem'd enemies that night,  
Though each the other meant to kill at break of morning light.

"He chose a tavern friend, and I a merchant of the place,  
A friend of mine, to see fair play, and measure off our space.  
The signal fell, he fired and miss'd ; I took my level clear,  
And in an instant from his head was blown away an ear.

" 'One more like that, bold brute,' thought I, 'and you'll begin to fear  
That shooting me with melon seeds will likely cost you dear.'  
Again he fired ; he grazed my side, I hit his loose left hand,  
And three red fingers sunk their blood into the spongy sand.

"The third shot came : his aim was wide, a yard away at least ;  
*I struck him on the forehead, where a man might strike a beast,*  
And like the beast so stricken, that requires no second blow,  
He who about his father lied, and shot the seeds, lay low.

"The seconds both declared all fair, and townward we return'd :  
I ne'er had killed a man before, and bitterly I mourn'd.

"But my sorrow was in silence, and my grief was in my breast,  
And my face felt like a marble face upon some tomb of rest."

### III.

*Picard continues his Story—The Buccaneers—The Widow's Prophecy and Curse—  
The Mate replies and remonstrates, but is suddenly arrested by a strange Cry on  
Deck.*

"But there the quarrel ended not,—Oh, would to Heav'n it had!  
There waits a sequel yet, I fear, more terrible and sad.  
I nothing knew of him I'd kill'd, until my friend came down  
Two days thereafter, unto me, to urge me quit the town.

" 'Get in your cargo hastily,' said he,—'your anchor weigh :  
Stand out to sea right early, or you'll fall the pirates' prey.  
He was a chief of buccaneers whom you depriv'd of breath,  
His comrades trusted in his skill, and will avenge his death.

" 'They swear by all the powers above, by all the pains below,  
They'll track your track along the sea, and go wher'er you go,  
Until upon the clear broad stage of ocean's bluest waves,  
'They've made your ship a capture, and your company their graves.'

"Now, mate of mine, 'tis not for self that I feel any fear;  
More than my own, by far, I hold the lives within my care.  
'Tis very hard my guiltless men should suffer or should fall,  
For the follies of their captain, about a tavern brawl.

" 'Tis this has made me silent, and my heart to sink so deep,  
My thoughts for ever active, and my nights unborn of sleep.  
Would I had scorn'd the insult,—would I ne'er a man had slain,  
Then had we sail'd in joyousness and peace upon the main !"

Thus ended he his tale. Said I, "Mere bluster all and boast;  
A band of Bobadils like those appease no comrade's ghost.  
The ties between them are but films,—mere gossamers we see  
In sunshine tying boughs of trees, and snapp'd as easily.

"Besides, we've made ten days good way; and should they now pursue,  
'T must be like some swift albatross, or shark, the waters through:  
They ne'er could overtake us, were their wings as widely borne,  
As the giant walls that fence the land off stormy old Cape Horn.

"If this be all, good captain, pray now set your mind at ease;  
A rolling sea's beneath us,—in our sails a steady breeze,  
The horizon's an unbroken ring around us night and day,  
And nine good knots an hour we make:—what care for such as they ?"

"But 'tis *not* all, my worthy mate,—one curse remaineth still:  
Returning from that fight we met a woman on a hill;  
She held within her hand a cross, upon her breast a child;—  
Like jet beneath the water shone her dark wet eyes and wild.



“I knew she was a widow, made not half an hour ago,  
And felt that I must be the man whose crime had made her so.  
This self-conviction was a clue to her to point at me.  
She eyed me like a tigress first, then fell upon her knee,  
“And cried, ‘Oh, by the blood of Him who died upon the tree,  
I call the widow’s curse on you who widow made of me;  
Who pin’d to death my father, and an orphan made of *thee*,  
My child!—May Famine sing his song of death upon the sea.  
“‘A thousand leagues from land may fail his water and his bread,—  
His tongue like burning charcoal be, his eyes like molten lead;  
His vitals parch and shrivel up with thirst’s intensest fire,  
Until in agonies more deep than mine he shall expire!’  
“This said, she shriek’d and cried, ‘Thank God ’TWILL BE! I see a sign!  
Heaven—always just—will execute this soul-pray’r deep of mine.  
And when the murderer’s eyes have lost in mist this gloomy shore,  
In vain they’ll long for land again;—he’ll see the land no more!’  
“Oh, mate!—what potent faculty hath crime to lay us low,  
And timorous make the mind—alone the criminal doth know.  
What dreads, what false suspicions, and what weakness it can bring,  
Until some false accuser we conceive in every thing.  
“It makes our judgments totter, and our superstitions strong,—  
Our shaken minds hear prophecies from every raving tongue:  
The frenzy of a grief to us becomes an oracle  
Express from Heaven, like those of old, our future fate to tell!”  
“A woman in such fury hath no truth upon her tongue;—  
All prophecies to gentle souls and mild,” said I, “belong.  
The height and depth of intellect, which only prophecies,  
The gusts of passion shake no more than earthquakes shake the skies.  
“There’s many a poor mad creature utters prophecy and curse;—  
To hear them rave is bad enough, but to believe them, worse.—  
Yet hark!—the mast-head man sings out! He cries, ‘*A sail! a chase!*  
Good God! while we deny the storm, it pelts upon our face.”

#### IV.

*The Pirates suddenly appear—Picard endeavours to escape, but strikes on a sunken Coral Rock, and is wrecked—An Escape in the Long-boat, with the Seamen’s Fear of Famine.*

With skysails up and stunsails set, to windward on she came;  
Her raking masts were arrow-like, her prow seem’d lost in flame.  
The night was somewhat dark, and thus the cold phosphoric oil  
That lights the deep sea-fish, flamed bright while upwards it did boil.  
Our captain gave an order to run down before the wind,  
And, with our sail all crowded, try to leave the foe behind.  
Yet to avoid the danger that beset us now in chief,  
We fell on one unseen as great—we struck a sunken reef.  
Crash, crash, our brave ship Osprey went upon that treach’rous rock;  
The pirates cheer’d three times with glee at every thundering shock;  
And this merriment of demons mingled frightfully with cries  
For help beyond those breaking seas and melancholy skies.  
The pirate back’d her sails awhile, and hoisted out a light;  
Then, through her trumpet, came a voice. “Picard, a happy night!  
Ask Christ to help you now, you fool. Your Christ will still deceive.  
Remember you’re a Catholic, and this is Christmas Eve!  
“By God! if you but pray enough, a miracle will come;  
You’ll walk, like Jesus, on the sea, and bid the waves be dumb!  
But come not out this way, or else no miracle can save  
Your ever-cursed old carcass from a shell and coral grave!”

"Poor taunting wretches !" thus I thought, half drowning as I lay ;  
 I still can triumph in my death, and pity such as they.  
 'Tis better far on this lost bark to lie the waters in  
 Than sail aloft the billows o'er amid such souls of sin."

The ship now settled down like lead—we put the long-boat out :  
 In truth, if not a hopeless case, it was a thing of doubt.  
 One-half our men were overboard, and lapp'd in shrouds of foam,  
 To lie below on coral beds till judgment calls them home.

The rest escaped all danger, save the greater danger now  
 That was told in lines of horror on Pierre Picard's dark brow.  
 I could see the captain thinking our Famine hasten'd fast :  
 The pirate's threat came true at first, the widow's would at last.

Since but one cask of water rare, and one of bread, had we  
 For many men most sorrowful upon a landless sea.  
 Oh ! none can tell the terror deep, or feel the frightful pain,  
 Of having little water, and expecting little rain !

When seas around are measureless, and coasts seem never seen,  
 And eyes and hearts have bid their last adieu to mountains green ;  
 When all are tearless skies above, and drinkless salt below ;  
 When every man's a Tantalus—O, this is woe, deep woe !

Still life loves chances how remote, and rather will endure  
 A coming world of agonies than make escape once sure :  
 And hence one joy remain'd to us—we miss'd the pirate's chase—  
 While on the dawn of morn remain'd of last night's deeds no trace.

## V.

*The Famine is still fearful in Prospect—What ensued thereon—It comes—Picard offers himself, and is devoured by his own Men—Conclusion.*

Yet though from lawless horror and the fear of pirate free,  
 Light made us, each the other, with sunken features see.  
 No man now said good morrow, or talk'd of wind or wave ;  
 But ev'ry man with sorrow seem'd to have dream'd about his grave.

Some look'd upon the dangerous sea that once had been their friend,  
 As might a man a brother on, who soon should be his end :  
 One sung a song of merriment in hope to cheer the rest,  
 The sound fell down like comedy unto a dying breast.

The time of mirth had all pass'd by—the sea had kill'd our joy ;  
 And he who sung seem'd less a man, or I a bigger boy.  
 One tried to sing a song of home, but choked it in his throat ;  
 For three long hours thereafter we had silence in our boat.

No man no more for ever tried to speak of song or tale ;  
 'Tis our sad looks and heavy eyes alone that never fail.  
 Each man becomes a volume clos'd to every other man,  
 Yet better reads unspeaking than a speaking reader can.

We took a little water, and so mean a weight of bread,  
 That ere a week was over half our men look'd living-dead.  
 We chose this starved economy with will of ev'ry one,  
 And yet—the time *did* come at last when food and drink were gone !

Oh God ! protect me ever from a scene like that again.—  
 'Twas mine to crumb the bread out, and to sponge the mouths o' th' men.  
 To see their growing eyes stand out at last like balls of fire,  
 And envy each the other with insane and frenzied ire.

I cannot tell when this began,—I'd half forgot the past,—  
 I saw that 'twas not always dark, and felt the cutting blast :—  
 I knew that some had died insane, and some into the deep  
 Had plunged—as thinking waves green hills on which they used to sleep.

At length, from this half-death-life, I was call'd as from a grave,  
 Sounds of tumultuous voices were loud above the wave:  
 They spoke of casting lots—of blood—of flesh to sacrifice—  
 If flesh remain'd on any bones beneath those starving skies.

One said, a ballot soon would serve to show some man his luck,  
 And if no flesh was there, at least they'd have some bones to suck.  
 Another hoped the lottery of death would seal *his* fate,  
 He'd rather far be eaten by, than *live* to eat his mate.

Then Pierre Picard, the captain, uprose, and thus began,—  
 “ My body's but a skeleton, yet I'm a guilty man.  
 If 'twere not for my folly this had ne'er befallen you;  
 And since I've made your miseries, my body is your due.

“ The sorrow of this famine have I brought upon my men,  
 It is but right they get from me what they can get again.  
 I'm stripp'd of all I own'd beside,—my body I can give,  
 And may it serve you all, until you reach the land to live.

“ You skeletons, you upright wolves, that scarce draw human breath,  
 Know I am doom'd at sea to die some strange and fated death:  
 No earth may ever cover me, no sun shine on my tomb,  
 Nor decent shroud consign me to the leadless deeps of gloom.

“ Then slaughter me at once, and save yourselves from such a fate,—  
 Mayhap your wives and babes may now be watching at the gate,  
 To see your tedious coming home, oh, disappoint them not, •  
 But give me all my due, and never cast again a lot.”•

I would have spoke, but had no power, tho' inwardly I cursed  
 Th' unlucky day, th' unhappy hour, I heard such horrors first.  
 Yet greater was my horror, and of men my deeper hate,  
 When one and all like furies call on Pierre to meet his fate.

'Twas *then* I spoke,—my heart broke out upon my wither'd tongue,—  
 “ That captain long has loved you, and you have loved him long :  
 O, devils base, degraded,—rather jump the vessel's side,  
 Than think your captain's blood to drink,—his body to divide !”

A heavy blow then fell'd me, and I know no more awhile,  
 But when I waked from dreamless trance, I saw a cleanly pile  
 Of bones upon the bottom lie, as bare as mossless stones,  
 The captain, too, had vanish'd, and I fill'd the air with groans.

The men look'd smear'd and bloody, and more frightful were their eyes:—  
 Fix'd, dead, and round, as man's may look who in a horror dies,  
 And with more frightful horrors than had thirst or famine brought,  
 Those cannibals in madness, all, the sea and death soon sought.

And I was left alone—alone. I even miss'd the mad.  
 At last a gentle voice—a voice !—said, “ Make us not more sad ;  
 We found you in a boat alone, and pick'd you up at sea ;  
 And, though our ship's no hospital, have kept you tenderly.”

I thought my eyes would turn to rain, my heart into a dew.  
 If man believe in angels, there are some on earth, most true.  
 And most are they angelical who help the most distress'd :  
 The wings of angels ever guard the most unhappy nest!



## THE TRAVELS AND OPINIONS OF MR. JOLLY GREEN.

## CHAP. V.

HAVING mastered my emotion, as Tully did on the celebrated occasion when he heard of the death of his wife, I busied myself for two or three hours with the various occupations I have mentioned, and by the time that the dinner hour arrived, I was fully prepared for it.

It was announced in due form by the commissioner, who interested himself so much in the success of the establishment of Madame Ventrebleu, as occasionally to officiate as waiter, and I descended to the *salon*.

I found assembled there about half-a-dozen persons, all evidently Parisians, and accustomed, no doubt, to move in the highest circles, for their manners were perfectly free from *mauvaise honte*, and a genial *abandon* pervaded their actions and discourse.

At the head of the table sat Madame Ventrebleu. She was, I found in the course of conversation, a native of the south, from that part of France formerly called Gascony, a country that has produced a large proportion of the most successful orators in the Chamber of Deputies, and not a few of the most renowned generals of the empire—men in whom the “Veni—vidi—vici” principle has in all times been remarkably strong.

The Gascon women are proverbial for beauty—of a particular kind.

Madame Ventrebleu was a striking specimen of her country. She was “of the first order of fine forms,” that is to say, of the largest—a kind of vaccine simplicity developing itself in her ample proportions; her hair and eyes were dark; in her complexion the poppy and the walnut strove for mastery, and over her upper-lip the feathery touch of the raven’s wing left a mysterious shadow. The colours which nature gave, were heightened by a *soupçon* of rouge, and the glowing hue of an orange kerchief, which was picturesquely wreathed round her brow, and a pair of long gold earrings, with a cross of the same precious metal, shed a bewitching lustre upon the symmetry of her *tournure*.

The husband of Madame Ventrebleu, who was intently occupied at the bottom of the table in distributing the contents of a large tureen which nearly obscured him, was a cadet of the noble house whose name he bore. It was one illustrious in the annals of the revolutionary wars of Henri Quatre, and the gallantry of his ancestors had caused his patronymic to become the rallying cry of the monarch under whose banners they fought. “Ventrebleu to the rescue” was, in truth, the watchword of the middle ages, and he who now bore the name was in every respect worthy of doing so. He was a small, spare man, with the true aspect of a hero—such as we fondly picture them in our dreams, before experience awakens us with the rough grasp of reality; a sallow cheek, a high nose, an ample whisker, and an eye which had the vague, dreamy power of looking twenty ways at once, displayed the man of thought and action, who had served in the armies of Fouché, and led the cohorts of Vidocq to the eddying strife. He made frequent use of his snuff-box and pocket-handkerchief, and spoke fast, though owing to the absence of his front teeth, his enunciation was somewhat imperfect; but I readily made allowance for his deficiencies, for his laugh, whenever he turned towards me, was always ready.

A place was reserved for me on the right-hand of Madame Ventrebleu, and immediately opposite sat a tall spare man, with an enormous pair of black moustaches, which formed a complete horse-shoe round his mouth; he was evidently a man who had seen service somewhere, and answered to the name of Paradis. Next to me was placed one of those men whom I imagine to be rather scarce in France, for we know from what cause they derive the appellation of frog. He was nearly as broad as he was long, with a large round stomach, and a red face as smooth as that of a baby. His sponsors, prophetically, as it seemed, had given him the name of Prosper; that of Innocent he derived from another, and—possibly—a legitimate source. Two other gentlemen completed the number of guests at the *table-d'hôte*. One of them wore a blouse, a species of *toga pretexta*, to protect garments evidently too fine for constant exposure; he was a gaunt, stiff man, whose discourse was loud, and appeared to turn chiefly upon rural affairs—a kind of campestrial Homer, whom the seven sages might justly have been proud of. The last of the group was a light, slim, elastic personage, who from *nonchalance*, habit, or for the sake of comfort, wore a black lamb-skin cap as he sat at meals. His braided jacket and the peculiarity of the features that shone from under his head-dress, enabled me at once to recognise the official character who had directed the progress of the diligence from Boulogne to Paris; he was familiarly addressed as Victor, and was what the French Academy call a “*bon-enfant*.” He possessed one qualification, which, however, was shared by M. Paradis, that of speaking a description of English, more or less intelligible according to the nature of the subject; it was sufficient to enable me to understand their meaning, which otherwise I might have been at a loss to do, for the rapid jargon of the Parisians is by no means easily caught. To speak fast appears to be the chief delight of the French generally; to put on a forty magpie power of conversation seems the undoubted beatitude of the native of Paris.

The repast was of that *recherché* kind to be met with only in hotels like the Boule d'Or, where it is known as “La Cuisine Bourgeoise,” a kind of cookery, of which it is well known that the unfortunate Louis XVIII. was inordinately fond. I shall not dwell upon details further than to observe, that the dinner passed off very pleasantly, with the aid of three or four bottles of a wine called Chambertin, which being very much praised by M. Paradis, I took upon myself to order. I required something to exhilarate me, alone—I may say in an orphan condition—and far from the ken of my countrymen. The conversation naturally fell upon the wonders of the city of which I had become a denizen, and M. Paradis obligingly undertook to point out to me some of its most remarkable features. Accordingly, as soon as dinner was over, and a basket of Fontainebleau grapes had been consumed, chiefly by Madame Ventrebleu, I took the arm of my new friend, and we sallied forth.

When I observed that M. Paradis spoke English, I did so with a certain reservation, which, applying partly to grammatical construction, referred principally to his pronunciation. The difficulty which Frenchmen experience in conquering our language is without a parallel in the history of nations; except, indeed, the still greater difficulty they have found of conquering ourselves. From the days of Peter the Hermit to those of M. Thiers, the same obstacle has invariably interposed.

The first observation which M. Paradis made to me, when we were

alone, convinced me of the accuracy of the opinion which I had formed, when I said I thought he had *served*. It is not an easy matter to deceive one who has the faculty of the *coup-d'œil*.

"Sare," he exclaimed, twisting the ends of his moustaches as one would turn the handle of a corkscrew—"you are happy to have my acquaintance. I was proud to oblige de Angleesh. I have had mosh affair wiz dem. In de late war I have receive three balls in my meat, two in my fore-side, and de oder in my back, all on account of your nation. I was command a leetel sheep what carry de brandies and de silks, and I do some small ting beside. De Angleesh government did know me very well; I was often employ by my Lord Casselleray. He was a great man, pity he cut his trote; bot for dat leetel accident, I would have one grand pension. Shall I show you my voonds? But no, I cannot do so in de strit. By and by, I vill have de pleasure."

Monsieur Paradis spoke with great volubility and gesticulation, but in spite of his rapidity and the guarded tone of his communication, I saw at a glance what he had been—or rather what he was; for the truly daring remain ever the same, whether in action or repose. It flashed upon me at once, there could be no doubt of it: he was a corsair; one of those stirring characters whose blood-red flag had danced upon the billows, and wafted the terror of his name into the recesses of domestic life! And this was the man who was now my familiar companion! The incidents of life are strange! The smile of beauty enthralls us to-day;—to morrow we are leagued with slaughter. As these thoughts rushed through my mind, I gazed in silence upon the mysterious stranger.

His penetrating eye discovered that some strong emotion was working within me, and he abruptly said, "God dam sare, what you tink of? You do not loff mosh talk!"

"Pardon me, sir," I replied, with justifiable dissimulation, "I was reflecting upon your last observation. To have fought and bled is indeed a glorious privilege."

"Yes, very good—if you get plenty of pay for him."

The true corsair-spirit, I inwardly exclaimed, gold to the *outrance* and the red arm of battle amid the lattices of turbaned pashas!

"You have been frequently in England?" I observed aloud.

"Yes, great many times, but not lately. I was not have mosh friends there now. What for you come to Paris, sare?"

"To satisfy my desire for travel, to store my mind with the glowing images of antiquity, to revel in the past, and ponder upon men and things!"

"Aha! you will have plenty to do. Are you rich?"

"I am pretty well off," I replied, modestly. The corsair's grim features relaxed; a mirthful expression twinkled in his eye, and broad wrinkles puckered his face; with the friendly action which used to characterise Napoleon in his milder mood, he gave me a familiar poke in the ribs:

"Come along den, sare,—I shall show you Paris."

The conversation I have narrated had passed on our way down several narrow streets, darkly picturesque in dirt. At this moment we emerged into a large open space, of nearly semi-circular form, in the midst of which was an equestrian statue, apparently standing on its tail.

"Dis," said Monsieur Paradis, "is called de Place des Victoires;



dere is de Grand Monarque on de horse he ride when he swim<sup>o</sup> across de Rhine ; de people what he conquer are no more to be seen."

I have a certain respect for the name of Louis Quatorze, on account of the invention of furniture, a luxury which we certainly owe to him ; but, at the same time, I can never entirely forgive his conduct to the Duke d'Enghien, whom he sacrificed to the resentment of Madame de Pompadour. When he made the widow of Rabelais his wife, he ought at least to have respected the law of nations. But Louis was a republican, not only by birth but in feeling ; and to this cause we must ascribe many of the acts which shed a dubious lustre on his name.

Traversing this square—for so I suppose it must be called, though it is more round than square—we entered a narrow street, and presently came to a flight of steps, down which my companion led me. We crossed another street, and passing under a colonnade, supported by many pillars, I found myself beneath an arcade, at one extremity of an immense quadrangle laid out as a garden, and filled with fountains, and statues, and gay pavilions ; lofty buildings rose above the vaulted passages, and the gardens were filled with a countless multitude of idlers ; some smoking, others reading newspapers, others drinking coffee, and all intent on amusement. It was the Palais Royal!

"What you tink of dat, sare !" exclaimed the corsair, with a triumphant expression ; "here is vone of de vonders of de vorld. I shall show you de shops."

We turned on the left-hand, and I pursued my wondering way amid a scene of splendour, that put to shame all I had ever before beheld. The Colosseum in its palmiest days, the Alhambra in its proudest moments, or Exeter Change in its glory, must have been fools to the Palais Royal. Here I stood, lost in amazement, before a window, glittering with diamonds of the purest water, and glowing with gems of every hue ;—a few steps further, and my bewildered imagination revelled in rich dressing-gowns of brocade and cut velvet, and feasted on *parterres* of gorgeous satin waistcoats, or "*pantalons d'étoffe*" of every conceivable colour ;—anon, I was attracted to the curiously-guarded windows of the money-changers, where piles of gold and silver and bank-notes attested the opulence of the owners ; next to these came the shops of the dentists, whose cases filled with enamelled teeth grinned significantly at the passer-by, as he moved onward to the legitimate employment of his own in the saloons of the *restaurateur*, and the well-stowed *boutiques* of the *merchands de comestibles*. *Casquettes* of every description, glossy hats, varnished boots, gilded porcelain, richly mounted canes and riding-whips ; *cravates mécaniques*, shirt-fronts, lamps, pendules, wigs, whiskers, boars' heads, truffles, bonbons, chocolate, muffs, mantles, musical-boxes, watches, perfumes, cosmetics, gloves, and cigars, met the eye in every direction in which one turned. It was impossible not to avoid wishing for every thing I saw, but equally impossible where to fix my choice. I felt ashamed of my personal appearance, and determined that four-and-twenty hours should not go by before I was apparelled after a new fashion. It is thus that Frederick the Great must have felt, when he broke into the Vatican at Vienna, and seized upon the wardrobe of Count Bruhl.

Monsieur Paradis witnessed my astonishment with a satisfaction, which was not silently expressed ; but he led me completely round the vast range of buildings before he would allow me to stop.

"When you have seen him all, you shall den begin to buy someting."

And he was as good as his word—nay, better, for I not only laid out a tolerable sum on my own account, but, as he had accidentally left his purse at the Boule d'Or, I made myself his banker for several articles which, he said, he came out expressly to purchase. He could, he observed, easily have obtained credit in any other part of Paris, but there was unfortunately a law which prevented the inhabitants of the Palais Royal from parting with their goods except for ready money; had it been on the Boulevards—where it was his intention to have gone—he should not have trespassed on my obligingness. I assured him it made no difference, as he could easily repay me when we reached home, and accordingly I laid out about 170 francs for him, in a new hat, a pair of boots, some gloves, a couple of waistcoats, a pantaloon, a scarf for the neck, and a handsome walking cloak. I purchased similar articles for myself, his taste directing my choice of form and colour. In return for his kindness, I pressed upon his acceptance a handsome turquoise pin, which he would only consent to receive on condition that I was to allow him the gratification of making me a *cadeau*—as he called it—on some future occasion.

In lounging through the different galleries, and in stopping to admire and to make purchases, we had now consumed several hours, and, in spite of the good dinner which I had eaten at the Boule d'Or, I began to feel rather hungry. The corsair, who had thrown aside much of the darksome in his disposition, admitted that he was in the same predicament.

“When I am all alone by mine-self,” he said, with the simple ingenuousness which characterises great minds, “I generally dine or sup chez Richard, an admirable establishment, where five hundred persons are served in five minutes, with a potage, four plats, a dessert, a bottle of wine, and bread at discretion, for the small sum of forty sous a-piece. I am used to dis kind of tumult, but you would not enjoy it very mosh. It is far better to be quiet. We will go and have a snog littel ting at anoder place what I know, in de opposite corner. It is very sheep and pleasant; de name of de ouse is de ‘Trois Frères Provençaux,’ de tree provence broders, where dey know how to cook. Ah! come, sare, come, Monsieur Grin!”

I thought the suggestion a happy one, and we were very soon at the door of the *café*; but before we entered, Monsieur Paradis expressed a desire to inspect the larder on the outside.

“It shall encourage de appetite to see de good tings ready for it; ah! voilà, look dere, Monsieur Grin!” and he pointed to a very goodly store of undressed viands arranged in tempting fashion.

While expatiating on these, and offering suggestions as to the proposed supper, Monsieur Paradis suddenly turned his head, and to my surprise as well as his, who should we see approaching the Café, but Monsieur Ventrebleu and Monsieur Prosper Innocent. The corsair addressed a few words to them, the purport of which I did not exactly catch, but the gentlemen both smiled and raised their hats, Monsieur Ventrebleu's right eye being fixed on a spit loaded with ortolans and vine leaves that graced the larder, while the beams of his left eye shot across in the opposite direction, and rested upon the turquoise pin in the corsair's stock-front. I knew, however, that he was endeavouring to look at me and I made him a low bow. On this we all entered the Café, and observing a table vacant at the further corner of the room, we took our seats at it, and



Monsieur Paradis called for the bill of fare. It is a much easier thing to eat a meal in France than to order it. I, at least, have always found it so, and, therefore, I requested the corsair to select what he pleased; his friends apparently signified the same thing, and it was not long before the table was covered. I shall not enter into any detail of the bill of fare on this occasion, observing merely that there was one dish which I thought so particularly good that I paid little attention to any other. This was "tête de veau au naturel;" it was recommended to me in a very friendly way by Monsieur Paradis, and I saw that all the party were satisfied, not to say amused, at the predilection I shewed for it.

"Prenez-donc encore de votre tête," was the frequent invitation of one or other, and a capital glass of Champagne followed almost every suggestion. Certain green pickles called "Cornichons" were also recommended, and I found them very savoury with the calf's head; my ready demolition of this vegetable—a kind of cucumber—added to the hilarity of the *convives*.

I must here observe, *en passant*, that though not able to express every thing I wished, or apprehend exactly all I heard, in the French language, I was getting on tolerably well, and could carry on a conversation with those whose limited acquirements precluded them from discoursing in my mother tongue. The dinner, or rather supper, passed off, therefore, very pleasantly, and the excellent wine of the Frères Provençaux raised our spirits with every *rasade*. I found that Monsieur Prosper Innocent was a person who improved very much upon acquaintance, nor was Monsieur Ventrebleu at all deficient in conviviality. If the shadow of thought occasionally darkened the corsair's brow, I readily ascribed it to the harrowing recollection of burning harems and scuttled schooners. The Gulnares of real life are great facts, from which the mind cannot so readily disengage itself. I have known somewhat of those things, and may be allowed to speak.

We had sat out almost every one in the Café, and the waiters were beginning to congregate round the money-box at the counter, before we thought of moving. Paradis then called for the bill, and though every one put his hand into his pocket at the same time to defray the amount, I insisted upon paying it, and did so. We then sallied forth, all four arm-in-arm, as merry as the celebrated grigs of whom the facetious Zimmerman speaks so pleasantly in his lively work on Solitude. I may as well confess the fact, I was rather elated; and feel bound to admit that I actually proposed the twisting off of a few of the knockers in the Palais Royal. I could not however make my companions understand the fun of a joke so highly relished in England by medical students and members of other liberal professions—officers of the army in garrison towns included;—it might perhaps arise from the fact that there are no knockers in the Palais Royal, and that where they are to be found, they do not so easily yield to the persuasive wrench of the inserted stick.

As a substitute for this kind of amusement, Prosper Innocent suggested a harmless partie at billiards, and as I was rather a dab at the game, and prided myself with some reason upon my skill in making losing hazards, I willingly assented. We accordingly turned into a narrow doorway on the side of the Rue de Valois, and after mounting four or five flights of steep stairs, entered a room in which were some



players. With the politeness for which the French are so remarkable, they no sooner saw strangers enter, than they gave up their cues, and requested us to take their places. This was at first declined by Monsieur Paradis with some ceremony, but eventually acceded to, and we began to play, Prosper Innocent and I being partners, against Ventrebleu and the corsair. They had a difficult time of it, for not a single game did they win that we were not within a hazard of doing so, and we never lost except from the mischance of my making a losing-hazard instead of a winning one, or the precipitancy of poor Innocent, who, in his eagerness to carry all before him, was in the habit of driving his ball over the table. Monsieur Ventrebleu's style of play also confused me a little, for I never could guess from his looks what he intended to accomplish. If I calculated upon a cannon, he sent the red ball into the pocket, and when I expected a hazard, a twist as extraordinary as his own eyesight, effected a *carambole*. The upshot of all this was, that as to make it interesting, we played for five francs a game, at the expiration of a couple of hours, we found ourselves minus about sixty-five or seventy francs. Prosper Innocent undertook to settle with the corsair, and I handed over my share to Monsieur Ventrebleu. We then adjourned to the Café des Aveugles, and had a large bowl of strong punch, which was brought in blazing. I sang "Rule Britannia," and "The British Grenadier," in a manner that brought tears into the eyes of Paradis,—and lighting our cigars, we then directed our steps—as well as we could—homewards. I must observe, that to give my new friends a treat, I supplied the Havannahs from my own case, which I had filled before I came out, from the box that I bought at Boulogne, from Monsieur Moïse. They were of a very delicate texture, but smoked admirably, though the flavour was peculiar. It was late when we reached the Boule d'Or, and my memory does not distinctly serve me, as to the manner in which I reached my couch.

I awoke on the following morning with a very disagreeable taste in my mouth, which I was at first disposed to place to the account of French cookery; but perceiving the remains of a cigar only half burnt out on the *table-de-nuit* by my bed side, I examined it rather curiously, and the result of my examination was, that the headache and nausea I experienced were chiefly to be attributed to the "weed." It was not a cigar in point of fact, that I had smoked, but a most ingenious though vile substitute; for what seemed on the outside a delicate leaf tobacco, turned out to be very thin and highly-glazed brown paper. The interior was composed of materials of which only a French cigar merchant could dream. Racking as my own headache proved, I could not but feel even still more sorry for the probable sufferings of my friends. Indeed it was not problematical, for I was given to understand by the *commissionnaire* that they were all confined to their beds, and deadly sick.

The remedy which I adopt upon occasions of this kind is that, which, according to Peter Langtoft, was invariably followed by Oliver Cromwell. I dressed myself and went out for a walk.

The habiliments which I chose were those which had been sent home for me from the Palais Royal, the night before. The cut of the garments was peculiar, and the colours bright, but the whole was eminently Parisian; and I flatter myself few of my Peckham friends would have known me had I suddenly turned a corner upon them.

With one or two points established, and the most remarkable I had already visited, Paris was not a city altogether unknown to me; for I had studied the map with care, and taking the Palais Royal as a centre, I fancied I could pilot myself tolerably well. I did not therefore hesitate to commit myself, like Noah's Ark, to the whirling vortex that surrounded me, and sallying forth from the Boule d'Or, I bent my steps towards the Tuileries. I had noticed one thing in the costume of the Parisians, which I have not yet mentioned, and I secretly determined not to be behind the *mode*. There is scarcely a person one meets in Paris, who does not decorate the button-hole of his coat with a ribbon of some particular colour, chiefly red. Many add to the ribbon a little cross of white and gold enamel, and the effect is certainly very tasty. The well-known gallantry of the nation, no doubt originated this fashion.

I had remarked a great number of these *bijoux* in the shops of the Palais Royal, and it struck me that I might as well purchase a handsome one on my way to the Tuileries. I accordingly entered a jeweller's shop, and pointing out the object I wished to acquire, I had no difficulty in suiting myself. The price, however, was rather high for a mere bauble, and the man who sold it pestered me with a good many questions, to which, however, I paid no attention. I fancy the fellow was endeavouring to persuade me, as tradesmen always do, that he was selling the article under prime cost. I knew better than that, and simply returned for answer the useful interrogatory, "Combien?" This silenced him, and he pocketed the money without any more nonsense. His wife lent me a pin, and I left the shop as gaily ornamented as the best.

I had not much difficulty in finding my way into the Place du Carrousel, a name which it has retained since the period of the jolly carouse which was given by Henri Quatre to Pope Pius VII., on the occasion of that monarch's marriage with the Pontiff's only daughter. I was resolved that the Triumphal Arch of Trajan which stands in the centre should at least bear witness to British prowess, even in my humble person, and, therefore, I walked under it. It was most gratifying to know that, as I did so, the sentinels who stand on each side presented arms. A similar honour awaited me as I passed through the centre of the Tuileries, and by the time I reached the Royal Gardens, I felt on good terms with myself and all the world. None but those who have travelled can know the happiness of being duly appreciated.

The Palace of the Tuileries is a splendid pile of building. Erected by the celebrated Madame Tussaud, it has no great antiquity to boast of, but for compactness of form and simplicity of outline, it is perhaps unrivalled. Here the Tuscan and the Doric orders are happily blended, and the classical designs of the Palladium relieve the florid style of Byzantine art. The boldness of the chimney-front is of surpassing grandeur, and he who can look without emotion upon the towering roof that sustains them, can have little true feeling for the poetry of history.

Turning from the "marble courts of kings," I gazed upon the gay parterres which absolute monarchy has planted for the delight of the pleasure-seeking Parisian. It was late in the season, and but few flowers were in bloom, yet enough remained to show how careful had been the culture of the bewitching Marie Antoinette, whose dahlias still flourish in perennial beauty. I gave a sigh to these memorials of the past, and perceiving a small pavilion where newspapers were being distributed, I procured *Galigani's Messenger*, and sat down upon one of the chairs which are so



liberally scattered throughout the garden, by the order of government, for the repose and comfort of strangers.

From the perusal of this journal, I learnt several interesting particulars. That which concerned me chiefly was an advertisement addressed to "English Gentlemen in Paris," intimating, that "the charms of the most recherché society, accompanied by unrivalled facilities for acquiring the French language in its purest form, with every *agrément* that could afford happiness," were to be had by entering the boarding establishment of Madame de Vaudet at the corner of the Rue Louis le Grand, on the Bouvelard des Italiens. Shall I state the reason, why, in addition to the alluring prospect held out by this advertisement, I was disposed to read it with satisfaction. I am not naturally suspicious, but in the calm moments of sober reflection, the thought would arise that the money which I had dispensed and otherwise disposed of, the day before, had been designedly extracted from me, and that the greater part might possibly never revisit my pocket. If this were the case, though I might mourn the betrayal of early confidence, I had still a refuge from misanthropy.

Having made a few memoranda in my pocket-book, I laid down the paper on the chair, and was about to leave the gardens, when two persons stepped suddenly forward, and demanded payment for the accommodation that had been afforded me. I resisted these claims in the first instance, but yielded eventually, less to the importunity of the claimants, than to the reflection that the finances of the French government were doubtless in an embarrassed condition, and that it did not behove a Briton to withhold his mite, even from an enemy.

This discussion having attracted some attention, particularly on the part of one individual, who was dressed in a kind of absurd costume, I hastily consulted my map, and took my way to the gate called the Grille des Feuillans, in the direction of the Place Vendôme. On leaving the gardens, I was as usual saluted by the sentry with presented arms. "Strange incongruity," thought I, "to receive a foreigner with such unmistakeable tokens of respect, and yet exact from him a few paltry sous for reading a newspaper in a rush-bottomed chair!"

I passed through the Rue Castiglione, and was presently in the Place Vendôme, beneath the brazen column that once threw its shadow across the world. I scanned the imperial monument from the eagle at its base to the cocked hat at its summit, and visions of battle and dominion crowded on me as I gazed.

"It is here," I exclaimed; "that the lust of conquest may come and slake its burning thirst. It is here that ambition may stoop from its lofty flight, and humble itself in the dust—it is here that,—"

"Je vous previens, monsieur," cried a gruff voice—"que vous êtes mon prisonnier. Je vous arrête par ordre du roi!"

I turned with astonishment, and saw before me the personage in uniform, whom I had noticed in the gardens of the Tuileries! He had dogged my footsteps, and—like the Lion's mouth at Venice—had executed the commands of a servile government.

The oubliettes of the Tuileries yawned to receive me.

"Let my hands be free," I cried, "and I surrender myself your prisoner."

"A votre service, monsieur," replied the secret functionary, as he beckoned me on.

I followed in proud silence.



THE PRIVATEER'S-MAN,  
A TALE.

BY CAPTAIN MARRYAT, R.N.

CHAPTER THE TWELFTH.

I state my newly-awakened scruples as to the lawfulness of a Privateer's-man's Life to Mr. Trevannion, but nevertheless undertake another Cruise—Save a Youth from drowning, who he proves to be—Conflict with a French Privateer—Take her and deliver a Prize.—Return to Liverpool—Resign the Command of the Sparrow-hawk, and agree to superintend Mr. Trevannion's Business.

MISS TREVANNION, my dear madam, was taller than your sex usually are, her figure slight, and still unformed to a certain degree, but promising perfection. Her hair was very dark, her features regular and handsome, her complexion very pale, and her skin fair as the snow. As she stood in silence she reminded you of a classical antique statue, and hardly appeared to breathe through her delicate lips, but when she was animated with conversation, it almost reminded you of the Promethean fire which poets state was stolen from Heaven to animate a piece of marble. Then the colour came in her cheeks, intelligence played on her countenance, and every thing which at first sight appeared wanting, was, like magic, found to light up her face. Her smiles were the sweetest I ever beheld, and one of those smiles she bestowed upon me as I entered the room and paid her my obeisance. The night before I had not observed her much, I was too busy with her father and Captain Levee, and she sat remote from the table and distant from the light, and she never spoke but when she took my hand and thanked me, as I mentioned before. I thought then that her voice was like a silver bell, but made no other remark upon her. We had, however, exchanged but few words before her father came in, accompanied by Captain Levee, and we sat down to our morning's repast of chocolate.

After we had broken our fast, Captain Levee hastened away on board of his vessel. My imprisonment had detained him from sailing, and Mr. Trevannion was anxious that he should be off as soon as possible to make up for lost time, as the expenses of the vessel were heavy.

"Farewell, Elrington, for the present," said he, "I shall come to you on board of your schooner some time during the day." When Captain Levee was gone, for to tell the truth, I was afraid of his ridicule, I thought it a good opportunity to give my thoughts to my owner, and as I had nothing to say, which his daughter might not hear, I began as follows:—

"Mr. Trevannion, I think it right to state to you that during my imprisonment a great change has come over my feelings upon certain points. I am not ashamed to acknowledge that it has been occasioned by the death which stared me in the face, and from my having seriously communed with myself, and examined more than I perhaps have done during the whole of my former life the sacred writings which are given us as our guide. The point to which I refer is, that I have come to almost a conviction that privateering is not a lawful or honourable profession, and with these feelings, I should wish to resign the command of the ship of which you have had the kindness to give me the command."

"Indeed, Elrington," replied Mr. Trevannion. "Well, I should not have  
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thought to have heard this from you I confess. Much as I respect your scruples, you are too scrupulous. I can hardly imagine that you have turned to the sect of the Quakers, and think fighting is contrary to the Scriptures."

"No, sir, not so far as that. I consider war as a profession both necessary and honourable, and a nation is bound to be prepared for any foreign attack and to act upon the defensive or on the offensive, if it is necessary. It is not that. I do not consider the soldier who fights for his country is not doing his duty, nor the seamen who are employed by the state are not equally justified in their profession. What I refer to is privateering. That is, vessels fitted out for the purpose of aggression by private merchants and merely for the sake of profit. They are not fitted out with any patriotic motives, but merely for gain. They are speculations in which the lives of people on both sides are sacrificed for the sake of lucre—and had you witnessed such scenes of bloodshed and cruelty as I have during my career, such dreadful passions let loose, and defying all restraint, you would agree with me, that he who leads such miscreants to their quarry has much to answer for. Were it possible to control the men on board of a privateer as the men are controlled in the king's service, it might be more excusable, but manned as privateers always will be, with the most reckless characters, when once they are roused by opposition, stimulated by the sight of plunder, or drunken with victory, no power on earth can restrain their barbarity and vengeance, and a captain of a privateer who attempted, would, in most cases, if he stood between them and their will, unless he were supported, fall a victim to his rashness. All this I have seen; and all I now express I had long felt, even when younger and more thoughtless. You know that I did give up privateering at one time, because I was shocked at the excesses to which I was a party. Since that I have accepted the command of a vessel, for the idea of being captain was too flattering to my vanity to permit me to refuse; but reflection has again decided me not to engage in it further. I hope this communication will not displease you, Mr. Trevannion. If I am wrong in my opinion, at all events I am sincere, for I am giving up my only source of livelihood from a sense of duty."

"I know that you are sincere, Elrington," replied Mr. Trevannion, "but at the same time I think that you are much too strait-laced in your opinions. When nations are at war, they mutually do all the mischief that they can to each other, and I cannot see what difference there is between my fitting out a privateer under the king's authority, or the king having vessels and men for the national service. The government fit out all the vessels that they can, and when their own funds are exhausted, they encourage individuals to employ their capitals in adding to the means of distressing the enemy. If I had property on the high seas, would it be respected any more than other English property by the enemy? Certainly not; and, therefore, I am not bound to respect theirs. The end of war is to obtain an honourable peace; and the more the enemy is distressed, the sooner are you likely to obtain one. I do not, therefore, consider that privateering is worse than any other species of warfare, or that the privateer's-man is a whit more reckless or brutal than soldiers or men-of-war's men in the hour of victory in the king's service."

"There is this difference, sir," replied I, "first in the officers commanding, although glad to obtain prize-money, they are stimulated by nobler feelings as well. They look to honour and distinction; they have

the feeling that they are defending their king and country, to support them and throw a halo on their exertions, and they have such control over their men, that, although I admit they are equally inclined to excess as the privateer's man, they are held in check by the authority which they dare not resist. Now, Mr. Trevannion, privateer's men seek not honour, are not stimulated by a desire to serve the country; all they look to is how to obtain the property of others under sanction; and could they without any risk do so, they would care little whether it was English property or not, provided that they put the money into their pockets. If I held this opinion as a seaman on board of a privateer, what must I feel now, when I am the leader of such people, and the responsibility of their acts is thrown upon my shoulders, for such I feel is the case?"

"I think," replied Mr. Trevannion, "that we had better not discuss this question any further just now. Of course you must decide for yourself; but I have this favour to ask of you. Trusting to your resuming the command of the vessel, I have no one to replace you at present, and I hope you will not refuse to take the command of her for one more cruise: should you, on your return and on mature reflection, be of the same opinion, as you are now, I certainly shall no longer press you to remain, and will do all I can to assist you in any other views you may have."

"To that, sir, I can have no objection," replied I; "it would be unfair of me to leave you without a captain to the vessel, and I am therefore ready to sail in her as soon as you please, upon the understanding that I may quit her, if I am of the same opinion as I am now, upon my return to port."

"I thank you, my dear sir," said Mr. Trevannion, rising, "that is all I request. I must now go to the counting-house."

So saying, he left the room, but his countenance showed that he was far from pleased.

Miss Trevannion, who had been a silent listener to the conversation, as soon as her father had closed the door after him, thus spoke:

"Captain Elrington, the opinion of a young maiden like me can be of little value, but you know not how much pleasure you have given me by the sentiments you have expressed. Alas! that a man so good, so generous, and so feeling, in every other respect, should be led away by the desire of gain, to be the owner of such a description of property. But in this town, wealth is every thing; the way by which it is obtained is not thought of. My father's father left him a large property in vessels employed wholly in the slave-trade, and it was through the persuasions of my poor mother, that my father was induced to give up that nefarious traffic. Since that, his capital has been chiefly employed in privateering, which, if not so brutal and disgraceful, is certainly nearly as demoralising. I have been home but a short time, and I have already ventured to express my opinion, certainly not so forcibly and so well as you have, upon the subject; but I was laughed at as a tender-hearted girl, who could not be a fit judge of such matters. But now that you, a captain of one of his vessels, have expressed your dislike to the profession, I think some good may arise. If my father was a poor man, it would be more excusable, if excuse there can be, but such is not the case. He is wealthy, and to whom has he to leave his wealth but to me, his



only child? Captain Elrington, you are right—be firm—my father's obligations to you are very great, and your opinion will have its influence. I am his daughter—his only daughter—his love for me is great, I know, and I also have my power over him. Supported as I have been by you, I will now exert it to the utmost to persuade him to retire from further employment of his means in such a speculation. I thanked you yesterday, when I first saw you, for your noble behaviour, I little thought that I should have again, in so short a time, to express my thanks."

Miss Trevannion did not wait for any reply from me, but then quitted the room.

I must say, that although so young a person, I was much pleased at Miss Trevannion's approval of my sentiments. She appeared, from the very short acquaintance I had had with her, to be a person of a firm and decided disposition, and very different from the insipid class of females generally met with. Her approval strengthened my resolution; still, as I had promised her father that I would go another cruise in the privateer, I left the house and went on board to resume the command. My return was joyfully hailed by the officers and men, which is not always the case. I found her, as may be supposed, ready for sea at a minute's warning, so that I had nothing to do but to embark my effects, which I did before the noon was passed, and then went on shore to Mr. Trevannion, to receive his orders. I found him with Captain Levee in the back room; and I told Mr. Trevannion that I had resumed the command, and was ready to sail as soon as he pleased.

"We must make up for lost time, Elrington," replied he; "I have ordered Captain Levee to cruise to the northward of the Western Isles, occasionally working up as far north as the Scilly Isles. Now, I think, you had better take your ground in the Channel, between Dunkirk and Calais. There is as much to be made by salvage in recapturing English vessels in that quarter, as there is in taking the enemy's vessels; and I am sure," added Mr. Trevannion, smiling, "you will think that legitimate warfare."

At this Captain Levee laughed, and said, "I have been *told* what you said to Mr. Trevannion, Elrington. I said that it was the effects of being condemned for high treason, and would wear off in a three-months' cruise."

"Good impressions do wear off very soon, I fear," replied I; "but I hope that it will not be the case in this instance."

"We shall see," my good fellow, replied Captain Levee; "for my part I hope they will, for otherwise we shall lose the best privateer's-man I ever fell in with. However, it's no use bringing up the question now, let us wait till our cruises are over and we meet again. Good bye, Elrington, and may you be fortunate. My anchor is short stay, and I shall be under sail in half an hour."

Captain Levee sailed at the time that he mentioned, I remained at anchor till the next morning, and then once more was running down the Irish Channel before a stiff breeze. I forgot to mention that while I was at Mr. Trevannion's I had looked at the address of the Catholic priest who had announced to me my release from prison, and had left copies of it, as well as of that of the lady at Paris, in the care of Mr. Trevannion. It was now cold, autumnal weather, and the Channel was but rough sailing ground. During the first fortnight we were fortunate enough to make two recaptures of considerable value, which arrived safely in the

Thames, after which we had a succession of gales from the southward, it being the time of the equinox, which drove us close to the sands off Yarmouth, and we even had difficulty in clearing them and getting into sea room by standing to the eastward. The weather still continued very bad, and we were lying-to under storm sails for several days, and at last found ourselves a degree and a half to the northward, off the coast of Norfolk, when the weather moderated, and the wind changed to the northward. It was a fine clear night, but with no moon, and we were running before the wind to regain our cruising ground; but the wind again shifted and baffled us, and at last it fell light, and we did not make more than four miles an hour on a wind, although there was very little sea. About one o'clock in the morning, I had gone on deck, and was walking to and fro with the first officer, Mr. James, when I thought that I heard a faint hallo from to windward.

"Stop," said I, "silence there, forward."

I listened, and thought that I heard it again, and said I, "Mr. James, did you not hear some one shout?"

"No, sir," replied he.

"Wait then and listen."

We did so, but I could not hear it repeated.

"I am certain that I heard a voice as if on the waters," said I. "Perhaps some one has fallen overboard. Turn the hands up to muster, and haul the foresheet to windward."

The men were mustered, but no one was missing.

"It was your fancy, sir," observed the first officer.

"It may have been," replied I, "but I am still in my own mind persuaded that such was the case. Perhaps, I was mistaken."

"Shall we let draw the fore-sheet, sir?" said Mr. James.

"Yes, we may as well; but the wind is lighter than it was. I think we shall have a calm."

"It will be as much as she can do to stem the tide and hold her own," observed Mr. James. "Let draw the fore-sheet, my lads."

Somehow or another I had a feeling which I could not surmount, that I certainly had heard a faint shout, and although admitting such to be the case, there was little chance of being of service to any one, I felt a reluctance to leave the spot, and as I walked the deck silent and alone, this feeling became insurmountable.

I remained on deck till the tide turned, and then, instead of taking advantage of it so as to gain the southward, I put the schooner's head the other way, so as to keep as near as I could to the spot where I heard the voice, reducing her sail so as just to stem the tide. I cannot now account for my anxiety, which under the circumstances I most certainly never should have felt, unless that Providence was pleased to interpose on this occasion more directly than usual, but I could not leave the deck, and waited for daylight with great impatience, and as the day dawned I had my telescope in my hand looking round the compass.

At last as the sun rose from the fog on the horizon, something attracted my eye, and I made it out to be the two masts of a vessel which had sunk in about six fathoms water. Still I could see nothing except the masts. However, to make sure, I made sail on the schooner, and stood towards it. A short tack enabled us to fetch it, and in half an hour we passed the wreck about a half-musket-shot to windward, when we perceived an arm lifted up out of the water, and waved to us.

"There is somebody there," said I, "and I was right. Quickly, my lads, fore-sheet to windward, and lower down the stern-boat."

This was done in a minute, and in a short time the boat returned, bringing with them a lad about sixteen years old, whom they had found in the water, clinging to the masts of the vessel. He was too much exhausted to speak or move. He was put into bed, covered up with blankets, and some warm spirits and water poured down his throat. We then hoisted up the boat, and made sail upon the schooner, and I went down below to breakfast, rejoicing that I had acted upon the impulse which I had felt, and been thus instrumental in saving the life of a fellow-creature. A few minutes after he was put into bed the lad fell into a sound sleep, which continued during the whole of the day. The next morning he awoke greatly recovered, and very hungry, and as soon as he had eaten he rose and dressed himself.

I then sent for him, as I was impatient to see him and learn his history. When he entered the cabin it struck me I had seen his features before, but where I could not say. To my inquiries he stated that the brig was the *Jane* and *Mary* of Hull, laden with coals; that they had started a wooden end during the gale, and that she had filled so rapidly that they got the boat from off the boom to save their lives, but from the heavy sea running, and the confusion, the boat had been bilged against the bulwarks and went down as they were shoving off; that he had supported himself by one of the oars, and was soon separated from his companions who floated around him, and that during this time the brig had sunk, and he clinging to the oar had been drawn towards her as she sank, and carried some feet under water. On his rising he perceived the top-gallant masts above water, and had made for them, and on looking round he could not see any of the rest of the crew, who must have all perished; that he had been two days on the mast, and was perished with cold. Finding that his feet, which hung down on the water, were much warmer than other portions of his body exposed to the wind, he had sunk himself down in the water, and remained there, and had he not have done so, he must have perished.

I asked him how long he had been at sea, and he said he had only gone one voyage, and had been but three months on board. There was something in his manner so superior to the condition of apprentice on board of the vessel, (which he stated himself to be), and I felt such an interest, which I could not account for towards the lad, that I then asked who were his friends. He replied, stammering, that he had not a friend in the world except a brother older than himself by many years, and he did not know where he was.

"But your father's name? Is he alive, and who is he? You must tell me that, or I shall not know where to send you."

The lad was very confused, and would not give any answer.

"Come, my lad," I said, "I think as I have saved your life I deserve a little confidence, and it shall not be misplaced. I perceive that you have not been brought up as a lad for the sea, and you must therefore trust me."

"I will, sir," he replied, "if you will not send me back to my father and—mother."

"Certainly not against your will, my good lad," I replied, "although I shall probably persuade you all I can to return to them. I presume you ran away from your home?"



"Yes, sir, I did," replied he, "for I could not possibly stay there any longer, and my brother did so before me, for the same reason that I did."

"Well, I promise you, if you will confide in me, that I will not force your inclinations, so now tell me who are your father and mother, and why you left home. You want a friend now, and without confidence you cannot expect friendship."

"I will tell you all, sir," he replied, "for I see by your face that you will not take advantage of me."

He then commenced, and you may imagine my surprise, my dear madam, when I found that it was my own brother Philip, whom I had left a child of ten years old, who was addressing me. He, as he had asserted, had left his home and thrown himself on the wide world for the same reason which I had, for his spirit, no more than mine, could not brook the treatment which he received. I allowed him to finish his narrative and then made myself known to him.

You may imagine the scene, and the delight of the poor fellow, who, as he encircled me in his arms, clinging to me with the tears of joy on his cheeks, told me that his great object had been to find me out, and that although he had no idea what had become of me, he thought it most likely that I had taken to a seafaring life.

I now felt certain that Providence had specially interposed in this business, and had, for its own good reasons, planted those unusual feelings of interest which I described to you, that I might be the saviour of my brother; and most grateful was I, I can assure you. I had now a companion and friend, one to love and to cherish. I was no longer alone in the world, and I do not know when I had felt so happy for a long while.

I left my brother below in the cabin and went on deck to acquaint the officers with this strange meeting. The intelligence soon ran through the vessel, and of course the poor shipwrecked boy became an object of unusual interest. That whole day I was interrogating and receiving intelligence from him relative to our family. I made him describe his sisters and every member of it, even the servants and our neighbours were not forgotten, and for the first time since I had quitted home I knew what had occurred during the six years of my absence. From the accounts he gave me I certainly had no inclination ever to return as long as certain parties were in existence; and my brother declared that nothing but force should ever induce him. The more I talked with him the more I was pleased with him. He appeared of a frank, noble disposition, full of honour and high sentiments, winning in his manners, and mirthful to excess. Indeed his handsome countenance implied and expressed as much, and it did not deceive.

I hardly need say that he took up his quarters in my cabin, and having procured for him more suitable apparel, he looked what he was, the perfect young gentleman. He was soon a general favourite on board, not only with the officers but with the men. One would have thought that the danger and distress we had found him in would have sickened him for the sea for ever; but it was quite the contrary. He delighted in his profession, and was certainly born to be a sailor. I asked him what he felt when he had remained so long clinging to the mast, if he had not given up all hopes of being saved; and he replied no, that he

had not; that he did not know how long he might have had to remain there, but that he had never abandoned the idea of being taken off by some vessel or another, and that he thought that he might have continued there for twenty-four hours longer without being exhausted, as after he had sunk himself in the water he felt warm, and no exertion was necessary. It is of such buoyant spirits as these, madam, that seamen should be made of.

You cannot have an idea of the pleasure which I experienced at this falling in with my brother Philip. It appeared to have given a new stimulus to my existence; even privateering did not appear so hateful to me, after I had heard him express his delight at being likely to be so employed, for such he stated had long been his ardent wish. Two days afterwards we had regained our cruising-ground, and perceived a French privateer steering for the port of Calais, in company with a large merchant vessel which she had captured. The wind was light, and we discovered her at day-break, just as the fog cleared away, she being then about mid-channel, and not more than five miles distant. We made all sail, and soon were within gunshot. The Frenchman appeared determined not to part with his prize without a trial of strength, but as the captured vessel was the nearest to us, I determined to retake her first, and then fight him if he wished. I therefore steered to lay the prize by the board. The Frenchman, a lugger of twelve guns, perceiving our intention, made also for the prize to defend her, he steering up for her close-hauled, we running down at her free, the prize lying between us, and sheltering each of us from the other's guns. It is difficult to say whether the Frenchman or we were the first to touch her sides with our respective vessels; I rather think that the Frenchman was a second or two before us. At all events they were quicker than we were, and were on the deck first, besides having the advantage of the assistance of their men already on board, so that we were taken at a great disadvantage. However, we did gain the deck by boarding at two points, forward and aft, and a fierce contest ensued. The French were more numerous than we were, but my men were better selected, being all very powerful, athletic fellows. Philip had boarded with the other party forward, which was led by my chief officer. My party which were abaft, not being so numerous, were beaten back to the taffrail of the vessel, where we stood at bay, defending ourselves against the furious assaults of the Frenchmen. But if we lost, the other party gained, for the whole body of the Frenchmen were between us and them, and those who faced Philip's party were driven back to abaft the mainmast. It so happened that Philip was thrown down on the deck, and his men passed over him; and while in that position, and unable to rise from the pressure upon him, he heard a calling out from below: this told him that the English prisoners were in the hold; and as soon as he could rise he threw off the hatches, and they rushed up, to the number of twenty-three stout fellows, to our support, cheering most manfully, and by their cheers announcing to the French that we had received assistance. This gave fresh courage to my party, who were hard pressed and faint with their great exertion. We cheered, and rushed upon the enemy, who were already weakened by having many of them turned round to resist the increased impetus from forward. Our cheers were replied to by Philip's party and the prisoners, and the French were losing the day. They made another desperate

rush upon Philip's party, and succeeded in driving them back to before the main-hatches; but what they gained forward, they lost abaft, as we pushed on with vigour. This was their last attempt. The main-hatch being open, several of them fell into it in the confusion, others followed them of their own accord, and at last every one of them were beaten down from the deck, and the hatches were put over them, with three cheers.

"Now for the privateer—she is our own," cried Philip; "follow me, my men," continued he, as he sprang upon the bulwarks of the prize, and from thence into the main rigging of the lugger alongside.

Most of my men followed him; and as there were but few men left on board of the lugger, she was soon in our possession, and thus we had both the enemy and the prize without firing a cannon-shot. It was strange that this combat between two privateers should thus be decided upon the deck of another vessel, but such was the fact. We had several men badly wounded, but not one killed. The French were not quite so fortunate, as seven of their men laid dead upon the decks. The prize proved to be the *Antelope* West-Indiaman, laden with sugar and rum, and of considerable value. We gave her up to the captain and crew who had afforded us such timely assistance, and they were not a little pleased at being thus rescued from a French prison. The privateer was named the *Jean Bart*, of twelve guns, and one hundred and fifteen men, some away in prizes. She was a new vessel, and this her first cruise. As it required many men to man her, and we had the prisoners to encumber us, I resolved that I would take her to Liverpool at once; and four days afterwards we arrived there without further adventure. Philip's gallant conduct had won him great favour with my officers and men, and I must say that I felt very proud of him.

As soon as we had anchored both vessels, I went on shore with Philip to Mr. Trevannion's, to give him an account of what had occurred during the short cruise, and I hardly need say that he was satisfied with the results, as we had made three recaptures of value besides a privateer—I introduced Philip to him, acquainting him with his miraculous preservation—and Mr. Trevannion very kindly invited him to remain in his house for the present. We then took our leave, promising to be back by dinner-time, and I went with Philip to fit him out in a more creditable way, and having made my purchases and given my orders, (it being then almost two o'clock post meridian,) we hastened to Mr. Trevannion's, that we might be in time for dinner. I was, I must confess, anxious to see Miss Trevannion, for she had often occupied my thoughts during the cruise. She met me with great friendliness, and welcomed me back. Our dinner was very agreeable, and Philip's sallies were much approved of. He was, indeed, a mirthful, witty lad, full of jest and humour, and with a good presence withal. Mr. Trevannion being called out just as dinner was finished, Miss Trevannion observed,

"I presume, Mr. Elrington, that your good fortune and the reputation you have acquired in so short a time, has put an end to all your misgivings as to a privateer's-man's life."

"I am not quite so light and inconstant, Miss Trevannion," replied I, "I rejoice that in this cruise, I have really nothing to lament or blush for, and trust at the same time we have been serviceable to our country;



but my opinion is the same, and I certainly wish that I had fought under the king's pennant instead of on board of a privateer."

"You are then of the same mind, and intend to resign the command?"

"I do, Miss Trevannion, although I admit that this lad's welfare, makes it more important than ever, that I should have some means of livelihood."

"I rejoice to hear you speak thus, Mr. Elrington, and I think my father's obligations to you are such, that if he does not assist you I should feel ashamed of him—but such I am certain will not be the case. He will forward your views, whatever they may be, to the utmost of his power—at the same time, I admit, from conversations I have had with him, that he will be mortified at your resigning the command."

"And so shall I," said Philip, "for I do not agree with you or my brother—I see no more harm in privateering than in any other fighting. I suppose, Miss Trevannion, you have been the cause of my brother's scruples, and I tell you candidly to your face, that I do not thank you for it."

Miss Trevannion coloured up at this remark, and then replied, "I do not think, Mr. Philip, that I have had the pleasure of seeing your brother more than three times in my life, and that within this last six weeks, and sure I am that we have not had a quarter of an hour's conversation altogether. It is, therefore, assuredly, too much to say that I am the cause, and your brother will tell you that he expressed these opinions before I ever had had any conversation with him."

"That may be," replied Philip, "but you approved of his sentiments, and that concluded the business I am sure, and I don't wonder at it. I only hope that you won't ask me to do any thing I do not wish to do; for I am sure that I could never refuse you any thing."

"I am glad to hear you say so, Mr. Philip, for if I see you do that which I think wrong, I shall certainly try my influence over you," replied Miss Trevannion, smiling. "I really was not aware that I had such power."

Here Mr. Trevannion came in again, and the conversation was changed; and shortly afterwards Miss Trevannion left the room. Philip, who was tired of setting while Mr. Trevannion and I took our pipes, and who was anxious to see the town, also left us; and I then stated to Mr. Trevannion that I had now gone the cruise which I had agreed that I would, and wished to know whether he had provided himself with another captain.

"As you appear so determined, my dear Elrington, I will only say that I am very sorry, and will not urge the matter any longer. My daughter told me since your absence that she was certain that you would adhere to your resolution; and, although I hoped the contrary, yet I have been considering in which way I can serve you. It is not only my pleasure, but my duty so to do; I have not forgotten, and never will forget, that you in all probability saved my life by your self-devotion relative to the Jacobite parties. When you first came to me, you were recommended as a good accountant, and, to a certain degree, a man of business; and, at all events, you proved yourself well acquainted and apt at figures. Do you think that a situation on shore would suit you?"

"I should endeavour to give satisfaction, sir," I replied; "but I fear that I should have much to learn."

"Of course you would, but I will reply that you would soon learn. Now, Elrington, what I have been considering is this, I am getting old, and in a few years shall be past work; and I think I should like you as an assistant for the present, and a successor hereafter. If you would like to join me, you shall superintend the more active portion of the business; and I have no doubt but that in a year or two you will be master of the whole. As you know, I have privateers and I have merchant vessels, and I keep my store-houses. I have done well up to the present; not so well, perhaps, now, as I did when I had slave-vessels, which were most profitable, but my deceased wife persuaded me to give up that traffic; and I have not resumed it, in honour of her memory. These foolish women should never interfere in such matters, but let that pass. What I have to say is, that if you choose to join me as a partner I will give you an eighth of the business at present, and as we continue I will make over a further share in proportion to the profits; at my death I will make such arrangements as to enable you to take the whole concern upon favourable terms."

Mr. Trevannion knocked the ashes out of his pipe, and I replied as he concluded.

"I am," I replied, "as you may imagine, sir, much gratified and honoured at your proposal, which I hardly need say that I willingly accept. I only hope that you will make allowance for my ignorance at first setting off, and not ascribe to any other cause my imperfections. You may assure yourself that good will shall never be wanting on my part, and I shall work day and night, if required, to prove my gratitude for so kind an offer."

"Then it is settled," said Mr. Trevannion; "but what are we to do with your brother Philip?"

"He thinks for himself, sir, and does not agree with me on the question in point. Of course, I have no right to insist that my scruples should be his; indeed, I fear that I should have little chance in persuading him, for he is too fond of a life of adventure. It is natural in one so young. Age will sober him."

"Then you have no objection to his going on board of a privateer?"

"I would rather that he was in any other service, sir; but as I cannot control him, I must submit, if he insist upon following that profession. He is a gallant, clever boy, and as soon as I can, I will try to procure him a situation in a king's ship. At present he must go to sea in some way or the other, and it were perhaps better that he should be in good hands, (such as Captain Levee's, for instance,) on board of a privateer, than mix up with those who might demoralise him more."

"Well, then, he shall have his choice," replied Mr. Trevannion.

"He is a smart lad, and will do you credit wherever he may be."

"If I may take the liberty to advise, sir," replied I, "I think you could not do better than to give the command of the Sparrow-hawk to the chief officer, Mr. James, he is a good seaman and a brave man, and I have no doubt will acquit himself to your satisfaction."

"I was thinking the same, and as you recommend him he shall take your place. Now as all this is settled, you may as well go on board and make known that you have resigned the command. Tell Mr. James

that he is to take your place. Bring your clothes on shore, and you will find apartments ready for you on your return, for in future you will of course consider this house as your residence. I assure you that now that you do not leave me, I am almost glad that the affair is arranged as it is. I wanted assistance, that is the fact, and I hold myself fortunate that you are the party who has been selected. We shall meet in the evening."

Mr. Trevannion then went away in the direction of his daughter's room instead of the counting-house as usual, and I quitted the house. I did not go immediately down to the wharf to embark. I wanted to have a short time for reflection, for I was much overpowered with Mr. Trevannion's kindness, and the happy prospects before me. I walked out in the country for some distance, deep in my own reflections, and I must say that Miss Trevannion was too often interfering with my train of thought.

I had of course no fixed ideas, but I more than once was weighing in my mind whether I should not make known to them who I was, and how superior in birth to what they imagined. After an hour passed in building castles I retraced my steps, passed through the town, and going down to the wharf, waved my handkerchief for a boat, and was soon on board. I then summoned the officers and men, told them that I had resigned the command of the vessel, and that in future they were to consider Mr. James as their captain. I packed up my clothes, leaving many articles for my successor which were no longer of any use to me, but which he would have been compelled to replace.

Philip I found was down in the cabin, and with him I had a long conversation. He stated his wish to remain at sea, saying that he preferred a privateer to a merchant vessel, and a king's ship to a privateer. Not being old enough, or sufficiently long at sea to be eligible for a king's ship, I agreed that he should sail with Captain Levee, as soon as he came back from his cruise. He had already sent in a good prize. As soon as my clothes and other articles were put into the boat, I wished them all farewell, and was cheered by the men as I pulled on shore.

My effects were taken up to Mr. Trevannion's house by the seamen, to whom I gave a gratuity, and I was met by Mr. Trevannion, who showed me into a large and well-furnished bed-room, which he told me was in future to be considered as my own. I passed away the afternoon in arranging my clothes, and did not go down to the parlour till supper time, where I found Miss Trevannion, who congratulated me upon my having changed my occupation to one more worthy of me. I made a suitable reply, and we sat down to supper. Having described this first great event in my life, I shall for the present conclude.



## BOOK THE SECOND.

## CHAPTER THE FIRST.

After staying a Year with him, Mr. Trevannion proposes to take me into Partnership, but I decline the offer from conscientious motives—Miss Trevannion treats me with unmerited coldness—This and her Father's anger make me resolve to quit the House—What I overhear and see before my departure—The Ring.

You may now behold me in a very different position, my dear madam, instead of the laced hat and sash at my side, imagine me in a plain suit of gray with black buttons, and a wig open behind my ear; instead of walking the deck and balancing to the motion of the vessel, I am now perched immoveably upon a high stool; instead of sweeping the horizon with my telescope, or watching the straining and bending of the spars aloft I am now with my eyes incessantly fixed upon the ledger and day-book, absorbed in calculation. You may inquire how I liked the change. At first, I must confess, not over much, and, notwithstanding my dislike to the life of a privateer's-man, I often sighed heavily, and wished that I were an officer in the king's service. The change from a life of activity to one of sedentary habits was too sudden, and I often found myself, with my eyes still fixed upon the figures before me, absorbed in a sort of castle-building reverie in which I was boarding or chasing the enemy, handling my cutlass, and sometimes so moved by my imagination as to brandish my arm over my head, when an exclamation of surprise from one of the clerks, would remind me of my folly, and, angry with myself, I would once more resume my pen. But after a time I had more command over myself, and could sit steadily at my work. Mr. Trevannion had often observed how absent I was, and it was a source of amusement to him; when we met at dinner, his daughter would say: "So, I hear you had another sea-fight this morning, Mr. Elrington;" and her father would laugh heartily as he gave a description of my ridiculous conduct.

I very soon, with the kind assistance of Mr. Trevannion, became master of my work, and gave him satisfaction. My chief employment was in writing the letters to correspondents. At first I only copied Mr. Trevannion's letters in his private letter-book; but as I became aware of the nature of the correspondence, and what was necessary to be detailed, I then made a rough copy of the letters, and submitted them to Mr. Trevannion for his approval. At first there were a few alterations made, afterwards I wrote them fairly out, and almost invariably they gave satisfaction, or if any thing was added, it was in a postscript. Mr. Trevannion's affairs, I found, were much more extensive than I had imagined. He had then two privateers, two vessels on the coast of Africa trading for ivory and gold dust and other articles, two or three vessels employed in trading to Virginia for tobacco and other produce, and some smaller vessels engaged in the Newfoundland fisheries, which, when they had filled in their cargo, ran to the Mediterranean to dispose of it, and returned with Mediterranean produce to Liverpool. That he was a very wealthy man, independent of his large stakes upon the seas, was certain. He had lent much money to the guild of Liverpool, and had some tenanted properties in the county; but of them I knew nothing, except from the payment of

the rents. 'What surprised me much was, that a man of Mr. Trevannion's wealth, having but one daughter to provide for, should not retire from business—and I once made the remark to his daughter. Her reply was: "I thought as you do once, but now I think differently. When I have been on a visit with my father, and he has stayed away for several weeks, you have no idea how restless and uneasy he becomes from want of occupation. It has become his habit, and habit is second nature. It is not from a wish to accumulate that he continues at the counting-house, but because he cannot be happy without employment. I, therefore, do not any longer persuade him to leave off, as I am convinced that it would be persuading him to be unhappy. Until you came, I think the fatigue was too great for him; but you have, as he apprises me, relieved him of the heaviest portion of the labour, and I hardly need say that I am rejoiced that you have so done."

"It certainly is not that he requires to make money, Miss Trevannion; and, as he is so liberal in every thing, I must credit what you assert, that it is the dislike to having no employment which induces him to continue in business. It has not yet become such a habit in me," continued I, smiling; "I think I could leave it off with great pleasure."

"But is not that because you have not yet recovered from your former habits, which were so at variance with a quiet and a sedentary life?" replied she.

"I fear it is so," said I, "and I believe of all habits, those of a vagrant are the most difficult to overcome. You used to laugh at me the first few months that I was here. I presume that I am a little improved as I have not been attacked lately."

"My father says so, and is much pleased with you, Mr. Elrington, if my telling you so gives you any satisfaction."

"Certainly it does, because I wish to please him."

"And me, too, I hope?"

"Yes, most truly, Miss Trevannion; I only wish I had it in my power to show how much I study your good opinion."

"Will you risk my father's displeasure for it?" replied she, looking at me fixedly.

"Yes, I will, provided—"

"Oh! there is a proviso already."

"I grant that there should not have been any, as I am sure that you would not ask me to do any thing which is wrong. And my proviso was that I did not undertake what my conscience did not approve."

"Your proviso was good, Mr. Elrington, for when a woman would persuade, a man should be particularly guarded that he is not led into error by a rash promise. I think, however, that we are both agreed upon the point. I will, therefore, come at once to what I wish you to do. It is the intention of my father, in the course of a few days, when you shall have accomplished your year of service, to offer to take you into partnership; and I am certain it will be on liberal terms. Now I wish you to refuse his offer unless he gives up privateering."

"I will do so at all risks, and I am truly glad that I have your encouragement for taking such a bold step."

"I tell you frankly that he will be very indignant. There is an excitement about the privateering which has become almost necessary to him, and he cares little about the remainder of his speculations. He is so blind to the

immorality to which it leads, that he does not think that it is an unlawful pursuit ; if he did I am sure that he would abandon it. All my persuasion has been useless."

"And if a favourite and only daughter cannot prevail, what chance have I, Miss Trevannion ?"

"A better chance, Mr. Elrington; he is partial to me, but I am a woman, and he looks upon my observations as a woman's weakness. The objections raised by a man, a young man, and one who has so long been actively engaged in the service will, therefore, carry more weight; besides, he has now become so accustomed to you, and has had so much trouble taken off his hands, and, at the same time, has such implicit confidence in you, that I do not think, if he finds that he has to choose between your leaving him and his leaving off privateering, he will hesitate on relinquishing the latter. You have, moreover, great weight with him, Mr. Elrington; my father is fully aware of the deep obligation he is under to your courage and self-devotion in the affair of the Jacobite refugees. You will, therefore succeed if you are firm; and, if you do succeed you will have my gratitude, if that is of any importance to you ; my friendship you know you have already."

The entrance of Mr. Trevannion prevented my reply. We had been waiting for his return from a walk, and dinner had been ready some time. "I have just seen some of the men of the Arrow," said Mr. Trevannion, taking off his hat and spencer, "and that detained me."

"Has Captain Levee arrived, then, sir?" said I.

"No, but he has sent in a prize—of no great value—laden with light wares. The men in charge tell me he has had a rough affair with a vessel armed *en flute*, and that he has lost some men. Your brother Philip, as usual, is wounded."

I should here observe that during the year which had passed away, the two privateers had been several times in port—they had met with moderate success, barely sufficient to pay their expenses, and my brother Philip had always conducted himself very gallantly, and had been twice wounded in different engagements.

"Well, sir," replied I, "I do not think that the loss of a little blood will do any harm to such a hot-headed youth as Master Philip; but I hope in a short time to give him an opportunity of shedding it in the service of the king, instead of in the pursuit of money. Indeed," continued I, as I sat down to table, "the enemy are now so cautious, or have so few vessels on the high seas, that I fear your privateering account current will not be very favourable, when balanced, as it will be in a few days, notwithstanding this cargo of wares just arrived."

"Then we must hope better for next year," replied Mr. Trevannion ; "Amy, my dear, have you been out to-day?"

"Yes, sir, I was riding for two hours."

"Have they altered your pillion yet?"

"Yes, sir, it came home last night, and it is now very comfortable."

"I called at Mrs. Carleton's, who is much better. What a fop that Mr. Carleton is—I don't know what scented powder he uses, but it perfumed the whole room. Had not Mrs. Carleton been such an invalid I should have opened the window."

Mr. Trevannion then turned the conversation to some political intelligence which he had just received, and this engaged us till the dinner



was over, and I returned to the counting-house, where I found the men who had brought in the prize, and who gave me a letter from Philip, stating that his wound was of no consequence.

The communication of Mr. Trevannion took place, as his daughter had assured me it would, on the anniversary of my entering into Mr. Trevannion's counting house. After dinner, as we, as usual, were smoking our pipes, Mr. Trevannion said: "Elrington, you have been with me now one year, and during that time you have made yourself fully master of your business; much to my surprise, I acknowledge, but still more to my satisfaction. That I have every reason to be satisfied with you, you may imagine, when I tell you that it is now my intention to take you into partnership, and I trust by my so doing that you will soon be an independent man. You know the capital in the business as well as I do. I propose to make over to you one-fifth, and to allow your profits of every year (deducting your necessary expenses) to be invested in the business, until you have acquired a right to one-half. Of future arrangements we will speak hereafter."

"Mr. Trevannion," replied I, "that I am truly grateful for such unexpected liberality, I hardly need say, and you have my best thanks for your noble offer; but I have scruples which, I confess, I cannot get over."

"Scruples!" exclaimed Mr. Trevannion, laying down his pipe on the table. "Oh! I see now," continued he, after a pause; "you think I am robbing my daughter. No, no, the labourer is worthy of his hire, and she will have more than sufficient. You carry your conscientiousness too far, my dear fellow; I have more than enough for Amy, out of the business altogether."

"I am aware of that, sir," added I, "and I did not, therefore, refer to your daughter when I said that I had scruples. I must be candid with you, sir. How is it that I am now in your employ?"

"Why, because you had a dislike to privateering, and I had a debt of gratitude to pay."

"Exactly, sir; but whether you had been pleased to employ me or not, I had made up my mind, as you well know, not to continue on board of a privateer from conscientious motives."

"Well, I grant that."

"The same motives, sir, will not allow me to be a sharer in the profits arising from such sources. I should consider myself equally wrong if I did so, as if I remained on board. Do not be angry with me, sir," continued I, "if I, with many thanks, decline your offer of being your partner, I will faithfully serve you upon any salary which you may consider I may merit, and trust to your liberality in every thing."

Mr. Trevannion made no reply; he had resumed his pipe and continued to smoke it, with his eyes fixed upon the mantel-piece. As soon as his pipe was out he rose, put on his hat, and walked out of the room, without making any further observation. I waited a few minutes and then went back to the counting-house.

That Mr. Trevannion was seriously offended I was convinced; but I valued the good opinion of his daughter more than I did that of Mr. Trevannion; indeed, my feelings towards her, had, during the year that I had been in the house, gradually become of that nature that they threatened much my peace of mind. I cannot say that I loved her in the usual acceptation of the term, adoration would better express what I felt. She was so pure, so

perfect, such a model of female perfection, that I looked up to her with a reverence which almost quelled any feeling of love. I felt that she was above me, and that, with her wealth, it would be madness for one in my position to aspire to her. Yet with this feeling I would have sacrificed all my hopes and present advantages to have obtained her approving smile. It is not, therefore, to be wondered at that I risked Mr. Trevannion's displeasure to gain her approbation, and when I resumed my seat at my desk, and thought of what had passed, I made up my mind rather to be once more an outcast in the world than to swerve from the promise which I had made to her. I knew Mr. Trevannion to be a very decided man, and hasty when offended. That he was seriously offended with me there was no doubt. I found that he had quitted the house immediately after he had left the room. I had hoped that he had gone to his daughter's apartments, and that a conversation with her might have produced a good effect; but such was not the case.

In about half an hour Mr. Trevannion returned, and as he walked into the back room adjoining the counting-house, he desired me to follow him; I did so: "Mr. Elrington," said he, sitting down, and leaving me standing at the table; "I fear, after what has passed, that we shall not continue on good terms. You have reproached me, an old man, with carrying on an unlawful business; in short, in raising your own scruples and talking of your own conscience, you have implied that I am acting contrary to what conscience should dictate. In short, you have told me, by implication, that I am not an honest man. You have thrown back in my face my liberal offer. My wish to oblige you has been treated not only with indifference, but I may add with contumely; and that merely because you have formed some absurd notions of right and wrong in which you will find no one to agree with you, except, perhaps, priests and women. I wish you well, Mr. Elrington, nevertheless. I am truly sorry for your infatuation and wished to have served you, but you will not be assisted by me."

Here Mr. Trevannion paused, but I made no reply. After a time, wiping the perspiration from his forehead with his handkerchief, for he evidently was in a state of great excitement, he continued:

"As you do not choose to join me from conscientious scruples, I cannot but imagine that you do not like to serve me from similar motives, for I see little difference between the two (and here, madam, there was some force in his observation, but it never occurred to me before), at all events without weighing your scruples so exactly as to know how far they may or may not extend, I feel that we are not likely to go on pleasantly together. I shall always think that I am reproached by you when any thing is said connected with the privateers—and you may have twinges of conscience which may be disagreeable to you. Let us, therefore, part quietly. For your services up to the present, and to assist you in any other engagements you may enter on, take this—"

Mr. Trevannion opened a lower drawer of the table, and put before me the bags containing 250 gold jacobusses.

"I wish you well, Mr. Elrington, but I sincerely wish that we had never met."

Mr. Trevannion then rose abruptly, and before I could make any reply brushed past me, went out at the door, and again walked away at a rapid pace down the street. I remained where I stood; my eyes

had followed him as he went away. I was completely surprised. I anticipated much anger, much altercation ; but I never had an idea that he would be so unjust as to throw off in this way one who for his sake had gone through a heavy trial and come out with honour. My heart was full of bitterness. I felt that Mr. Trevannion had treated me with harshness and ingratitude.

"Alas!" thought I, "such is the world, and such will ever be the case with such imperfect beings as we are. How vain to expect any thing like consistency, much less perfection, in our erring natures. Hurt but the self-love of a man, wound his vanity, and all obligations are forgotten."

I turned away from the bag of money, which I was resolved not to accept, although I had not at the time twenty guineas at my own disposal. It was now within half an hour of dark, I collected all my books, put some in the iron safe, others as usual in my desk, and having arranged every thing as completely as I could, I locked the safe and desk, enclosed the keys in a parcel and sealed it. Putting Mr. Trevannion's name on the outside, I laid the parcel on the table in the room where we had had our conference, by the side of the bag of money.

It was now dark, or nearly so, and I left the confidential porter, as usual, to shut up the house, and I went up to the sitting-room with the expectation of seeing Miss Trevannion, and bidding her farewell. I was not disappointed ; I found her at her netting, having just lighted the lamps which hung over the table.

"Miss Trevannion," said I, advancing respectfully towards her, "I have fulfilled my promise, and I have received my reward"—she looked up at me—"which is, I am dismissed from this house and your presence for ever."

"I trust," said she, after a pause, "that you have not exceeded my wishes. It appears to me so strange, that I must think that such is the case. My father never could have dismissed you in this way for merely expressing an opinion, Mr. Elrington. You must have gone too far."

"Miss Trevannion, when you meet your father you can then ascertain whether I have been guilty of intemperance or rudeness, or a proper want of respect in making the communication—which I did in exactly the manner you yourself proposed, and my reward has been such as I state."

"You have a better reward, Mr. Elrington, if what you assert is really correct. You have the reward of having done your duty ; but I cannot imagine that your dismissal has arisen from the mere expression of an opinion. You'll excuse me, Mr. Elrington, that as a daughter I cannot, in justice to a much respected father, believe that such is the case."

This was said in so cold a manner, that I was nettled to the highest degree. Miss Trevannion had promised me her gratitude, instead of which I felt that she was doubting my word, and, as it were, taking the side of her father against me. And this was the return from her. I could have upbraided her and told her what I felt ; namely, that she had taken advantage of my feelings towards her to make me a cat's-paw to obtain her end with her father ; and that now, having failed, I was left to my fate without even commiseration ; but she looked so calm, so grave, and so beautiful, that I could not do it. I commanded my wounded feelings and replied :



"Since I have the misfortune to meet the displeasure of the daughter as well as of the father, Miss Trevannion, I have not another word to say, but farewell, and may you prosper."

My voice faltered as I said the last words, and bowing to her I quitted the room. Miss Trevannion did not even say farewell to mine, but I thought that her lips appeared to move, as quitting the room I took my last look upon her beautiful face. I shut the door after me, and, overpowered by my feelings, I sank upon a settee in the anti-room, in a state of giddy stupor from previous excitement. I know not how long I remained there, for my head turned and my senses reeled; but I was aroused from it by the heavy tread of Mr. Trevannion, who came along the corridor without a light, and not perceiving me, opened the door of the sitting-room where his daughter was. He threw the door too after he entered, but it did not quite close, leaving a narrow stream of light through the anti-room.

"Father," said Miss Trevannion, in my hearing, "you look warm and excited."

"I have reason so to be," replied Mr. Trevannion, abruptly.

"I have heard from Mr. Elrington the cause of it," replied Miss Trevannion; "that is, I have heard his version of it. I am glad that you have come back, as I am most anxious to hear yours. What has Mr. Elrington said or done to cause such irritation and his dismissal?"

"He has behaved with insolence and ingratitude," replied Mr. Trevannion; "I offered him partnership, and he refused unless I would give up privateering."

"So he stated; but in what manner was he insolent to you?"

"Insolent!—told me that he acted from conscientious motives, which was as much as to say that I did not."

"Was his language very offensive?"

"No, not his language—that was respectful enough; but it was the very respect which made it insolent. So I told him that as he could not from scruples of conscience join me in privateering, of course his scruples of conscience could not allow him to keep the books, and I dismissed him."

"Do you mean to say, my dear father, that he, in a respectful manner, declined entering into partnership from these scruples which you mention; that he gave you no other offence than expressing his opinion, and declining your offer?"

"And what would you have more?" replied Mr. Trevannion.

"I wish to know where was the insult, the ingratitude, on his part which you complain of?"

"Simply in refusing the offer. He ought to have felt grateful, and he was not; and he had no right to give such reasons as he did; for the reasons were condemning my actions. But you women cannot understand these things."

"I rather think, my dear father, that we cannot; for I cannot perceive either the insult or the ingratitude which you complain of, and such I think will be your own opinion when you have had time to reflect, and are more cool. Mr. Elrington expressed nothing more when he stated his dislike to privateering from conscientious motives—for you know that after his return from his confinement in the Tower, he gave up the command of the privateer on those very grounds; and then,

when still warm with gratitude to him for his self-devotion, you did not consider it an insult, but, on the contrary, took him still nearer to you into your own house. Why then should you consider it an insult now? Neither can I see any ingratitude. You made him an offer which, in a worldly point of view, he could but appreciate the value of, and he declined it from conscientious motives; declined it, as you acknowledge, respectfully; proving that he was ready to sacrifice his worldly interests to what he considered his duty as a Christian. When Mr. Elrington told me that you had dismissed him, I felt so certain that he must have been guilty of some unpardonable conduct towards you to have induced you to have resorted to such a step, that I did not credit him when he asserted the contrary. I could not believe, as a daughter, any thing so much to the prejudice of my own father, and so much at variance with his general conduct. I now feel that I have been most unjust to Mr. Elrington, and conducted myself towards him in a way which I bitterly regret, and hope by some means to be able to express my contrition for—”

“Amy—Amy,” said Mr. Trevannion, severely, “are you blinded by regard for this young man, that you side against your own father? Am I to understand that you have given your affections without my sanction or approval?”

“No, sir,” replied Amy; “that I do respect and regard Mr. Elrington is true, and I cannot do otherwise for his many good qualities and his devotion towards you; but if you would ask me if I love him, I reply that such a thought has not yet entered my head. Without a knowledge of who he is, or his family, and without your approval, I should never think of yielding up my affections in so hasty a manner; but I may say more, these affections have never been solicited by Mr. Elrington. He has always behaved towards me with that respect, which, as the daughter of his patron, I have a right to expect; but in no instance has he ever signified to me that he had any preference in my favour. Having assured you of this, my dear father, I cannot but say that I consider that he has, in this instance, not only been treated with injustice by you but also by me.”

“Say no more,” replied Mr. Trevannion. As he said this, I heard footsteps in the passage, and was about to retreat to my own room; but as the party came without a light I remained. It was the porter, who knocked at the sitting-room door, and was requested to come in by Mr. Trevannion.

“If you please, sir,” said he, “Mr. Elrington is gone out, I believe, and I found this packet directed to you on the table of the inner room, and also this bag of money, which I suppose you forgot to put away before you left.”

“Very well, Humphrey, leave them on the table.”

The man did so, and quitted the room, not perceiving me in the dark as he passed through the anti-room.

“He has not taken the money,” observed Mr. Trevannion. “He might have done so, as he ought to be paid for his services.”

“I presume, my dear father, that his feelings were too much hurt by what passed,” said Miss Trevannion. “There are obligations which cannot be repaid with gold.”

“ These, I perceive, are the keys of the safe and desk, I did not think that he would have gone away this night.”

I now thought it high time to quit the ante-room, where I had been irresistibly detained by the conversation which took place. I hastened to my own chamber, determined that I would leave the house the next morning before any one was stirring. I gained it in the dark, but having the means of striking a light I did so, and packed up all my clothes ready for my departure. I had just fastened down my valise when I perceived a light on the further end of the long corridor which led to my apartment. Thinking it might be Mr. Trevannion, and not wishing to see him, I blew out my own light and retreated to a small dressing-room, within my chamber, communicating by a glass door. The light evidently approached, and at last I perceived the party was entering my room, the door of which was wide open. It was Miss Trevannion who entered, and turning round with her chamber-light in her hand, appeared to survey the apartment with a mournful air. She perceived my valise, and her eyes were fixed upon it for some time ; at last she walked up to the dressing-table, and sitting on the stool before it, leant down her head upon her hands and wept.

“ Alas!” thought I, “ that those tears were for me ; but it is not so—she has been excited, and her tears have come to her relief.”

After a time she raised her head from the table and said, “ How unjust have I been—and I shall see him no more!—if I could but beg his pardon, I should be more happy. Poor fellow!—what must he have felt at my harsh bearing. Oh! my father, I could not have believed it. And what did I say?—that I had no feeling for—well I thought so at the time, but now—I am not quite sure that I was correct, though he—well, it’s better that he’s gone—but I cannot bear that he should have gone as he has done. How his opinion of me must have changed! That is what vexes me—” and again she bent her head down on the table and wept.

In a moment she again rose, and took her candle in her hand. Perceiving on the dressing-table a small gold ring which I had taken off my finger the day before, and had forgotten ; she took it up and examined it. After a little while she laid her light down on the table, and put the ring upon her finger.

“ I will keep it till I see him again,” murmured she, and then taking her light she walked slowly out of the room.

The knowledge I had gained by this unintentional eaves-dropping on my part, was the source of much reflection—and as I laid on the bed without taking off my clothes, it occupied my thoughts till the day began to break. That I still retained the good opinion of Miss Trevannion was certain, and the mortification I had endured at our final interview was now wholly removed. It was her duty to suppose her parent not in fault till the contrary was proved. She had known her father for years—me she had only known for a short time, and never before had she known him guilty of injustice. But her expressions and her behaviour in my room—was it possible that she was partial to me, more partial than she had asserted to her father when she was questioned!—and her taking away the ring!



## LIGHTS AND SHADES

IN THE LIFE OF A

GENTLEMAN ON HALF-PAY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "STORIES OF WATERLOO."

No. XX.

START FOR THE CAPITAL—A MOUNTAIN INN AND PRETTY HOSTESS—  
MORTEINE CRASSAUGH.

As the stream late conceal'd  
By the fringe of its willows,  
When it rushes reveal'd  
In the light of its billows;  
As the bolt bursts on high  
From the black cloud that bound it,  
Flash'd the soul of that eye  
Through the long lashes round it.

BYRON.

As my great object was to reach a town, thirty miles distant, upon the Dublin line, where I should catch the royal mail, I directed the driver to take the nearest routes, and chose the mountain roads in preference to the lower one, as he averred that it would save six or seven miles in the day's journey. In the highlands, the Sinclairs have an objection on certain days to cross the Orde—and, when passing a pretty river by an old, dilapidated bridge, and in answer to my inquiry, it was intimated that I had crossed the Callan! I confess that I remembered Shawn Dhu's monitory injunction with alarm, and regretted, when too late, that I had not taken the longer and the safer route. But with me, indeed, the Rubicon was passed; and, by the all-powerful stimulus of money, I induced the driver to increase his speed, to enable me to clear the mountain district before evening should set in.

We had been, with two short halts to feed, five hours on the road; and now commenced a gradual descent into the lowlands. The drive was wild, but beautiful; and had the country been tranquil, I should have enjoyed its wild and romantic scenery. But I must acknowledge that, in my eyes, the transit of a disturbed district was fraught with too much peril to allow one to admire the scenic beauties of the route; and the sketch of Captain Starlight's character which Shawn Dhu had drawn, was not calculated to leave a wayfarer at ease, when travelling through a district in which that ruffian reigned lord paramount. The old car-driver also, entertained a desperate fear of encountering this truculent freebooter, and, in common with Irish peasants, he had a morbid fancy for the horrible. Not a deed of violence committed in this savage district for fifty years, but was faithfully treasured, and detailed as we passed each scene of half-forgotten violence.

After winding nearly round a mountain lough of singular beauty, with an islet and ruin in its centre, we entered a deep gorge in the hills, walled

in on either side by cliffs, which seemed, from the perfect similarity of this rocky profile, to have been originally parted by an earthquake. Heath, high enough to hide a man, met the road; and numerous shrubs, indigenous to the Irish mountains, after a heavy shower, which we from the heights had seen falling in the valley, exuded an odour that no artificial gardening can produce. Round a pinnacle of rock, which, spire-like, overtopped the lower cliffs, a pair of eagles were circling about the nest in which their young ones were deposited; while a powerful and repeated echo answered the whoop of the driver. All gave the scene a wild, but interesting beauty, which its loneliness made perfect.

On issuing from the pass, my ancient Phaeton pointed to a large, stone-built cottage, on the road-side, and acquainted me that there we should find dinner, while we rested and fed the horse for the last time. The communication was most agreeable, for I felt confoundedly hungry; and a last stage announced, that we should soon bid farewell to the *terra incognita* we had been traversing for half a day. Before we came within sight of the caravanserai, my conductor turned his eyes into the well of the car, where my double gun and pistol were deposited.

"Jist let me, yer honour, throw the *cota more* over them before we come to Morteine Crassaugh's."

"Over what?" I asked.

"Why, the guns and pistils, sure, sir."

"And why wrap them up so carefully, when I shall bring them into the house?"

"Oh, for the sake of the blessed Virgin, lave thim where they are, captain! Divil a one of me will ever quit the care—and I'll feed myself and the baste beside it: arrah! don't let thim be seen, good or bad, af ye'll take my advice."

"Why, what the devil does the man mean? Who dare question my right to carry arms? No, no, I'll place these pistols in my pockets, and until I clear these d—d mountains, this gun shall never part my hand."

"Then you wont comprehend me!" said the old man, with evident displeasure. "You might as well pin bank-notes to the tail of your coat in a country fair, and expect to find them when you had passed through it, as show arms in this barony, and imagine ye'll bring them to the next town."

"I'll make the attempt, however; and if they are taken from me, it shall cost at least a life or two."

"No, no," said the driver, "not a trigger will be drawn. But what will be, must be. Remember, you had warning."

He whooped, flogged the horse, and in a few minutes placed us in front of the mountain hostelry. It was a large-sized cabin, built of dry limestone, and thatched with bent. On one side, an extensive turf-stack was neatly piled; and at the other, several half-ruinous sheds and hovels afforded shelter for the owner's cows, and stables for such wayfarers as visited this hotel, *en route* through these highlands. The farm attached to the house comprised half a dozen patches of land of irregular shapes, reclaimed from the moor, some fenced, some unenclosed, and bearing crops of corn and potatoes. The unprotected fields were each under the custody of a ragged urchin, aided and assisted by a cur dog; and, for the size of the mansion, the domestic establishment seemed unusually extensive, for

the jaunting-car brought half a dozen men and women to the door. I advanced to the house, and entered the principal apartment of an Irish cabin, namely, the kitchen—addressed a bare-legged girl, who appeared chief butler of the place, and inquired could I have dinner; and in return, she dropped a courtesy, and told me she would ask the mistress.

As the men had stepped out upon “the street,” as they term the high road in Ireland, and the females had disappeared elsewhere, I had full leisure to examine the place into which I had introduced myself. The kitchen, which occupied the centre of the cabin, even for a Connaught one, was large; a huge chimney with an iron gallows to support pots and kettles was then in full occupation, to judge by the numerous culinary vessels thereon suspended. The rafters were garnished with flitches of bacon, balls of worsted yarn, smoked salmon, and all the miscellaneous *et cetera*, which betoken rustic comfort; and what struck me as the most extraordinary feature of the whole, the deal table and chairs were critically white; and the floor was neatly swept and sanded.

I had barely completed my inspection, when the door of the sleeping chamber opened, the hostess presented herself, and never was a half-pay officer more agreeably surprised.

Of lowly beauty, she was decidedly the finest specimen I had ever seen; and my astonishment was unbounded, when, in the mistress of a highland *potteine* house, I found a splendid piece of nature’s handiwork. I should say that she had scarcely passed twenty summers. Her figure was tall and graceful; and if dark blue eyes full of intelligence, a profusion of rich auburn hair, teeth exquisitely white and regular, and lips which Sir John Suckling would sonnetise for ever, could, by happy combination, produce a faultless face, hers was indeed that one. Her attire was also in good keeping; it had nothing either of the slovenliness, or worst still, the slattern finery of low life; on the contrary, it was plain, neat, and correctly adapted to her situation.

When we met, the surprise seemed mutual. By whatever designation the biped without stockings had announced the newly-arrived guest, it was certain that the lady hostess was unprepared to receive a gentleman of the sword, in a braided pelisse and military nether garments. She blushed and courtesied—I advanced, took her hand, paid her the passing compliments which beauty elicits—and ended with a delicate inquiry after dinner—and a hint that the sooner this vulgar incident in life was got over, it would be all the better.

She called loudly for *Kathleecine*, and to that summons, a red-shank\* promptly responded. “Could my honour put up with a chop, bacon and eggs, broiled salmon, there was a fresh one in the house?” For any of these I was perfectly at her service. Orders were instantly issued to bare-legs, who disappeared; and the hostess unclosed a cupboard, poured a glass full of splendid *potteine* from an old-fashioned Dutch bottle, and presented it to me with a native elegance that would have put Hebe herself to the blush.

“I drink to your health and happiness,” and, raising the glass to my lips, a deep sigh arrested it. The blush had vanished—and a sweeter countenance, more heavily surcharged with sorrow, could not be imagined

\* A term applied in Connaught to ladies, who consider stockings a superfluity.



than that of the beautiful hostess. By an irresistible impulse I caught her hand in mine. "Are you unhappy?" I murmured.

"Unhappy! Oh God! that word describes poorly what I suffer. Let go my hand, sir, you know not where you are. One imprudent word or act of yours might cost you life and me more misery; and, Heaven sees the cup has been full enough."

"You are surely a stranger," I replied, as I obeyed her bidding. "These are not the accents of the mountain tongue, nor the language in which a peasant would address me."

"What I am, *I am*. What *I was*, I must not think. To that dress my heart warms—and the sooner its wearer quits this house the better."

A look I never shall forget accompanied this singular intimation; and while she called loudly for her attendant spirits to expedite the culinary preparations, I strolled out to ascertain that the horse was being sufficiently refreshed, to undertake the remainder of his journey.

The old car-driver was in the stable, feeding his "baste" from a wooden tub—racks and mangers being here unknown.

"Well, will you be able to take the road again shortly?"

"I wish to God! yer honour gave me the word to put to now!"

"You have not had your dinner, man; a light stomach, we used to say, makes heavy marching. But what shall I call you? Oh, yes, I remember, Ulick—What a pretty woman that landlady is—who is she, Ulick?"

"The wife of Morteeine Crassaugh!" was the reply.

"Now, my good old friend, come to the point at once. Morteeine Crassaugh I never wish to see——"

"Nor I—Lord stand betwixt us and evil!" and the driver crossed himself.

Ulick went to the door, looked out, strolled round the shed, ascertained that there were no eaves-droppers, and even then, continued in a whisper—

"She's his third wife; and, bad luck attend him! he got her wrongfully."

"Yer dinner's ready, sir," screamed a red-shank from the house. I obeyed the summons and re-entered the caravanserai, with no addition to my knowledge, and much to my suspicion.

I could not but remark, that in the manner my meal was placed upon the table, there was a simple neatness which would have belonged rather to the road-side inn the English traveller encounters, than the dirty confusion with which an Irish wayfarer is littered down. The hostess—a circumstance even in a poteen house considered *infra dignitatum*—attended on me. I pressed her to sit down and partake of my dinner; but that was gracefully declined, and I proceeded to discuss my solitary meal, while Ulick was supplied with necessary refreshments in some other department of the hostelrie.

I mentioned that sundry vessels were suspended over the fire; and while I was waiting the removal of the fragments from my table, one of the bare-legged damsels entered the kitchen, bearing a large wooden tray, heaped with mutton cut up in pieces to render its cookery expeditious, and known in Ireland by the term *spolieenes*. The quantity prepared for the pot attracted my attention; and I remarked there was a sufficiency of meat for the consumption of a troop of dragoons.

"We expect travellers this evening from a fair," replied the Maritornes of the mountain.

"Travellers!" exclaimed the hostess; and she cast a sidelong look at her attendant full of meaning. "Heaven send that such travellers would seek another inn. Go fetch fresh water from the spring; this is heated, and unfit to drink."

The order was obeyed, and the moment the girl disappeared and we saw her pass the window, the pretty hostess in an under voice, contrary to the usage of an inn, urged my departure.

"Evening is coming, sir—your man is fed—your horse is rested. Take my advice, and resume your journey without delay. Be guarded—and the sooner you reach Ballinamore, the better."

The look which accompanied this advice spoke volumes.

"I understand you," I returned, "and yet I unwillingly obey. There is a mystery about you that interests me. Would that I dare remain, and ask by what singular chance one so fair and so unsuited to the situation I find her in, has settled in a place so desolate as this."

"The inquiry would be altogether unserviceable; painful to me—profitless to you. Follow my advice—resume your journey, and leave the wretched to their fate. Ha! so soon! Off, without delay. Let nothing tempt you to remain. I did not expect him back till midnight. Quick—quick!"

I flung the reckoning on the table, remunerated the bare-legged attendant, took up my gun, pressed warmly the hand of the fair hostess, and was lighting a cigar at the fire, when the door opened, and the owner of the hostelry, and husband of the beautiful hostess, presented himself.

Each of us surveyed the other for a few seconds, and both with mutual dislike. My costume, as it afterwards appeared, was not a favourable passport; and to me, Morteeine's appearance was, at a single glance, enough to insure my detestation.

The host was a tall, thin, powerful, broad-shouldered man, on the wrong side of fifty, but still active and athletic. The expression of his face was most repulsive. The deep pitting which sometimes marks sufferers from small-pox, had obtained for him the *sobriquet* of *Crassaugh*—and fiery-red hair, a light, but cat-like eye, and a manner altogether indescribable, completed an exterior and address, which, in Irish parlance, a capitalist would give its possessor "sixpence a day for life to keep out of his sight."

When our mutual inspection was over, I repeated my good evening to the hostess, and proceeded to quit the house; but with a rude, and, as I thought, insolent familiarity, Morteeine placed himself between me and the doorway, and insisted that I should drink *doch an durrís* before I started. The long, sinewy arm he laid upon my shoulder I turned roughly aside. I saw his brows contract, and his cat-eyes kindle. Another instant, and "to quit or not to quit" would have brought the crisis on, when the landlady united in the request, to which I instantly acceded. I retraced my steps, threw myself upon a form: a furtive glance from the fair hostess approved my conduct; while Morteeine called over a twelve-year old animal, who, from undoubted resemblance to his father, could never be mistaken for any one's progeny but his, whispered to him for a minute, and concluded by saying aloud—

“Dick, agra—hould you the horse—and tell Ulick, the crature, to come in, and have a drop before he starts.”

The order was obeyed, and the lank and red-headed representative of Mortecine Crassaugh disappeared.

The hostess, on my consenting to drink the *doch an durris*, had instantly applied to her cupboard, and the Dutchman was again produced.

“Come, sir,” she said, “I know you are anxious to be gone:” and, filling a glass with spirits, she crossed over to the other side of the room, where her husband had seated himself, and placed it in his hand. Mine she went merely through the form of replenishing. I understood her meaning, swallowed the few drops of spirits the glass contained, and then declared my fixed intention of taking the road at once.

A curious scene succeeded. The old car-driver quitted the august presence of Mortecine and myself, after swallowing the alcohol, and young red-head came into the kitchen. The elder savage patted the young one on the head.

“*Avourneine*,” he said, “did ye do what I bid ye?”

“*Sha*,” was the brief reply.

“Go, get a drap of spirits, and drink the captain’s health.”

Young hopeful obeyed his father’s mandate, and, to my astonishment, turned down a full glass of undiluted whiskey.

“Upon my sowl, captain, I’m not sparin’ any thing on that lad; and a cuter chap ye wouldn’t find in a country side. He goes twice a week to Father Hennessey to larn Latin, and I’m bringing him up to——”

“The gallows!” ejaculated the young hostess. “What devil’s errand has he done now, that you praise him so?”

I started. Mortecine’s brows contracted; but his young wife returned his scowl with eyes that flashed scorn and defiance. I essayed to speak, but she hastily interrupted me.

“Go, sir; your car is waiting. Family differences are not entertainment for a stranger.”

A sweep of that intelligent eye, as she turned her angry look from her husband, told all she would have said, and I instantly fell into the humour.

“The commands of beauty must not be disobeyed; and I am sorry that I have already trespassed. Farewell.”

She gave her hand to me with a sullen air, and my pressure was returned by another, warm and significant. Mortecine muttered something in Irish, in which oaths predominated; but, like an attentive landlord, he saw me safe upon the jaunting-car, told Ulick to mind the broken bridge, and bade “Heaven speed me!” as I rolled away.

“Oh! the Blissid Vargin be praised, that we’re clane off! Och! af we were only through the pass of Loughtey, and over the bridge at Keil, wouldn’t I be happy!”

“But, Ulick,” I said, interrupting him, “who is that beautiful young woman? and, in the name of every thing damnable, how came she to be the wife of that ill-featured savage?”

The driver threw his eye back. Nobody followed: and, as we were traversing an open heath, no eaves-droppers need be feared.

“Feaks! and yer honour may call him a savage, af ye knew but all. Mortecine’s the terror of the country; and, betune ourselves, divil a much mischief passes in the barony but he has a finger in it.”



“No matter about Morteine. His wife, Ulick : what a splendid creature, ‘to waste her sweetness on the desert air.’”

“I don’t exactly understand yer honour about the desert air, but I’ll tell ye all I know about the woman. It’s full fifteen years ago, when the English militia were brought away to be disbanded, that an ould quartermaster, from the cheapnesses of the country, took it into his head to settle here. He was a widower, and that beautiful crature—and God sees, ye might walk the country for a month of Sundays, and niver lay eyes upon her fellow—his only child. Well, the ould man was well to do, and for five or six years he got on well enough, until he bought a farm from a broken squireine. Two or three bad tenants were noticed by him to quit ; but, feaks, he didn’t live to see it. He was shot—God be good to his soul!—one Friday morning, in his own garden. Every body knew who done it ; but that’s no matter ; the man’s walkin stiff and strong through the country—and nobody dare whisper any thing against him.

“Well, his daughter was just sixteen ; and when the gentlemen held the inquest on the body, it was found that the old man had died worth six hundred pounds. No one had a guess of where he came from, as he was a stranger in these parts, and niver was heard to mention any relashin, good or bad. After the funeral, his poor daughter was boarded with a snug farmer ; and for two years, while she lived there, all the boys in the neighbourhood was lookin’ after her, when, one blessed morning, the news came into town that she was carried off the night before, and hid somewhere in the mountains. Morteine Crassaugh had only buried his second wife three weeks before ; and, though he might be her grandfather, as it turned out afterwards, it was himself that done the job.”

Again, on ‘mentioning the dreaded name, Ulick threw a suspicious glance around, and then, lowering his voice, he thus continued—

“I know yer honour’s quittin the country for good, an af ye were not, ye would niver split upon one that trusted to ye. I know all this bad bisniss, from beginning to end : and, as ye take interest in the poor girl’s story, I’ll tell yer honour as much about it as Morteine could tell ye himself.”

## BYRON.

BY EDWARD KENEALY, ESQ.

LIKE an archangel exiled for dark crimes,  
 His spirit walk’d the earth in scorn and gloom,  
 And where it smote, it smote like the Simoom,  
 Deadly though beautiful. Yet there were times  
 When his great soul shone out upon the world  
 In all the primal brightness of her light,  
 Ere from her starry throne to darkness hurl’d.  
 His songs were sweet remembrances of heaven,  
 Dash’d with the scoffing spirit of sin and night  
 In which he moved, and breathed, and lived. Yet even  
 In his most mocking moments you could trace  
 The beauty of the seraph, and the grace  
 Which once beam’d round him. Ruin could not blight,  
 Nor sin th’ original marks of angel birth efface.

## B E A U C H A M P ;

OR,

## THE ERROR.

BY G. P. R. JAMES, ESQ.

## CHAP. XV.

## THE LETTER.

WE left Sir John Slingsby with an exclamation in his mouth. An expression of wonder it was, at what could have become of his friend Ned Hayward, and the reader may recollect that it was then about ten o'clock at night. Quitting the worthy baronet in somewhat abrupt and unceremonious haste, we hurried after the young officer ourselves, in order to ascertain his fate and fortune with our own eyes; and now, having done that, we must return once more to Tarningham-park, and make an apology to Sir John, for our rude dereliction of his house and company. He is a good-natured man, not easily put out of temper, so that our excuses will be taken in good part; nor was he inclined to make himself peculiarly anxious or apprehensive about any man on the face of the earth; so that, even in the case of his dear friend Ned Hayward, he let things take their chance, as was his custom, trusting to fortune to bring about a good result, and philosophically convinced, that if the blind goddess did not choose to do so, it was not in his power to make her. During the evening he had once or twice shown some slight symptoms of uneasiness when he looked round and remarked his guest's absence; he had scolded his daughter a little, too, for not singing as well as usual; and, to say the truth, she had deserved it; for, whether it was the story told by the gentlemen on their return from the dining-room had frightened her—it not being customary at Tarningham-house to have shots fired through the windows—or whether it was that she was uneasy at Captain Hayward's prolonged absence, she certainly did not do her best at the piano. Sing as ill as she would, however, Mary Clifford, who sang with her, kept her in countenance. Now Mary was a very finished musician, with an exceedingly rich, sweet-toned voice, flexible, and cultivated in a high degree, with which she could do any thing she chose; so that it was very evident that she either did not choose to sing well, or else that she was thinking of something else.

But to return to Sir John. Perhaps, if we could look into all the dark little corners of his heart—those curious little pigeon-holes that are in the breast of every man, containing all the odd crotchets and strange feelings and sensations, the unaccountable perversities, the whimsical desires and emotions, that we so studiously conceal from the common eye—it is not at all improbable that we should find a certain degree of satisfaction, a comfort, a relief, derived by the worthy baronet, from the unusual events which had chequered and enlivened that evening; he had

looked forward to the passing of the next six or seven hours with some degree of apprehension ; he had thought it would be monstrous dull, with all the proprieties and decorums which he felt called upon to maintain before his sister ; and the excitement of the interview with Mr. Wittingham, the examination of Stephen Gimlet, and the unaccountable disappearance of Ned Hayward, supplied the vacancy occasioned by the absence of the bottle and jest. Soon after the gentlemen had entered the drawing-room, Sir John placed his niece and his daughter at the piano, and engaged Dr. Miles, his sister, and even Mr. Beauchamp in a rubber at whist ; and though from time to time he turned round his head to scold Isabella for singing negligently, yet he contrived to extract amusement from the game,—laughing, talking, telling anecdotes, commenting upon the play of his partner and his opponents, and turning every thing into jest and merriment. Thus passed the evening to the hour I have mentioned, when Mrs. Clifford rose and retired to bed ; and the first exclamation of Sir John, after she was gone, was that which I have recorded.

“ It is strange, indeed,” said Beauchamp, in reply ; “ but you know his habits better than I do, and can better judge what has become of him.”

“ Indeed, my dear uncle,” said Miss Clifford, with an earnest air, “ I think you ought to make some inquiries. I do not think Captain Hayward would have gone away in so strange a manner, without some extraordinary motive, and after the alarming circumstance that has happened, to-night, one cannot well be without apprehension.”

“ A harum-scarum fellow !” answered Sir John ; “ nobody ever knew what he would do next. Some wild-goose scheme of his or another ; I saw him once jump off the mole at Gibraltar, when he was a mere boy, to save the life of a fellow who had better have been drowned, a sneaking Spanish thief, a half-smuggler and half-spy.”

“ And did he save him ?” exclaimed Miss Clifford, eagerly.

“ Oh, to be sure,” answered Sir John ; “ he swims like a Newfoundland dog, that fellow.”

“ Your carriage, sir,” said a servant, entering and addressing Mr. Beauchamp.

“ Here, Jones,” cried Sir John Slingsby ; “ do you know what has become of Captain Hayward ? we have not seen him all night.”

“ Why, Sir John,” answered the man, “ Ralph, the under-groom, told me he had met the captain, in the park, as he was returning from taking your note to Mr. Wharton, and that Captain Hayward made him get down, jumped upon the cob, and rode away out at the gates as hard as he could go.”

“ There, I told you so,” said Sir John Slingsby ; “ Heaven only knows what he is about, and there is no use trying to find it out ; but this is too bad of you, Mr. Beauchamp, ordering your carriage at this hour ; the days of curfew are passed, and we can keep the fire in a little after sundown.”

“ You should stay and see what has become of your friend, Mr. Beauchamp,” said Isabella Slingsby ; “ I don’t think that is like a true companion-in-arms, to go away and leave him, just when you know he is engaged in some perilous adventure.”

Beauchamp was not proof against such persuasions ; but we are all



merchants in this world, trafficking for this or that, and sometimes bartering things that are of very little value to us in reality for others that we value more highly. Beauchamp made it a condition of his stay, that Isabella should go on singing; and Mary Clifford engaged her uncle in a *tête-à-tête*, while Beauchamp leaned over her cousin at the piano. The first song was scarcely concluded, however, when the butler again made his appearance, saying,—

“You were asking, Sir John, what had become of Captain Hayward, and Stephen Gimlet has just come in to say that he had seen him about an hour ago.”

“Well, well,” said Sir John, impatiently, “what, the devil, has become of him? what bat-fowling exhibition has he gone upon now? By Jove! that fellow will get his head broken some of these days, and then we shall discover whether there are any brains in it or not. Sometimes I think there is a great deal, sometimes that there is none at all; but, at all events, he is as kind, good-hearted fellow as ever lived, that’s certain.”

“Stephen Gimlet says, Sir John,” replied the butler, with his usual solemnity, “that the captain went out on horse-back to hunt down the man who fired through the window.”

“Whew!” whistled Sir John Slingsby, “was it not one of those cursed fools of game-keepers, shooting a deer?”

“No, Sir John,” answered the man, “it was some one who came in on horseback by the upper gates. Captain Hayward got upon the cob and hunted him across the moor, till he lodged him in one of the pits on the other side, and was watching him there by the moonlight when Stephen Gimlet came up; for he was afraid, if he went in one way, that he might get out the other.”

“Well, have they got him? have they got him?” cried Sir John; “by Jove! this is too bad, one must have his plate made bomb-proof, if this is to go on.”

“They have not got him, please you, Sir John,” replied the butler, “for when Stephen came up, he and the captain went in, and both got close up to the fellow, it seems, but he had time to charge his gun, and he fired straight at them. Wolf—that is, Mr. Gimlet—says he is sure Captain Hayward is wounded, for the man rode away as hard as he could go before they could stop him, and the captain jumped upon the cob and went after him again at the full gallop.”

“Where did they go? which way did they take?” exclaimed the baronet, brustling up warmly; “by Jove! this is too bad, it must be put down! Tell Matthews and Harrison, and two or three more, to get out horses as fast as possible—which way did they take?—can’t you answer?—have you got no ears?”

“Stephen said, sir, that they seemed to go towards Buxton’s inn,” replied the butler, “but he could not well see, for they got in amongst the woods.”

“By Jove I’ll soon settle this matter,” cried Sir John; “I’ll just get on a pair of boots and be off—Mr. Beauchamp, you must stay till I come back, so come, be friendly, send away your carriage, and take a bed.”

“Upon one condition, Sir John,” replied Beauchamp, “that you allow me to be the companion of your ride.”

"No, no," cried Sir John, rubbing his hands, "my dear fellow, you must stay and protect the ladies."

"Oh, we shall do very well, papa," cried Isabella, "only order all the doors and windows to be shut, and I will command in camp till your return."

"There's a hero," cried Sir John Slingsby, "agreed! Jones, Jones, you dog, tell the boy to take away his horses, and not to come for Mr. Beauchamp till this time to-morrow night—nay, I insist, Beauchamp—no refusal, no refusal—capital haunch of venison just ready for the spit—bottle of Burgundy, and all very proper—every thing as prim as my grandmother's maiden aunt—but come along, I'll equip you for your ride—ha, ha, ha, capital fun, by Jove! Ned Hayward's a famous fellow to give us such a hunt extempore; as good as a bagged fox, and a devil a deal better than a drag."

Thus saying, Sir John Slingsby rolled out of the room, followed by Mr. Beauchamp, to prepare themselves for their expedition from a vast store of very miscellaneous articles, which Sir John Slingsby's dressing-room contained. He was; Heaven knows, any thing but a miser, and yet in that dressing-room were to be found old suits of clothes and equipments of different kinds, which he had had at every different period, from twenty to hard upon the verge of sixty; jack-boots, dress pumps, hob-nailed shoes, Hessians, and pen-dragons, great coats, small coats, suits of regimentals, wrap-rascals, the complete costume of a harlequin, which now scarcely would have held one of his thighs, and a mask and domino. But with each of these pieces of apparel was connected some little incident, or tale, or jest, which clung lingering to the old gentleman's memory, associating with events sweet, or joyous, or comic, sometimes even with sad events, but always with something that touched one or other of the soft points in his heart; and he never could make up his mind to part with them. From these he would have fain furnished his guest with a wardrobe, but unfortunately the baronet's and Mr. Beauchamp's were of very different sizes, and he laughingly put away the pair of boots that were offered, saying, "No, no, Sir John, my shoes will do very well; I have ridden in every sort of foot-covering under the sun, I believe, from wooden boots to morocco leather slipper; but I will take this large cloak that is hanging here, in case we should have to bivouac."

"Ha, ha, ha!" cried Sir John again; "a capital notion; I should not mind it at all:—light a great fire on the top of the moor, turn our toes in, and put a bundle of heath under our heads:—we have got capital heath here. Were you ever in Scotland, Mr. Beauchamp?"

"I was, sir, once," answered Beauchamp, in a tone so stern and grave, that Sir John Slingsby suddenly looked up and saw the countenance of his guest clouded and gloomy, as if something exceedingly offensive or painful had just been said to him. It cleared up in a moment, however, and as soon as the baronet was ready they issued forth again and descended into the hall.

In the meanwhile, Isabella and her cousin had remained sitting near the piano, both rather thoughtful in mood. For a minute or two each was silent, busied, apparently, with separate trains of thought. At length Mary looked up, inquiring, "What do you intend to do, Isabella?"

"What do you mean, Mary, love?" replied her cousin; "if you mean

to ask whether I intend to marry Ned Hayward, as I have a slight notion papa intends I should, I say no, at once ;” and she laughed gaily.

“ Oh, no,” answered Miss Clifford ; “ my question was not half so serious a one, Isabella ; though I do not see why you should not, either. I only wished to ask whether you intended to sit up or go to bed.”

“ Why I should not,” exclaimed Isabella, gaily, “ I can give you twenty good reasons in a minute. We are both so thoughtless ; we should ruin ourselves in a couple of years ; we are both so merry, we should laugh ourselves to death in a fortnight ; we are both so harum-scarum, as papa calls it, that it would not be safe for one to trust the other out of his sight ; for a thousand to one we should never meet again ; he would go to the East Indies, and I to the West seeking him ; and then each would go to meet the other, and we should pass each other by the way.”

Mary Clifford smiled thoughtfully ; and after pausing in meditation for a moment or two, she answered, “ After all, Isabella, I have some doubts as to whether either of you is as thoughtless as you take a pleasure in seeming.”

“ Oh, you do me injustice—you do me injustice, Mary,” cried Miss Slingsby ; “ I seem nothing but what I am. As to Captain Hayward,” she added, with a sly smile, “ you know best, Mary dear. He is your *preux chevalier*, you know ; delivered you from lions and tigers, and giants and ravishers, and, as in duty bound, has talked to nobody but you all day.”

“ Mary coloured a little, but replied straightforwardly, “ Oh yes, we have talked a good deal, enough to make me think that he is not so thoughtless as my uncle says ; and I know you are not so thoughtless as you say you are yourself. But what do you intend to do while they are gone ?”

“ O, I shall sit up, of course,” answered Isabella ; “ I always do, till papa goes to bed. When he has a large party, and I hear an eruption of the Goths and Vandals making its way hither—which I can always discover by the creaking of the glass door—I retreat into that little room and fortify myself with lock and key, for I have no taste for mankind in a state of drunkenness ; and then when they have roared and bellowed, and laughed, and quarrelled, and drank their coffee and gone away, I come out and talk to papa for half an hour, till he is ready to go to bed.”

“ But is he always in a very talking condition himself ?” asked Mary Clifford.

“ Oh, fie ! now, Mary,” exclaimed her cousin ; “ how can you suffer your mind to be prejudiced by people’s reports. My father likes to see every one happy, and even jovial under his roof—perhaps a little too much—but if you mean to say he gets tipsy, it is not the case ; I never saw him the least so in all my life ; in fact I don’t think he could if he would ; for I have seen him drink as much wine as would make me tipsy twenty times over, without its having any effect upon him at all—a little gay, indeed ; but he is always gay after dinner.”

Mary Clifford listened with a quiet smile, but replied not to Isabella’s discourse upon her father’s sobriety, merely saying, “ Well, if you sit up, my dear cousin, I shall sit up too, to keep you company ;” but scarcely had the words passed her sweet lips, when in came Sir John Slingsby and Mr. Beauchamp, the baronet holding a note open in his hand.



"Ha, ha, ha," he cried, "news of the deserter, news of the deserter, we had just got to the hall door, horses ready, cloaks on our backs, servants mounted, plans arranged, a gallop of five or six miles and a bivouac on the moor before us, when up walks one of the boys from Buxton's inn with this note from the runaway; let us see what he says," and approaching the lamp he read by its light several detached sentences from Ned Hayward's letter, somewhat to the following effect: "Dear Sir John, for fear you should wonder what has become of me—so I did, by Jove—I write this to tell you—ah, I knew all that before—cantered him across the common—earthed him in old sand-pit—rascal fired at me—not much harm done—chased him along the road, but lost him at the three turnings—came on here—very tired—comfortable quarters—particular reason for staying where I am—over with you early in the morning—Ned Hayward."

"Ah, very well, very well," continued Sir John, "that's all right; so now Beauchamp, if you are for a game at piquet I am your man; if not, some wine and water and then to bed. I'll put you under the tutelage of my man Galveston, who knows what's required by every sort of men in the world, from the Grand Turk down to the Methodist parson, and he will provide you with all that is necessary."

Mr. Beauchamp, however, declined both piquet and wine-and-water; and, in about half-an-hour, the whole party had retired to their rooms; and gradually Tarningham Hall sank into silence and repose.

One of the last persons who retired to rest was Sir John Slingsby himself; for, before he sought his own room, he visited the library, and there, lying on the table where his letters were usually placed, he found a note, neatly folded and sealed, and directed in a stiff, clear, clerk-like hand. He took it up and looked at it; laid it down again: took it up once more; held it, for at least three minutes, in his hand, as if irresolute whether he should open it or not; and at length tore open the seal, exclaiming,

"No, hang me if I go to bed with such a morsel on my stomach."

Then, putting it on the other side of the candle, and his glass to his eye, he read the contents. They did not seem to be palatable; for the first sentence made him exclaim,

"Pish! I know you my buck!"

After this he read on again; and, though he made no further exclamation, his brow became cloudy, and his eye anxious. When he had done, he threw it down, put his hands behind his back, and walked two or three times up and down the room, stopping every now and then to gaze at the Turkey carpet.

"Hang him!" he cried at length. "By Jove! this is a pretty affair."

And then he walked up and down again.

"Well, devil take it!" he cried, at length, tearing the note to pieces, and then throwing the fragments into the basket under the table, "it will come, some how or other, I dare say. There is always something turns up—if not, the trees must go—can't be helped—improve the prospect—landscape gardening—ha! ha! ha!"

And laughing heartily, he rolled off to bed.

## CHAP. XVI.

## THE CHANCE-MEETING IN THE PARK.

THE morning sky was very gray. There was a thin film of vapour over the greater part of the heavens, retarding, as it were, the advance of dawn, as a mother keeps back her wayward child struggling forward too fast upon all the varied ways of life. Yet towards the east there was a bright streak of gold, which told that the star of light, and warmth, and genial influences, was coming up rapidly from below the round edge of the rolling ball. It was a line, defined and clear, marked out from the vapour, which ended there by an edge of lighter yellow; and as the strong golden tints became more and more intense, the filmy cloud split and divided into fragments of strange shapes, while the beams streamed through, and, passing across the wide extent of air, tinted with purple the vapours above. Towards that glowing streak all things seemed to turn; the sunflower inclined her head thither; the lark bent his flight in that direction; towards it all the songsters of the wood seemed to pour the voices of their choir. It is a strange thing, the east; full of curious associations with all the marvellous history of man. Every good thing and almost every bright thing, has come from the east; religion, salvation's hope; daylight and the seeming movement of the stars and moon; summer and sunshine and Christianity have sprung thence, as if there were the fountain of all the best gifts to man. There have all nations risen, and still the progress is from the East towards the West; as if there were some law, by which all things on the earth followed the course of the great light-giver. Nevertheless, how have these blessings been mingled with many evils! The cutting winds of spring and winter, pestilence and destruction, earthquakes and wars, have there arisen, to sweep over the world, and blacken it with grief and mourning. It is a strange place, the east; and I can never look towards it and see the rising sun, without a strange feeling of awe and mystery, from the various associations which exist between it and the wonders of the past.

The scene from the windows of Tarningham-hall was not a very extensive one, but it was fine in its peculiar character: the sweeps of the park; the dewy lawns; the large old trees; the broad and feathery fern; the stately deer, walking along with unconfirmed steps and half-awakened deliberation; the matutinal hares, scudding about in the gray twilight; and the squirrels, rushing from tree to tree; were all pleasant to the eye that looked upon them, though that eye could only at one small point, where the break in the wood gave a wider view, catch any thing beyond the domain, and all that even there was gained, consisted of a narrow portion of that same streak of yellow light, which broke the monotonous curtain of the cloud towards the east.

Nevertheless, for several minutes, Mary Clifford gazed upon the whole with pleasure and interest. She was early in her habits; a familiar child of the morning; and the dew on the leaves was a delight to her; the soft gray of the early day, a sort of invitation to contemplation and enjoyment. After marking the deer, and smiling at the sportive gambols of the hares, who, as it was forbidden to shoot near the house, played fearless on the lawns, she turned her eyes towards the spot where the dawning morning-light was visible, and recollecting that not far from

the house and what was called the terrace, there was a point whence the whole scene over the country was visible, and where she could watch, with uninterrupted pleasure, all the effects of the breaking day upon that beautiful landscape, she sallied forth to enjoy a peculiar sort of pleasure, which requires a very pure and unsullied mind, and a heart naturally elevated and devout, to understand it fully.

The hour was a very early one ; for, at that season of the year, Dan Phœbus, as the ancient poets call him, shaking off the lazy habits of the winter, gets up betimes ; and, as the servants of good Sir John Slingsby were not subjected to very severe discipline, not a single soul in the house was up to give our sweet friend exit. There is always a curious sensation in walking alone through a house, all the other tenants of which are still sleeping ; there is a deathly feeling about it ; a severing of the ties, which so lately existed between us and those who are now insensible ; but that sensation is most strongly felt, when the morning sunshine is on the world ; when nature has revived, or is reviving from the trance of night ; and other things are busy in restless activity, though the gay companions of a few hours gone by are silent and still, as if death had struck them.

Down the broad oak stairs, with its narrow strip of carpet, along the old marble hall with its tessellated floor, Mary Clifford went slowly and quietly, lighted alone by a skylight overhead, and a large window over the great doors ; but she could hear the gay birds singing without ; the thrush upon the tree top ; the woodlark in the shade ; the linnet, with its small, sweet song, and the chaffinch in his spring dress and his spring notes amongst the bushes. She opened the door of the library and went in, leaving it unclosed behind her, then unbarred and unlocked the glass-door, went out and gazed about her. Some deer that were near the house started and withdrew a few steps, and then paused to stare at her ; but whether it was that they had never seen any of their companions slaughtered by a being in a woman's dress, or that they thought she looked, as she really did, sweet and gentle as the morning, they did not take fright, trotting a few steps farther, after a long look, and then stopping with their heads to converse over the matter.

After closing the door, Mary walked on towards the terrace, which was at the distance of about a couple of hundred yards, climbed the steps and proceeded towards the end, where the finest view was to be obtained, at a spot sheltered by six rugged yews, underneath which there was a seat : and there she paused, for at least ten minutes, drinking in the beauty of the scene, as if changed to a thousand hues under the influence of the rising sun. All was still and tranquil ; but at length she heard some voices speaking, and looked in the direction in which they came.

Some of the grooms, she thought, as her eyes rested on the stables at some little distance in the rear of the house ; and although it was not at all probable that they would disturb her reveries, yet she prepared to go back, for one half of the pleasure which she derived from her early walk lay in its solitude. She was wishing that the grooms had thought fit to lie in bed for half an hour longer, when she heard proceeding from the lower ground under the bank of the terrace, the light and rapid footfalls of some one apparently walking from the stables to the mansion ; and, not at all wishing to meet any one, she turned back again towards the yews. At the end of the terrace, however, the footsteps stopped ; there



was a momentary pause, and then they mounted the steps and came along the gravel towards her. Mary walked on to the end, and then turned, when straight before her appeared Captain Hayward, coming on with his usual light and cheerful air, though the sleeve of his coat was cut open, and it was evident that he had bandages round his arm.

"Good morning, good morning, Miss Clifford," he said, advancing frankly and taking her hand; "what a magnificent morning! I see you are as early in your habits as myself. But did you ever see such a rich dove-colour as has come upon those clouds? I love some of these calm gray mornings, with a promise of a bright day they give, better far than those skies all purple and gold, such as are described by that rhodomontade fellow, Marmontel, in his 'Incas,' which are always sure to end in clouds and rain. I have always thought those very bright mornings like a dashing woman of fashion, tricked out in her best smiles and her brightest colours, promising all sorts of things with her eyes, which she does not intend to perform, and cold or frowning before half an hour is over."

"And the gray morning, Captain Hayward," asked Mary, with a smile, "what is that like?"

"Oh, I don't know," answered Captain Hayward, laughing, "you must not drive my imagination too hard, dear lady, lest it stumble—perhaps the gray morning is like a calm, quiet, well brought up country girl, with a kind heart under the tranquil look that will give a long day of sunshine after its first coolness is passed."

Mary Clifford cast down her eyes, and did not answer; but, as she was walking on towards the house, Ned Hayward continued in his usual straightforward way; "You must not go in yet, my dear Miss Clifford; I want you to take a turn or two with me upon this delightful terrace. You must, indeed, for I have got a thousand things to say and I know I shall find nobody else to say them to for the next two or three hours."

His fair companion did not think fit to refuse, though some prudish people might have thought it a little improper to take a walk at five o'clock in the morning with a young captain of infantry unattached; but Mary Clifford had only known Captain Hayward six-and-thirty hours, and therefore she saw nothing in the least improper in it in the world. Young ladies, who guard so very scrupulously against being made love to, forget that they show what they expect. She turned, therefore, with him at once, and replied, "You must, indeed, have a long series of adventures to tell us; I am delighted to forestall the rest of the family and to have the news myself three hours before any one. We were all in great alarm about you last night. My uncle and Mr. Beauchamp, and half-a-dozen servants were setting out to seek you, upon the report of Stephen Gimlet, as they call him, the father of the little boy you saved; but your note just arrived in time to stop them."

"Oh, then, Master Gimlet, I suppose, has told my story for me?" said Ned Hayward.

"Only very briefly," answered the young lady; "he said you had chased some man over the common, who had fired at you, and he was afraid had wounded you; and I fear, from what I see, he was right."

"Oh, it was nothing, nothing at all," replied Ned Hayward; "but I'll tell you all about it as circumstantially as a newspaper;" and he went on in a gay and lively tone to give an account of his adventures of the preceding night, till his arrival at Buxton's inn. Sometimes he made Mary Clifford

laugh, sometimes look grave and apprehensive, but he always interested her deeply in his tale; and she showed that she had marked one part particularly by asking, "Then did you know the man when you saw his face so distinctly in the pit?"

"Up to that moment I thought I did," replied her companion, "but then I saw I was utterly mistaken. I will acknowledge to you, my dear Miss Clifford, that, till he turned round I fancied he was one I had seen before—the same height, the same make—and, under existing circumstances, I felt that nothing would justify me in giving up the pursuit, although it was most painful to me, I assure you, to follow, with the purpose of punishing a young gentleman, in whom, from what you said yesterday at dinner, I conceive you take a considerable interest."

"Who? Mr. Wittingham?" exclaimed Mary Clifford, her face turning as red as scarlet, "Oh, Captain Hayward, you are mistaken, I take no interest in him, I abhor him; or, at least—at least I dislike him very much."

Ned Hayward looked puzzled; and he really was so in a considerable degree. His own prepossessions had done something to mislead him; and a man never conceives a wrong opinion but a thousand small circumstances are sure to arise to confirm it. A man may long for green figs, but in any country but England he will not get them in the month of March; he may desire grapes but he cannot find them in May; but if he have a suspicion of any kind, he will meet with, whenever he likes, all sorts of little traits and occurrences to strengthen it, for the only fruit that is ripe in all seasons is corroborative evidence; and, amongst the multitude of events that are ever in the market of life, it must be a hard case if he do not find enough of it. After a moment given to consideration, he replied more cautiously than might have been expected, "I have some how mistaken you, my dear lady," he said at length, "and such mistakes may be dangerous. I have no right to force myself into your confidence; but really the whole of this affair is becoming serious. When first I had the pleasure of seeing you, I found you subjected to what was certainly a great outrage. I call it so; for I am perfectly certain that you yourself must have considered it as such; and there could not even be a palliation for it except—" he paused an instant, and then added, gravely, "except love on both sides, disappointed by objections arising in the prejudices of others."

Mary Clifford coloured deeply, but suffered him to proceed. "I need not tell you, after what I have said," he continued, "that I have recognised and identified the principal person concerned in this business. At dinner you expressed a very strong desire that the offender should not be punished; but the former offence was followed by a very serious crime. A shot was fired last night into your uncle's dining-room amidst a party of gentlemen quietly drinking their wine, which very nearly struck the father of the very man who had already rendered himself amenable to the laws of his country by his attack upon you. I had suspicions that he was the perpetrator of this crime, and although he certainly was not the person I pursued across the moor, yet I have some very strong reasons to think that he was a participator in the offence. These are all very serious circumstances, my dear young lady; but I am ignorant of those which have preceded these events, and if without pain to yourself you could give me any explanations which might guide my mind to the causes of all that has occurred, it might be very serviceable in many respects. I am sure you will

answer me frankly, if it be possible, and believe me I am not one to act harshly, or to abuse your confidence—nay, more, thoughtless as I may seem, and as I am called, be assured I will do nought without consideration and forethought.”

“ I am sure you will not, Captain Hayward,” answered Mary Clifford, warmly, “ quite sure ; and I have no hesitation in giving you my confidence—though, indeed, I have very little to tell. These things are always unpleasant to speak about, and that is the only motive I could have for remaining silent ; but this gentleman’s conduct has been so very public, that I am saved from all scruples on his account. About two years ago, I met Mr. Henry Wittingham at the county ball, danced with him there, and observed nothing in his behaviour which should make me treat him differently from other new acquaintances. I did not think him agreeable, but he was not offensive. He asked me to dance again the same night, and I refused, but, shortly after, he was formally introduced at our house ; my father asked him to dinner, and was, indeed, very kind, both to him and to Mr. Wittingham, his father, because he thought that they were unjustly looked down upon and treated coldly by the county gentry on account of their family. I soon began to find that—that—I really do not well know how to go on—but that this young gentleman’s visits were more frequent than was pleasant, and that he always contrived to be near me, especially when we met in public. His conversation, his manners, as I knew more of him, became insupportably disagreeable ; I tried as much as I could to avoid him, to check his advances, at first quietly, but decidedly without speaking to any one else, for I did not wish to produce any breach between my father and Mr. Wittingham ; but, at last, I found that he made a parade and a boast of his intimacy, and then I thought it best to speak both to mamma, and my dear father. What was done I really do not know ; but certainly something took place which very much enraged both father and son, and the latter was forbidden to visit at our house. The result was any thing but deliverance from his persecution. From that moment he chose to assume, that the objection was on the side of my parents, and I cannot tell you how I have been annoyed. I have not ventured to walk out alone, for although once when I met him in the village, I told him plainly my sentiments towards him, he still persisted in the most unpleasant manner, that I spoke alone from mamma’s dictation, and for months he used to hang about the place, till I really grew nervous at the sight of every human being whom I did not instantly recognise. This last outrage has been worse than all ; and I will admit that it deserves punishment ; but I am afraid, from various circumstances which accompanied it, that the law, if carried into effect, would punish it too severely. My uncle declared he would hang the man if he could catch him ; and oh, think, Captain Hayward, what a horrible reflection that would ever be to me through life, to think that I had been even the innocent cause of bringing a fellow-creature to a disgraceful death.”

“ Painful, indeed, I do not doubt ;” answered Ned Hayward, “ but yet—”

“ Nay, nay,” cried Mary, “ do not say *but yet*, Captain Hayward. I could never make up my mind to give evidence against him ; and, to speak selfishly, the very fact of having to appear in a court of justice, and of having my name in public newspapers, would render the punishment as nearly as great to me as to him. These were my sole motives, I can



assure you, in what I said yesterday, and not the slightest personal interest in one who has, I am afraid, in all situations disgraced himself."

For some reason or another, Ned Hayward was glad to hear Mary Clifford defend herself, and so warmly too, from the imputation of any feeling of regard for Harry Wittingham; but he took care not to show, to its full extent, all the pleasure that he felt.

"I thought it strange, indeed," he said, "that you should entertain any great feeling of esteem for a person who certainly seemed to me not worthy of it; but there are often circumstances, my dear Miss Clifford, unseen by the general eye, which endear two people to each other, who seem the most dissimilar—youthful companionship, services rendered, old associations—a thousand things build up this between persons the least likely to assimilate which are stronger than all opposing principles. I thought that such might be the case with you; but as it is not, let me tell you what was the end of my adventure last night; and then you will see what cause I have for suspicion. I must inform you, in the first instance, that I marked the person of Mr. Henry Wittingham well on the evening of the attack, notwithstanding the twilight, and that I saw him yesterday in Tarningham. His father's unwillingness to enter into the charge, when made against some unknown person, excited suspicion; but I found afterwards, from other sources, that Mr. Wittingham and his son had quarrelled, and were completely at variance; and, in the justice-room, the young man whispered something to the old one, of which I heard only two or three words, but they were of a threatening nature. I have told you that I thought I recognised the figure of the man who fired the shot, and Stephen Gimlet declared he could swear the horse he rode was Henry Wittingham's; but I found, as I have said, that the man in the pit was a stranger. When, after pursuing him as long as I had any trace, I at length arrived at a place called, I find, Buxton's Inn, I saw the very horse in the stable in a state which left no doubt that it had been ridden hard for several hours, and had not been in five minutes. I inquired for the master, and was told the number of the room where he was to be found. I walked straight in and found Mr. Henry Wittingham sitting quietly at supper. Some conversation ensued, in the course of which I told him the cause of my intrusion; and his whole manner was confused and agitated. He swore violently at the idea of any body having ridden his horse, and affected not to believe it; but I made him come down to the stable, when, of course, his mouth was closed."

"But who did ride it then?" exclaimed Miss Clifford.

"Nay, that I cannot tell," answered Ned Hayward; "but I resolved to wait at the inn and see if I could discover any thing. I was shown into a very neat little sitting-room, and wrote a note to your uncle, Sir John, while they were getting my coffee. It was now nearly ten o'clock, and there was a room apparently similar to my own on each side of me, with a door of communication with either. I suppose they were locked so as to prevent the passage of any thing very fat or corporeal from one room into the other, but certainly were not so well closed as to exclude all sound. It may seem a strange thing for me, my dear Miss Clifford, to give you an account of the sitting-rooms of an inn; but so much depends in this world upon what is called juxta-position, that very important events have depended upon the keyhole of a door. You must not suppose, however, that I made use of either of the keyholes in my

room for the laudable and honourable purpose of eaves-dropping ; on the contrary, I spoke loud enough to the waiter to give sufficient notice to my neighbours, if I had any, that voices were distinguishable from one room to the other ; and it would seem that Mr. Henry Wittingham, who was on the lefthand side, was determined to impress me not only with the same fact, but also with a notion that he was in a towering passion on account of the usage his horse had met with ; for he cursed and swore very severely, to which the waiter, or whosoever he spoke to, did not reply. There seemed to be nobody on the other side, for about half an hour, when, as I was sitting at my coffee, after having despatched my note, I heard steps come up from below, a door open, and the voice of the waiter say most respectfully, ‘ I will tell the captain you are here, Mr. Wharton.’ ”

“ It is Mr. Wharton, the lawyer, then ? ” exclaimed Mary, with some degree of eagerness.

“ I really cannot tell,” answered Ned Hayward ; “ but I suspect it was, from what passed afterwards. All was silent for about three minutes, except when I heard a step walking up and down the room. As your uncle had mentioned Mr. Wharton’s name more than once in the course of yesterday, I fancied he might have come upon business to some one, which there was no necessity for my hearing ; and, therefore, I rattled the cups and saucers, moved about the chair, tumbled over a footstool, and left them to take their own course.”

“ Mr. Wharton is a very shrewd man,” said Mary Clifford, “ and one I should think a hint would not be thrown away upon.”

“ He did not choose to take mine, however,” replied Ned Hayward ; “ for, at the end of a few minutes, some one seemed to join him, saying in a loud and familiar tone, ‘ Ha ! how do you do, Wharton ?—Very glad to see you again ! I hope you have brought me some money.’ ”

“ Was it Mr. Wittingham’s voice ? ” asked Miss Clifford.

“ Oh, dear no,” replied Captain Hayward ; “ one quite of a different tone ; a good deal of the same swaggering insolence in it, but, to my fancy, there was more bold and dogged determination. Every now and then there was a small pause, too, before a word was pronounced, which one generally finds in the speech of a cunning man ; but yet there was a sort of sneering persiflage in the words, that I have more generally met with in the empty-headed coxcombs of fashion, who have nothing to recommend them but impertinence and a certain position in society. However, it could not be Mr. Wittingham, for him this lawyer must have known very well, and his reply was,—‘ Indeed, Captain Moreton, I have not ; but I thought it better to come over and answer your note in person, to see what could be done for you.’ ”

“ Captain Moreton ! ” cried Mary ; “ I know who it is very well—not that I ever saw him, as far as I can remember ; for he quitted this part of the country ten or twelve years ago, when I was quite a child ; but I have often heard my father say that he was a bad, reckless man, and had become quite an adventurer, after having broken his mother’s heart, ruined his other parent, and abridged poor old Mr. Moreton’s days also. He died quite in poverty, three years ago, after having sold his estate, or mortgaged it, or something of the kind, to this very Mr. Wharton, the attorney.”

“ Indeed ! ” said Ned Hayward, “ that explains a great deal, my dear young lady. Where did this property lie ? ”

"Just beyond my uncle's, a little way on the other side of the moor," replied Miss Clifford.

Ned Hayward fell into a fit of thought, and did not reply for some moments ; at length he said, with a laugh, "Well, I do not know that their conversation would interest you very much, though, in spite of all I could do I heard a great part of it, and as for the rest, I must manage the best way I can myself."

"You are very tantalising, Captain Hayward," said his fair companion, "and you seem to imply that I could aid in something. If I can, I think you are bound to tell me. Confidence for confidence, you know," and when she had done she coloured slightly, as if feeling that her words implied more than she meant.

"Assuredly," replied Ned Hayward ; "but I only fear I might distress you."

"If what you say has reference to Mr. Wittingham," the young lady answered, raising her eyes to his face with a look of ingenuous frankness, "let me assure you, once for all, that nothing you can say will distress me if it do not imply that I feel something more than the coldest indifference."

"Nay, it does not refer to him at all," replied Ned Hayward, "but to one you love better."

"Indeed !" exclaimed his companion, her lip trembling with eagerness, "tell me—tell me, Captain Hayward ! After what you have said, I must beg and entreat that you would."

"I will, then," answered Ned Hayward, gazing upon her with a look of admiration blended with sorrow at the pain he was about to inflict. "I believe, Miss Clifford I am about to commit an indiscretion in mentioning this subject to you at all ; for I do not know that you can assist materially ; and yet it is something to have one to consult with—one, in whose generosity, in whose kindness, sympathy, ay, and good sense too, I can fully trust. Besides, you know, I dare say, all the people in the neighbourhood and may give me some serviceable hints."

"But speak—speak," said Miss Clifford, pausing in their walk up and down the terrace, as she saw that he fought round the subject which he thought would distress her, with a timid unwillingness to do so ; "what is it you have to tell me?"

"Why, I very much fear, my dear young lady," answered Captain Hayward, "that your uncle is very much embarrassed—nay—why should I disguise the matter?—absolutely ruined."

Mary Clifford clasped her hands together, and was about to answer with an exclamation of sorrow and surprise ; but I do believe that no person on earth was ever permitted to give an explanation uninterrupted. The Fates are against it : at least they were so in this instance ; for just as Ned Hayward had uttered the last very serious words, they heard a light step tripping up behind them, and both turning suddenly round, beheld Miss Slingsby's French maid.

"Ah, Ma'amselle," she said as soon as she reached them, "I saw you out in this early morning without any thing on, and so have brought you a shawl."

"Thank you, thank you, Minette," replied Mary, and as she was well accustomed to early walks, was about to decline the shawl ; but, judging the quickest mode of getting rid of the maid would be to take it, she



added, "Very well—give it to me," and cast it carelessly round her shoulders.

The maid would not be satisfied with that arrangement, however, adjusted it herself, showed how the ladies of Paris shawled themselves, and occupied full ten minutes, during which her poor victim remained in all the tortures of suspense.

## CHAP. XVII.

### MISS CLIFFORD IS MADE ACQUAINTED WITH HER UNCLE'S EMBARRASSEMENTS BY CAPTAIN HAYWARD.

As soon as the maid had taken herself away, Ned Hayward said in a kind and feeling tone, "I fear I have distressed you much, Miss Clifford; let us walk quite to the other end and talk over this matter; for I have only been hurried into revealing this painful fact by my anxiety to consult with some one as to the possibility, if not of remedying the existing evil, at least of preventing it from going further."

Mary walked on by his side in silence, with her hands clasped and her eyes cast down with a look of deep thought; but at length she looked up, saying in a tone of one communing with himself—"Is it possible? what, with this fine property? But how can it be, Captain Hayward?—here he is, with an estate of at least eight thousand a year in his own possession, to do with it what he chooses."

"To explain all, I had better tell you what I have heard," said her companion. "The tale may be false; I trust part of it is so; but a great part must be true; and the man spoke as if from authority. The first part of their conversation was in a light tone; for a time the lawyer seemed to avoid grappling with the subject, and asked his companion after madam, in not the most respectful manner. The captain replied, she was very well, and in the other room; but pressed the lawyer to the point. He turned away again, and inquired whether Captain Moreton had been successful at the card-table lately. He answered, 'Tolerably; he had won a thousand pounds just before he came from London;' but then added, 'Come, come, Wharton, no bush-fighting; you know you owe me five hundred pounds, and I must have it.' To this the lawyer answered, 'No, indeed, Captain Moreton, you are mistaken; I have told you so twice: the property was sold to a client of mine; and if I had chosen to send in my whole bill, your father would have been greatly my debtor instead of I being yours. The sum given was fifty-four thousand pounds; forty thousand went to pay off the mortgage and your debts; twelve thousand your father had; and my bill, together with that of the solicitor's of the opposite party, amounted in fact and reality to two thousand four hundred and seventy-two pounds. You recollect, I had not been paid for six years.'

"The next thing I heard," continued Ned Hayward, "was a loud laugh; and then Captain Moreton exclaimed, 'Your client! Wharton! very good, very good, indeed; you must think me exceedingly green: I know as well as possible who bought the property for two-thirds of its value; employed other solicitors for a fictitious client; pocketed one-half of their bill, and added thereto a bill of his own, which was more than the double of what he was entitled to—come, come, sir; don't affect to sham a passion, for we have business to talk upon, and that of a serious kind.

You are just going to sell the property again for the full value ; and, before you do so, you shall disgorge a little.' The lawyer attempted to bluster, but unsuccessfully ; for when he asked how Captain Moreton would stop him from selling the property, even if all he said were true, that worthy gentleman reminded him that his signature had been necessary to one of the papers, and then when he asserted it had been given, informed him with a laugh, that the signature he had obtained was that of a marker at a billiard-table ; the lawyer's clerk sent after him to Paris, having been unacquainted with his person. Mr. Wharton attempted to show that it was of no consequence ; but the matter so far ended by his giving a check for five hundred pounds, on Captain Moreton's signing another paper, which I suppose was drawn up in the room, for a silence succeeded for some minutes. A part of what took place then was not distinct ; and I certainly made no effort to hear it."

"But my uncle," said Miss Clifford, "how does this affect my uncle?"

"He came upon the carpet next," replied Ned Hayward ; "Captain Moreton asked who was going to buy the property ; and when the lawyer made a mystery of it, saying that he really did not know the true parties, but that Doctor Miles had meddled in the business, the other named Sir John as the probable purchaser. Thereat Mr. Wharton laughed heartily, and said, 'I'll tell you what, Captain, Sir John Slingsby is at this moment next thing to a beggar.'"

Mary put her hands before her eyes and turned very pale.

"Forgive me, my dear Miss Clifford," continued Ned Hayward, "for repeating such unpleasant words ; but it is better you should hear all. I will hasten, however : Captain Moreton affected not to believe the tale ; and then the lawyer went on to mention the facts. He stated that your uncle's property was mortgaged to the utmost extent, that the interest of two half years would be due in four or five days ; that notice of foreclosure had been given, and the time would expire before six weeks are over, that there are considerable personal debts, and that Sir John had written to him this very day to get a further advance of ten thousand pounds, which are absolutely necessary to stave off utter ruin even for a short time. Now I happen to know that Sir John did actually write to this man ; and as Mr. Wharton could have no object in deceiving the person he was speaking to, I fear the tale is too true."

"Good heavens ! what is to be done?" exclaimed Mary Clifford ; "Oh, Captain Hayward, how terrible it is to know this, and not to be able to assist !"

Captain Hayward paused a single instant and then replied with a look of deep feeling and interest, "Perhaps I ought not to have told you this, Miss Clifford," he said ; "but I am a very thoughtless person, I am afraid, and yet I did not do this without thought, either ; you know that I have a deep regard for your uncle, he was a very kind friend to me in days gone by, but having observed him well and with that accuracy which, strange as it may seem to say, is only to be found in extreme youth ; I know that it is perfectly in vain to talk with him on the subject of his embarrassments, unless at the very moments when they are the most pressing and severe. To talk with him then may be too late. He is one of those—and there are many of them—who, with a hopeful disposition, many resources in their own minds, and a happy faculty of banishing unpleasant thoughts, go on from one difficulty to another, finding means

through a great part of life of putting off the evil day, and who, thinking the chapter of accidents inexhaustible, come suddenly to a full stop in the end, with all their resources exhausted and no possible means of disentangling themselves from their embarrassments. It has been his constant axiom for twenty years, to my certain knowledge, that something would turn up, and when such is the case, it is perfectly in vain to attempt to consult with a person so circumstanced as to the means of extricating him from difficulties, of which he always expects to be delivered by a lucky chance. Having found Fortune his best friend, he goes on trusting to her, till the fickle dame deserts him, and then looks around in bewilderment for assistance which cannot arrive."

"Too true a picture, too true a picture," replied Miss Clifford, in a sorrowful tone; "I have seen it myself, Captain Hayward, and have been grieved to see it."

"Well, do not let us grieve, but act, my dear lady," said Ned Hayward; "let us consult together, and see what can be done, for good Sir John must be saved at any cost."

"But what can I do, Captain Hayward?" she inquired. "Perhaps you do not know that the whole of my fortune is tied up by my father's will so strictly, that I can dispose of nothing till I have reached one-and-twenty years of age; and though I would willingly, most willingly, sacrifice any thing to relieve my uncle, I am as powerless in this business as a child."

"This is unfortunate, indeed," said Ned Hayward, in reply, "very unfortunate, I had hoped that you had command of your own property, or that you might be able to point out one, who would be able and willing to take this mortgage and relieve your uncle."

"I know of no one, no one on the earth," she answered; "my mother's is but a jointure; I am not of age for nine or ten months, and before that time it will be all over."

"The security is perfectly good," continued Ned Hayward in a musing tone, as if he had not heard her, "and I feel very sure that the property is worth a great deal more than this man has advanced, or any of his clients, as he calls them. Otherwise it would not have been done. We should easily find some one, I think, to take the mortgage, if we could but pay this cursed interest and stop the foreclosure—perhaps at a less per centage, too—that man is a rogue, I am sure, and we may very likely cut down a great many of the charges; for I feel very certain he has been purposely entangling good Sir John, till at length, when he thinks there is no possibility of escape, he pounces upon him to devour him."

"But what is to be done? what is to be done?" reiterated Miss Clifford.

"Well, it does not matter," said Captain Hayward, in the same thoughtful tone; "I'll tell you what we must do: I have a sum of sixteen thousand pounds in the funds. Ten thousand, it seems, will be wanted for the most pressing matters—we will call it twelve thousand; for no man in your uncle's position reckons very closely what is needed, and his calculation is always below instead of above the mark. I will go up to town and sell out; that will put off matters for six weeks or two months; and, in the meantime, we must set all our wits to work for the purpose of finding some one who will take the mortgage at reasonable terms, and of putting your uncle's affairs altogether into order."



"Oh! how can I thank you, Captain Hayward?" said Mary Clifford, putting her hand upon his arm; "indeed, indeed, I am very grateful."

"Without the slightest occasion," replied Ned Hayward. "I wish to Heaven I had the means of taking the mortgage myself; but the fact is, my poor father—as good a man as ever lived—was too kind and too easy a one. He put me very early into what is called a crack-regiment, which in plain English means, I suppose, a regiment likely soon to be broken, or, at all events, likely to break those that enter it. I had my expensive habits, like the rest, and never fancied that I should not find five or six thousand a year, when I returned from Gibraltar at my father's death. Instead of that, I found the unentailed property totally gone; the entailed property was mine, as I was the last of my race; but there were debts to the amount of forty thousand pounds; but if I did not pay them, who would? The men would have had to go without their money; so I sold the property, paid the debts, put the little that remained, between fifteen and sixteen thousand pounds, in the funds, and have lived within my income ever since. Thus, you see, I have not the means of taking the mortgage."

Mary Clifford cast down her eyes, and was silent for a minute or two; for there were very strong emotions at her heart—sincere respect and admiration; more powerful, far, than they would have been had she conceived a high opinion of Ned Hayward's character at first, or if he had made a parade of his feelings and his actions. He treated it also lightly, however, so much as a matter of course, both what he had done and what he was about to do, that many an ordinarily minded person would have taken it on his own showing, and thought it a matter of course too. But Mary Clifford was not an ordinarily minded person, and she felt deeply.

"But what will you do yourself, Captain Hayward?" she said, at length; "my uncle will be long before he is able to repay you, and the want of this sum may be a serious inconvenience to you, I fear."

"Oh! dear, no," replied Ned Hayward, with the easiest air in the world, "I shall have four thousand pounds left, which will enable me to get upon full pay again, and, though this is a sad peaceful time we are in, may have some opportunity afforded me. I had held this sum, which I put by, quite sacred, and would never touch a farthing of it, though I was very much tempted once or twice to buy a fine horse or a fine picture; but cut off as I am, my dear Miss Clifford, by my want of fortune, from forming those ties which are the comfort and happiness of latter years to most men, I may as well go and serve my country as well as I can to the best of my power, as linger out my days in hunting, and shooting, and fishing, reading poetry, and looking at pictures. Sir John will pay me when he can, I know; for he will look upon it as a debt of honour; and, if he never can, why, it can't be helped; at all events, I do not wrong my heirs, for I have got none;" and he laughed right cheerfully.

Mary Clifford looked in his face with a smile; it was a sort of philosophy so new to her, so good, so generous, so self-devoted, and yet so cheerful, that she felt strongly infected by it. She had been bred up amongst people and by people equally good, equally generous in all great things; but somewhat rigid in smaller ones; severe, if not stern; grave, if not harsh; and they had committed the sorrowful mistake of thinking,

and of trying to teach her to think, that true piety is not cheerful. Her father had been the person from whose breast this spring of chilling waters had been welled forth; and Mary's mother, though originally of a gay and happy disposition, had been very much altered by the petrifying influence of the stream. The contrast, too, in Mrs. Clifford's case, between her brother and her husband; the one of whom she might love, but could not respect; the other whom she loved and respected, nay, somewhat feared, tended to clench her mistake, which the dean had striven to implant; and to make her believe that cheerfulness and folly, if not vice, were companions rarely separate. Mary Clifford saw the mistake now, though her own heart had told her long before that an error existed somewhere. But she felt, at the same time, that she also had a part to play towards one who sacrificed so much for the nearest relation she had except her mother; and with a beaming smile upon her lips, she said:

"Captain Hayward, I shall never forget your conduct this day; but, at the same time, you must not run any risk, or be any loser. ~~If I had~~ any power over my own fortune, I would do what you are now kind enough to do; but, at all events, I give you my word, that, the moment I am of age, I will repay you."

"Oh, I dare say Sir John will do that," answered Ned Hayward, "but, at all events, my dear young lady, pray say nothing to him on this subject till the last moment. We must let the matter press him very hard before he will hear reason; then, when he sees no means of escape whatever, he will consent that others shall find one for him. You had better talk to his daughter, but enjoin her to secrecy. If I have an opportunity, I will sound Beauchamp; I have a notion that he is rich; I feel very sure he is liberal and kind, and may take the mortgage if he finds it a reasonable security. That it is so, I am quite certain—nay, more, I am convinced, that if Sir John would let me manage all his affairs for him for one year, I would remove all his difficulties, and leave him a better income, in reality, than he has had for a long while. But now I must run away and leave you, for I see the people are getting up about the place, and I have two important pieces of business to do before noon."

"Indeed," said Mary, struck by something peculiar and indefinable in his manner; "I hope nothing unpleasant?"

"I will tell you what they are," said Ned Hayward, in a gay tone; "and then you shall judge for yourself. I have, first, to catch the largest trout in the river; I made a bet last night with your uncle that I would do so, and I always keep my engagements; and then I have to make ready for London to sell out this money."

"But need you go yourself?" said Miss Clifford, with a look of interest; "can you not send?"

"True, I can," said Ned Hayward, "I never thought of that—but yet I had better go myself.—Good bye, good bye!" and he turned away; then pausing for a moment, something which he struggled against, got the better of him, and, coming back, he took Mary Clifford's hand in his, and pressed it gently, saying, "Farewell! There are some people, Miss Clifford, whose society is so pleasant, that it may become dangerous to one, who must not hope to enjoy it long or often."

## CHAP. XVIII.

## NED HAYWARD'S MISSIVE TO THE YOUNGER WITTINGHAM.

"WHAT hour does the coach start at for London?"

"Half-past four, sir."

"Arrives in town at twelve to-morrow, I think?"

"No, sir; last time I went up, we got there by eleven."

"Then down again at half-past four?"

"Yes, sir—gets to the White Hart at half-past eleven—longer coming down than going up."

"That will do very well." And Ned Hayward, who had held the above conversation with one of Sir John Slingsby's servants, hurried upstairs. His room was all in the most exact order. His fishing tackle, two fowling-pieces in their cases, shot-pouches, game-bags, powder-flasks, &c., were in array on the top of the drawers. His clothes were all in their separate places, his boots arranged under the dressing-glass, his writing-desk upon the table, flanked on either side by half-a-dozen volumes. Every thing could be found in a moment, so that if called upon suddenly to march, the baggage would require no time to pack. It was to the writing-desk he first went however; he opened it, unscrewed the top of the inkstand, took out a sheet of note-paper and a memorandum-book, and then sat down deliberately in the chair. The memorandum-book was first called into service, and in the column of accounts he put down what he had paid at the inn that morning, and then, on another page, wrote down the following list, which I will not attempt to explain.

"Catch trout.

"Write to H. W.

"See Ste Gim.

"Make inquiries.

"Provide for boy.

"Pack car. bag.

"Coach to London.

"Sell out 12,000*l*.

"Alter will.

"Pistols.

"Friend—qy. Beauchamp.

"Talk to him of No. 2 and No. 8."

When this was done, he put the memorandum-book in the pocket of a frock-coat, sat down again, drew the sheet of note-paper towards him, and on it wrote as follows, with a bold, free, rapid hand.

"Captain Hayward presents his compliments to Mr. Henry Wittingham, and begs to inform him that since he had the honour of seeing him last night, some business has occurred which compels him to go to London for a short time. He goes by the coach this day at half-past four, returns by the coach which leaves London at the same hour to-morrow, and expects to arrive at the White Hart by half-past eleven or twelve. If by that time Mr. Wittingham has found some gentleman of honour to use as his friend, Captain Hayward will have much pleasure in seeing that gentleman at the White Hart any time between the arrival of the coach and one o'clock. If not, he will be found for about a fortnight at Tarringham-park."

The note was then addressed and sealed, and as soon as that was done,



without a moment's pause, Ned Hayward threw off the dress-coat in which he was still habited, put on a sporting costume, looked through his book of flies, and taking fishing-rod and basket in one hand, and the note in the other, descended the stairs.

The house was now in the bustle of morning preparation; housemaids were sweeping, men-servants were taking away lamps and candlesticks, and to one of the latter the note was delivered, with a half-crown, and directions to send some lad immediately to Buxton's inn. That being done, Ned Hayward strolled out into the park, taking his way towards the stream, where we will join him by-and-by.

We must now return to Mary Clifford, however, who stood where Ned Hayward had left her in deep thought for several minutes. Had she been the least of an actress, she would not have done so, for she might have fancied that it would betray to her companion, as he walked away, what was passing in her mind; but Mary was not the least of an actress. Graceful by nature, lady-like and polished by heart and education, it had never been necessary for her to picture to her own imagination what others would think of any of her movements or words. She was unaccustomed to do so. She never did it. She did not feel herself upon a stage; she was never acting a part. How few there are of whom we can say the same! But there she stood, silent, grave, and thoughtful, with Hayward's words still ringing in her ear, his manner still before her eyes; and both had been somewhat marked and peculiar. But three minutes were all that she would give to such thoughts. They came upon her in confused crowds, so numerous, so busy, so tumultuous, that they frightened her; and, not being very brave by nature, she ran away from them, to take refuge with the calmer but sterner meditations regarding her uncle's situation. What was to be done, and how it was to be done, were very puzzling questions, which she asked herself over and over again, without receiving any satisfactory reply from her own mind. Under the pressure of difficulties and dangers, whether affecting ourselves, or those near and dear to us, there comes upon us a necessity for action, a *cacothetis agendi*, which we can scarcely restrain. We cannot sit down quietly and wait for time and circumstances to present favourable opportunities, as we should do, when the affairs in our hands were but matters of indifference to ourselves; calm, business-like transactions, in which we have no personal feeling. The heart comes in at every turn, and perplexes all the fine plans of the head; and we must be up and doing, whether the moment be favourable, or not. Mary Clifford felt all this, and was, in some degree, aware of the unreasonableness of precipitancy. She thought it might be better to wait and see, and yet anxiety, eagerness, affection, urged her to do something, or something, at least, for her uncle, as soon as possible. She could not rest under the load; she felt as if activity would be almost a crime; and thought she could see no light whichever way she turned, yet she resolved to attempt something, not feeling very sure, whether she should do injury or not.

Such was the course of her meditations, for nearly half an hour, after Ned Hayward left her; and yet it must be confessed that, though these meditations were upon painful subjects, they were not altogether painful. Did you ever listen attentively, dear reader, to one of those fine and masterly pieces of Beethoven's writings, where the great composer seems to take a delight in puzzling and perplexing the hearer drowning him, as

it were, under a flood of harmony, where discords are as frequently introduced as any thing else? But still, through them all runs a strain of melody, which links them all together.

Such was very much the case of Mary Clifford. For, although the general train of her thoughts was sombre, and there was much cause for sadness in all she had heard, there was something very sweet—she herself knew not what—that mingled with the old current of reflection, and harmonised it beautifully. It was something hopeful—expectant—trustful—a belief that by the agency of some one all would go right.—Was it love? Was it the first dawn of that which, to the young mind, is like the dawn of the morning, that softens and beautifies every thing? I cannot tell; but, at all events, it was so far undeveloped, that, like the strain of melody which pours through the whole of a fine composition, giving a tone of richness and sweetness to every part, it was undistinguishable from the rest, felt and known to be there as a thing separate and alone, and yet inseparable.

Whenever she tried to distinguish it, fear seized upon her, and she flew away again. Why was she happy, when all that she had heard was the most likely to render her otherwise? She did not know, she would not know; but still she gave way to the feeling, although she would not give way to the thought; and while she shrunk from clothing her own sensations in distinctness, longed to render them distinct, that she might enjoy them more fully.

“I will go and seek Isabella,” she said, at length, “she must know of this; and then we can all consult together, perhaps, if one can but teach her light gay heart to be prudent and discreet—and yet,” she continued, thoughtfully, “she has, perhaps, more worldly wisdom than myself, more knowledge of life and all life’s things. Those who are accustomed to commune much with their own thoughts, gain, I am afraid, a conceit in their own opinion, which makes them undervalue those which are formed upon a practical knowledge of the world. Isabella is full of resources, and, perhaps, may devise many means that would never strike me.”

These thoughts passed through her mind as she was approaching the house, and very soon after she stood in her cousin’s dressing-room, finding her, even at that early hour, up and partly dressed.

“Why, dearest Mary,” exclaimed Isabella, “where have you got all those roses? The morning air must be very good for the health, as every one says, to change your check, which was yesterday as pale as twilight, into the very aspect of the dawn.”

“I have been out walking on the terrace, more than an hour,” replied Mary, “and I was pale yesterday, I suppose, from the fright of the night before. I have had a companion, too, Isabella,” she continued gaily, though her voice trembled a little; “Captain Hayward came up and joined me, and told me all his adventures of the night before.”

“Indeed!” exclaimed Miss Slingsby, “his adventures must be very wild and singular, I suppose; for his is just the spirit to seek them and to make the most of them when he has got them. But what has happened since, Mary?—We had all the details, you know, up to the period at which, like Don Quixote, he arrived at an inn.”

“I do not think there is any thing in the least like Don Quixote about him, Isabella,” replied Mary Clifford, gravely; “if he seeks adventures, it is for the advantage of others.”

"So did Don Quixote," replied her cousin, giving her a sly smile; "but what did he say, dear cousin?"

"Oh, there was a great deal besides what you heard last night," replied Miss Clifford, "you only had the sketch, the picture is still to be filled up, and he had better do it for himself. However, I have other things to talk to you about, Isabella, of more importance;" and she glanced at the maid that was arranging her mistress's hair.

"I shall be ready in a minute," answered Miss Slingsby; "make haste, Minette, I think you have been longer than usual this morning."

The maid, however, had a thousand reasons to give for being longer, all perfectly valid in her own estimation; and, whether out of spite, or in the hope that the two young ladies would grow tired of waiting and say plainly all they had to say, I cannot tell, but she contrived to occupy a full quarter of an hour more in dressing her mistress's hair. Those who calculate upon the difficulty of carrying a secret are rarely mistaken; but in this case Mademoiselle Minette did not arrive at her end. Mary said nothing more; and, at length, the girl was dismissed, and the two cousins were left alone together.

"In the name of fortune!" exclaimed Miss Slingsby, as soon as the maid was gone; "what solemn thing have you got to tell? Has he proposed already? On my word, it is a very speedy declaration!"

Mary coloured like a rose, but answered gravely, "Dear Isabella, how can you be so light? If you speak of Captain Hayward, our conversation has been upon very different subjects, and was a very serious one. I am afraid I shall have to distress you, Isabella, as much or more, than his information distressed me."

"I hope not," replied Isabella. "I did not know at all that he was a distressing person. I always thought him a very pleasant fellow, and imagined you thought so too, dear cousin; but how has he contrived to distress you?"

"Why, by some news of no very pleasant character," answered Mary Clifford, "he overheard, accidentally it seems, some conversation relating to your father, from which he learned some particulars, that grieve me greatly to hear."

"Indeed!" cried Miss Slingsby, with a start; "they are not going to shoot at him, I hope?"

"Oh, dear, no," replied Mary, "nothing of that kind; but about his affairs generally."

"Well, speak out boldly, Mary, dear," answered her cousin, "I see you are going round the matter, love, for fear of vexing me; tell it at once, whatever it may be. You know I have a bold heart, not easily put down; and, though you judge me light and thoughtless, I know, believe me, Mary, it is more a necessity of my situation than any thing else. If I were to think by the hour together over all the things that are unpleasant to me, as you or my dear aunt would do, I should only kill myself without altering them. Papa has his own ways, which were formed before I was born; and, coming so late in the day, I don't think I have any right to meddle with them. I get out of the way of all that is disagreeable to me as much as I can; and, when I can't, like a good dutiful daughter, I submit. You know that he is, to use our good old gardener's expression, 'as kind as the flowers in May;' and I should be very ungrateful if I teased him by constantly opposing habits which I cannot



change, and which are my elder brothers and sisters. My philosophy may be a bad one, but pray leave it to me, Mary, for I could not be happy with any other."

Mary Clifford took her cousin's hand and pressed it kindly in her own; "I would not take it from you for the world," she said, "for I know and understand all you feel, and am quite well aware that you are performing the first of duties in endeavouring to make your father's house as happy for him as you can, while you don't suffer your own mind and manners to be tainted by customs you do not approve. You have had a hard part to play, dear cousin, and you have played it well; but it is not upon these subjects I come to speak to you, but upon one, which though perhaps of less vital importance, unfortunately affects the happiness of this life more. Your father's means and fortune, which I am sorry to say, from all I hear, are very much embarrassed."

"Good heavens! what do you mean?" exclaimed Isabella, gazing anxiously in her face, and Mary went on as delicately as she could to tell her all that Ned Hayward had communicated. At first, the poor girl seemed overwhelmed, exclaiming, "A week before they call for such a large sum! six weeks before the whole is finally gone from us! Good heavens, Mary, what is to be done?"

In a moment, however, she rallied: "Well," she exclaimed, "I have been very blind—as blind as a great politician, Mary. A thousand things should have prepared me for this that I now recollect, letters, and messages and intimations of various kinds. That sleek knave, Wharton, is at the bottom of it all; but he shall not crush me; and I dare say we shall do very well with what is left. I have jewels and trinkets of my own, and poor mamma's, to keep house for a long time; and there must be something left out of the wreck."

"But the thing is, if possible, to prevent the ship from being wrecked at all," answered Mary Clifford; and she then went on to tell all that Captain Hayward proposed to do, in order to prevent any immediate catastrophe, not trusting her voice to comment upon his conduct for a moment.

But Isabella did it for her, "O, dear, kind, generous fellow," she cried, "how I love him! Don't you, Mary? Although papa may have many bad and foolish friends, you see there are some noble and wise ones—but I'll tell you what, Mary, we'll go down and talk to him after breakfast, and we'll all consult and see what is to be done; we'll have a plot to serve papa, whether he will or not; and I declare Mr. Beauchamp shall be one of the conspirators."

"Just what I should propose," answered Mary Clifford; "for, although you have known Mr. Beauchamp but a very short time—"

"A good deal longer than you have known Ned Hayward," answered Miss Slingsby, with a smile.

"Nay, nay, pray do be serious, Isabella," answered her cousin; "I was going to say, though we have known Mr. Beauchamp but a very short time, I do believe from various traits I have seen, I do think he is an amiable and kind-hearted man, though perhaps somewhat cold and stately."

"Oh, he may be warm enough, for aught we know," replied Miss Slingsby, "but there is the breakfast bell; papa will be down and want his coffee."

### “THREE TO ONE.”

“ BEING an English-Spanish Combat, performed by a Western Gentleman of Tavystoke in Devonshire, with an English Quarter-staffe, against three Spanish Rapiers and Poniards, at Sherries in Spaine, the fiftene day of September, 1625.

“ In the presence of Dukes, Condes, Marquesses, and other Great Dons of Spaine, being the Counsell of Warre.

“ The Author of this Booke, and Actor in this Encounter, *Richard Peecke*.

“ Printed in London for *L. T.*, and are to be sold at his Shoppe.”

SUCH, dear Mr. Editor, is the title of a very scarce pamphlet—nay, it has been pronounced to be unique—with a woodcut that would have rejoiced the cockles of the heart of Doctor Dryasdust himself, representing in the foreground the stout Devonian with his quarter-staff in bloody strife with the three Spaniards, two of whom still attack him with their rapiers and daggers, whilst the third is *hors de combat* at his feet. In the background he is also seen hotly engaged with another Spaniard—the weapons, rapiers, and daggers—and, again, having vanquished his antagonist, who kneels imploring for mercy.

This tract, which is in good condition, not at all foxed and very little cropped, will be read with interest, if it should amuse your readers as much as I freely confess it entertained me. There is an air of truth about the quaint narrative that carries one at once two centuries back ; and though, at first sight, the title reminds us of the bragging doggerel in which we implicitly believed in our school-days,

One Jack Frenchman lick two Portugee,  
One Jack Englishman lick 'em all three!

the modesty of the hero induces us to pardon him for being his own chronicler.

“The Epistle Dedicatory” is addressed to no less a personage than the first Charles, then in all the pride of youth and strength, whose portraiture is now before me in a very rare old print, with the cap in his hand, which was to confine those long locks soon to be dabbled in blood. In the left-hand corner are seen the fatal window and the scaffold hung with black, whereon are standing three figures. One must be intended for the good bishop, faithful to the last ; the second seems to be an attendant ; the third is the executioner with the axe uplifted. The scaffold is girt with a living wall of Roundheads on foot and horseback, and over it is printed,

O horrible murder.

Beneath the portrait are these lines :

But lo a chaf is drawne, a day is set  
The silent Lamb is brought, the wolves are met;  
And where's the slaughterhouse? Whitehall must be,  
Lately his palace, now his calvarie.

The dedication runs thus :

“ *To the King's most excellent Maiestie.*

“GRATIOUS SOVERAIGNE,

“If I were againe in Spaine, I should thinke no happinesse on Earth so great, as to come into England, and at your Royall Feete, lay downe the story of my dangers and peregrination ; which I tell, as a late sea-wrackt man (toss'd and beaten with many misfortunes); yet, setting my weary body at last on a blessed shore : my hands now lay hold upon your altar, which is to me a sanctuary : heere I am safe in Harbor.

“That Psalme of Kingly David, which I sung in my Spanish captivity (*When as wee sate in Babilon, &c.*), I now have changed to an other tune ; saying (with the same prophet), *Great is thy mercy towards me (O Lord), for thou hast delivered my soule from the lowest grave.* And, as your Maiesty hath been graciously pleased, both to let your poore soldier and subject, behold your Royall Person, and to heare him speake in his rude language, so, if your Majesty, vouchsafe to cast a princely eye on these his unhandsome papers; new sun-beames shall spread over him, and put a Quickning Soule into that Bosome, which otherwise must want life, for want of your comfort. Those Graces, from your excellent clemency (already received) being such, that I am ashamed, and sorry, not to have Endur'd, and to have done more in Forreigne Countries, for the Honor of yours ; when from so High a Throane, my Sovereigne Deignes to looke Downe, on a creature so unworthy, whose Life he prostrates before your Highnes.

“Ever resting, your Maiesties

“Most Humble and Loyall Subject,

“RICHARD PEEKE.”

At the end of the narrative are “Certaine Verses, written by a Friend, in commendation of the author, *Richard Peeke*,” with the Signature J. D., whose Pegasus is not of the most soaring temperament, and rather halts withal. I am very much mistaken, however, if his paces would not please your Devonshire readers, and they shall be yours whenever you wish to have them. But I will now no longer detain you from the “combat,” which must have owed its origin to the disastrous expedition against Cadiz, under the command of Sir Edward Cecil (Viscount Wimbleton), and is recorded in this *morçean* from the “*Bibliotheca Hiberiana*.”

Yours, my dear Mr. Editor,

Very sincerely,

A. B.

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### THREE TO ONE :

BEING

### AN *ENGLISH-SPANISH* COMBAT.

LOVING Countreymen ; not to weary you with long præambles, unnecessary for you to reade, and troublesome for me to set downe : I will come roundly to the matter, intreating you not to cast a malicious eye upon my Actions, nor rashly to condemne them, or to stagger in your Opinions of my performance, sithence I am ready with my life to justify



what I set downe, the Trueth of this Relation being Warranted by Noble Proofes, and Testimonies not to be questioned.

I am a westernne Man, Devonshire my Countrey, and Tavestoke my place of Habitation.

I know not what the Court of a King meanes, nor what the fine Phrases of silken Courtiers are: A good Shippe I know, and a poore Cabbin, and the Language of a Cannon: and therefore, as my Breeding has bin Rough (Scorning Delicacy): and my Present Being consisteth altogether upon the Soldier (blunt, plaine, and unpollished), so must my Writings be, proceeding from fingers fitter for the Pike then the Pen: And so (kinde Countreyemen) I pray receive them.

Neither ought you to expect better from me, because I am but the Chronicler of my owne Story.

After I had seene the Beginning and End of Argeires Voyage, I came home, somewhat more acquainted with the world, but little amended in Estate. My body more wasted and weatherbeaten, but my Purse never the fuller, nor my pockets thicker lyned.

Then, the Drumbe beating up for a New Expedition, in which, many Noble Gentlemen, and Heroicall Spirits, were to venture their Honors, Lives, and Fortunes: Cables could not hold me, for away I would, and along I vowed to goe, and did so.

The dissigne opening itself at Sea for Cales, proude I was to be imployed there, where so many Gallants, and English Worthies, did by their Examples, encourage the Common Soldier to Honorable Darings.

The Shippe I went in, was called the Convertine (one of the Navy Royall): The Captaine, Thomas Portar.

On the two-and-twentie day of October, being Saterdag, 1625, our Fleete came into Cales, about three of the clock in the afternoone, we being in all, some hundred and ten Sayle.

The Saturday night, some sixteen Sayle of the Hollanders, and about ten White-Hall-Men (who in England are called Colliers), were commanded to fight against the Castle of Puntall, standing three miles from Cales, who did so accordingly, and discharged (in that Service) at the least one thousand six hundred Shott.

On the Sunday morning following, the Earle of Essex going up very early, and an hower at least before us to the fight, commanded our Shippe (the Convertine, being of his Squadron) to follow him: The Castle playing hard and hotly upon his Lordship.

Captaine Portar, and the Maister of our Ship (whose name is M. Hill), having upon sight of so fierce an Encounter, an equall desire to doe something worthy themselves and their Countrey, came up so close to the Castle, as possibly Men in such a danger either could, or durst adventure, and there fought bravely: The Castle bestowing upon us a hotte salutation (and well becoming our approach) with bullets; whose first shot killed three of our Men, passing through and through our Shippe, the second killed foure, and the third two more at least, with great spoil and battery to our Shippe: The last shotte flying so close by Captain Portar, that with the winde of the bullet, his very Hands had almost lost the Sence of feeling, being struck into a suddaine numbnesse.

Upon this, Captaine Portar perceiving the danger wee, and our Shippe, were in, commanded a number of us to get upon the upper Deck, and

with our small Shotte to try if we could force the cannoneers from their Ordnance.

Wee presently advanced our selves, fell close to our worke, and plyed them with Pellets, in which hotte and dangerous service, one Master William Jewell, behaved himselfe both manly and like a Noble Soldier, expressing much Valour, ability of Body, and readinesse; with whom, and some few more, I (amongst the rest) stood the brunt, which continued about three houres.

Our Shippe lay all this while with her Star-bord side to the Fort, who beating us continually, with at least two hundred muskets, whose Bullets flew so thick, that our Shrowdes were torne in pieces, and our Tacklings rent to nothing; and when she came off, there were to be seene five hundred bullets (at the least) sticking in her side: I, for my part (without vaine glory be it spoken) discharging at this time some threescore and ten Shotte, as they recounted to me who charged my peeces for me.

In the heate of this Fight, Sir William Sentliger (whether called up by my Lord of Essex or coming of himselfe, I know not) seeing us so hardly besett, and that we had but few shotte upon our deck, in regard of the Enemies number, which played upon us, came with a Valiant and Noble Resolution, out of another Shippe into ours, bringing some fortie Soldiers with him, who were with us, renewed a second Fight, as hotte, or hotter then the former: Where in this Fight, one of our Bullets was shotte into the mouth of a Spanish cannon, where it sticketh fast, and putteth that Roarer to silence.

Upon this Bravery, they of the Fort began to waxe calmer, and cooler: And in the ende, most part of their gunners being slayne, gave over shooting, but yielded not the Fort until night.

Whilst this skirmish continued, a company of Spaniards within the Castle, by the advantage of a Wall, whose end jetting out, they still as they discharged, retired behinde it, saving themselves, and extreemely annoying us; I removed into the Fore-Castle of our Shippe, and so plyed them with Haille-shotte that they forsook their stand. What men on our part were lost (by their small Shotte) I cannot well remember, but sure I am, not very many: yet the Spaniards afterwards, before the Governour of Cales confest they lost about fifty whose muskets they cast into a Well, because our men should not use them, throwing the dead bodies in after.

My hurts and bruises here received, albeit they were neither many, nor dangerous, yet were they such that when the fight was don, many Gentlemen in our Shippe for my encouragement gave me Money.

During this Battaile, the Hollanders and White-Hall men, you must thinke, were not idle, for their Great Peices went off continually, from such of their Shippes as could conveniently discharge, because our Shippe lay betweene them and the Fort; and they so closely plyed their worke, that at this Battery were discharged from the Ordnance, at least foure thousand Bullets.

The Castle being thus quieted (though as yet not yielded) the Earle of Essex, about twelve at noone, landed his regiment close by the Fort, the Spaniards looking over the walls to behold them: Upon sight of which, many of those within the Castle (to the number of six score) ran away; wee pursuing them with showtes, hollawings, and lowde noises, and now

and then a peice of ordnance, overtooke some of the Spanish Hares, and stayed them from running farder.

Part of our Men being thus landed, they marched up not above a flight shotte off, and there rested themselves. Then about sixe at night the Castle yeilded, upon composition, to depart with their Armes and collours flying, and no man to offend them ; which was performed accordingly.

The Captaine of the Fort, his name was Don Francisco Bustamante, who presently upon the delivery, was carried aboard the Lord Generalls Shippe, where he had a Soldierly Welcome; And the next day, He, and all his company were put over to Port Reall, upon the Mayne Land because they should not go to Cales, which is an Iland.

*Monday, October 24.*

ON the Monday, having begun early in the morning, all our Forces, about noone were landed, and presently marched up to a Bridge, between Pantall and Cales; In going up to which, some of our Men were unfortunately and unmanly surprised, and before they knew their owne danger, had their Throates cutte; some having their Braines beaten out with the Stocks of Muskets; others, their Noses slic'd off; whilst some Heads were spurned up and downe the Streets like Footeballs, and some Eares worne in scorne in Spanish Hattes: For when I was in prison in Cales (whether some of these Spanish Picaroes were brought in for flying from the Castle,) I was an eye witnesse, of English Mens Eares worn in that despightfull manner.

What the forces being on shore did, or how farre they went up, I can not tell, for I was no Land Soldier, and therefore all that while kept aboard: Yet about twelve of the clock, when they were marched out of sight (I knowing that other English Men had don the like the very same day) ventered on Shore likewise, to refresh myselfe, with my Sword only by my side, because, I thought the late stormes had beaten all the Spaniards in, and therefore feared no danger.

On, therefore, I softly walked, viewing the desolation of such a place, for I saw a nobody: yet farre had I not gon from the Shore, but some English Men were come even almost to our Shippes, and from certaine Gardens had brought with them many Oranges and Lymons.

The sight of these sharpened my stomach the more to go on, because I had a desire to present some of those Fruites to my Captaine. Hereupon I demanded of them what danger there was in going. They sayed, None, but that all was husht, and not a Spainiard stirring.

We parted, they to the Shippes, I forward: and before I had reached a mile, I found (for all their talking of no danger) three Englishmen starke dead, being slayne, lying in the way, it being full of deepe sandy pittes, so that I could hardly find the passage, and one, some small distance from them, not fully dead.

The groanes which he uttered, led me to him, and finding him lying on his belly, I called to him, and turning him on his back saw his woundes, and sayd; Brother, what Villaine has done this mischeife to thee? He lamented in sighes and dolefull lookes, and casting up his eyes to Heaven but could not speake. I then resolved (and was about it) for Christian Charities sake; and for Countries sake, to have carried him on my back to our Shippes, farre off though they lay, and there (if by any possible means it could have bin done,) to have recovered him.



But my good intents were prevented; For on a sodaine, came rushing in upon me a Spanish Horseman, whose Name, as afterwards I was informed, was Don Juan of Cales, a Knight; I seeing him make speedily and fiercely at me, with his drawne weapon, suddenly whip'd out mine, wrapping my cloake about mine arm: Five or six skirmishes we had, and for a pretty while, fought off and on.

At last, I getting with much adoe, to the top of a sandy Hillock, the horseman nimble followed up after; By good Fortune to me (though bad to himselfe) he had no Petronell or pistolls about him; and therefore clapping spurres to his Horse sides, his intent, as it seemed was with full career to ride over me, and trample me under his Horses feete: But a Providence greater than his Fury was my Guard.

Time was it for me to look about warily, and to lay about lustely, to defende a poore Life so hardly distressed: As therefore his Horse was violently breaking in upon me, I struck him into the eyes, with a flappe of my Cloake; upon which, turning sideward, I tooke my advantage, and as redily as I could stepping in, it pleased God that I should pluck my Enemy downe, and have him at my mercy for Life, which notwithstanding I gave him; He falling on his knees, and crying out in French to me: *Pardone moy ie vous pree, ie suie un buon Chrestiene.* Pardon me, sir, I am a good Christian. I seeing him brave, and having a soldier's mind to Rifle him, I searched for Jewels but found only five Pieces of Eight about him, in all amounting to twenty shillings English: yet he had gold, but that I could not come by; For I was in haste to have sent his Spanish Knighthood home on Foote, and to have taught his Horse an English Pace.

Thus farre, my voyage for oranges sped well, but in the end proved sower sawce to me. And it is harder to keepe a victory, then to obteyne; so heere it fell out with mine.

For, fourteen Spanish muskatiers, spying me so busy about one of their countrymen, bent all the Mouthes of their peeces to kill me, which they could not well do without endangering this Don Johns life; so that I was inforced (and glad I scap'd so too) to yield myselfe their prisoner.

True valour (I see) goes not alwaies in good cloathes; For, He whom before I had surprized, seeing me fast in the snare, and (as the event prooved) disdaining that his Countrey men should report him so dishonoured, most basely (when my handes were in a manner bound behind me) drew out his weapon, which the rest had taken from me to give him) and wounded me through the face, from Eare to eare, and had there killed me, had not the fourteene muskatiers rescued me from his Rage.

Upon this, I was led in Triumph into the Towne of Cales: An owle not more wondred and hooted at, a Dog not more cursed.

In my being ledde thus along the streets, a Flemming spying me, cryed out alowde: whither doe you leade this English Dogge? Kill him, kill him, hee's no Christian. And with that, breaking through the crowde, in upon those who held mee, ranne me into the Body with a Halbert, at the Reynes of my Backe, at the least foure inches.

One Don Fernando, an antient Gentleman, was sent downe this summer, from the King at Madrill, with Soldiers; But before our Fleete came, the Soldiers were discharged; They of Cales, never suspecting that we meant to put in there.

Before him was I brought to be examined, yet few or no questions at all, were demanded of me, because, he saw I was all bloody in my cloathes, and so wounded in my face and Jawes, that I could hardly speake: I was therefore committed presently to Prison, where I lay eightene dayes: The Noble Gentleman, giving expresse charge that the best Surgeons should be sent for, least, being so basely hurt and handled by Cowards, I should be demanded at his hands.

I being thus taken on the Monday, when I went on shore, The Fleete departed the Friday following, from Cales, at the same time when I was there a prisoner.

Yet, thus honestly was I used by my worthy Friend Captain Portar; He above my deserving, complayning, that he feared he had lost such a Man: My Lord Generall (by the solicitation of Master John Glanville, Secretary to the Fleete) sent three Men on Shore, to enquire in Cales for me, and to offer (if I were taken) any reasonable Ransome: But the Towne, thinking me a better Prize then (indeede) I was, denyed me, and would not part from me.

Then came a command to the Teniente, or Governor of Cales, to have me sent to Sherrys (otherwise called Xerez) lying three leagues from Cales.

Wondrous unwilling (could I otherwise have chosen) was I to go to Sherrys, because, I should then be put to Tortures:

Having therefore a young-man (an English Man, and a Merchant, whose Name was Goodrow), my fellow Prisoner, who lay there for debt: and so I thinking there was no way with me but one; (That I must be sent packing to my long home.) Thus I spake unto him.

Countrey-Man, what my name is, our Partnership in Misery hath made you know: And with it, know that I am a Devonshire-man borne, and Tavestock the place of my once abiding, I beseech you, if God ever send you Liberty, and that you saile into England, take that Countrey in your way: Commend me to my Wife and Children, made wretched by me, an infortunate Father, and Husband: Tell them, and my Friends (I entreate you, for God's cause) that if I be (as I suspect I shall be) put to Death in Sherrys, I will dye a Christian Soldier, noway, I hope, dishonoring my King, Countrey, or the Justice of my cause, or my Religion.

Anon after, away was I conveyed with a strong Guard by the Governour of Cales, and brought into Sherrys on a Thursday, about twelve at night.

On the Sunday following, two Friars were sent to me (both of them being Irish Men, and speaking very good English): One of them was caled Padre Juan (Father John). After a sad and grave salutation; Brother (quoth he) I come in Love to you, and charity to your soule, to confesse you: And if to us (as your spirituall Ghostly Fathers) you will lay open your sinnes, wee will forgive them, and make your way to Heaven, for to-morrow you must dye.

I desired them, that they would give me a little respite, that I might retire into a private Chamber, and instantly I would repaire to them, and give them satisfaction: Leave I had; away I went, and immediately returned: they asked me, if I had yet resolved, and whether I would come to Confession: I told them, I had been at confession already; one of them demanded, with whom? I answered, with God the Fa-

ther : And with nobody else (sayd the other) ? Yes (quoth I,) and with Jesus Christ, my Redeemer, who hath both power and will to forgive all Men their sinnes that truly Repent ; Before these Two, have I falne on my knees, and confest my grievous offences and trust, they will give me a free absolution, and Pardon.

What thinke you of the Pope ? sayd Father John : I answered, I knew him not : They, hereupon, shaking their heads, told me they were sorry for me, and so departed.

Whilst thus I lay in Sherrys the Captaine of the Fort (Don Francisco Bustamente) was brought in, Prisoner for his Life, because he delivered up the Castle ; but wheter he dyed for it, or no, I cannot tell.

My day of Triall being come, I was brought from Prison, into the Towne of Sherrys, by two Drumbes, and a hundred Shotte, before three Dukes, foure Condes, or Earles, foure Marquesses, besides other great Persons ; the towne having in it at least five thousand Soldiers.

At my first appearing before the Lordes, my sword lying before them on a Table, the Duke of Medina asked me if I knew that weapon ; it was reached to me ; I took it, and embraced it in mine armes, and with tears in mine eyes kist the Pomell of it. He then demanded how many men I had kild with that weapon ? I told him, if I had kild one, I had not been there now, before that Princely Assembly, for when I had him at my foote, begging for mercy, I gave him life, yet he, then very poorely, did me a mischiefe : Then they asked Don John (my prisoner) what woundes I gave him ; He sayd, none : upon this he was rebuked, and told ; That if upon our first Encounter, he had run me through, it had been a faire and Noble Triumph ; but so to wound me, being in the hands of others, they held it Base.

Then said the Duke of Medyna to me ; Come on English-Man, what Shippe came you in ? I told him. The Convertine : Who was your Captaine ? Captaine Portar : What Ordnance carryed your Shippe ? I sayd, forty Peices : But the Lords looking all this while on a paper, which they held in their hands : Duke Medyna sayd, In their Note, there was but thirty-eight. In that Paper (as after I was informed, by my two Irish Interpreters), there was set downe, the Number of our Shippes, their Burden, Men, Munition, Victuall, Captaines, &c., as perfect, as wee our selves had them in England.

Of what Strength (quoth an other Duke) is the Fort at Plymouth ? I answered, very strong : What Ordnance in it. Fifty sayd I : That is not so, sayd he, there is but seventeen : How many soldiers are in the Fort. I answered, two hundred : That is not so (quoth a Conde) there is but twenty.

Marquesse Alquenezes asked me, Of what strength the little Iland was before Plymouth ? I told him, I knew not : Then (quoth he) wee doe.

Is Plymouth a Walled-Towne ? Yes, my Lords ; And a good wall ? Yes sayd I, a very good Wall : True, sayd a Duke, to leape over with a Staffe. And hath the Towne, sayd the Duke of Medyna, strong Gates ? Yes : But, quoth he, there was neither Wood nor Iron to those Gates but two dayes before your Fleete came away.

Now before I goe any farther, let me not forget to tell you, that my two Irish Confessors, had been heere in England the last Summer, and when our Fleete came from England, they came for Spaine ; Having



seene our King at Plymouth, when the Soldiers there shewed their Armes, and did then diligently observe what the King did, and how he carried himselfe.

How chance (sayd Duke Giron) did you not in all this Bravery of the Fleete take Cales, as you took Puntall? I replyed, that the Lord-Generall might easily have taken Cales, for he had neere a thousand Scaling ladders to set up, and a thousand Men to loose; but he was loath to rob an Almshouse, having a better Market to goe to: Cales, I told them, was held Poore, unmand, and unmunitioned: What better Market? sayd Medyna. I told him, Genoa, or Lisborne, and as I heard, there was instantly, upon this, an Army of sixe thousand Soldiers sent to Lisbone.

Then, quoth one of the Earles, when thou meetst me in Plymouth, wilt thou bid me welcome? I modestly told him, I could wish, they would not too hastily come to Plymouth, for they should finde it another manner of place, then as now they sleight it.

Many other questions were put to me by these great Dons, which so well as God did enable me, I answered, they speaking in Spanish, and their words intrepreded to me, by those two Irish Men before spoken of, who also relate my severall answers to the Lords.

And by the common People, who encompass me round, many jeerings, mockeries, scornes, and bitter jestes, were to my face throwne upon our Nation, which I durst not so much as bite my lippe against, but with an inforced patient care stood still, and let them runne on in their Revilings.

At the length, amongst many other reproaches, and spightfull Names, one of the Spaniardes called English Men Gallinas (Hennes); At which, the great Lords fell a laughing: Hereupon one of the Dukes (poynting to the Spanish Soldiers), bid me note how their King kept them; And indeed, they were all wonderous brave in Apparell, Hattes, Bandes, Cuffes, Garters, &c., and some of them in chaines of gold: And asked farther, if I thought these would proove such Hennes as our English, when next yeare they should come into England? I sayd no: But being somewhat imboldned by his merry Countenance, I told him as merrily, I thought they would be within one degree of Hennes: What meanst thou by that? sayd a Conde. I replyed, they would proove Pullets, or Chickens. Darst thou then (quoth Duke Medyna, with a brow halfe angry) fight with one of these Spanish Pullets?

O my Lord, sayd I, I am a Prisoner, and my Life at Stake, and therefore dare not be so bold to adventure upon any such Action: There were heere of us English, some foureteene Thousand, in which Number, there were above twelve Thousand, better, and stouter Men then ever I shall be; yet, with the licence of this Princely Assembly, I dare hazard the breaking of a Rapier; and withall, told him, Hee was unworthy the Name of an English Man, that should refuse to fight with one Man of any Nation whatsoever. Hereupon, my shackells were knocked off, and my Iron Ring and Chayne taken from my Neck.

Room was made for the Combatants, Rapier and Dagger the Weapons: A Spanish Champion presents himselfe, Named Signior Tiago; when after wee had played some reasonable good time, I disarmed, as thus.

I caught his Rapier betwixt the Barres of my Poniard, and there

held it, till I closed in with him, and tripping up his Heeles, I took his weapons out of his hands, and delivered them to the Dukes.

I could wish, that all you, my deere Countrey-Men, who reade this Relation, had either bin there, without danger, to have beheld us : Or that He with whome I fought were heer in Person, to justifie the issue of that Combat.

I was then demanded, If I durst Fight against an other ? I told them, my heart was good to adventure ; but humbly requested them, to give me Pardon, if I refused.

For to my selfe I too well knew, that the Spaniard is Haughty, Impatient of the least affront ; And when he receives but a Touch of any Dishonour, Disgrace, or Blemish (especially in his owne Countrey, and from an Englishman), his Revenge is implacable, mortall, and bloody.

Yet being by the Noblemen, pressed agen, and agen, to try my Fortune with an other, I (seeing my life in the Lyons Paw, to struggle with whome for safety, there was no way but one, and being afrayd to displease them, I sayd, That if their Graces, and Greatnesses, would give me leave to play at mine owne Countrey Weapon called the Quarter-Staffe, I was then ready there, an Oppsite against any Commer, whome they would call forth ; and would willingly lay downe my Life before those Princes, to doe them Services provided, my Life might by no foule means be taken from me.

Hereupon, the head of a Halbert, which went with a Screw, was taken off, and the Steall delivered to me ; the other But-end of the Staffe having a Short Iron Pike in it ; This was my armor, and in my place I stood, expecting an Opponent.

At the last, a handsome, and well-spirited Spaniard steps foorth, with his Rapier and Poinard : They asked me, what I sayd to Him : I told them, I had a sure friend in my hand, that never failed me, and therefore made little account of that one to play with and should show them no Sport.

Then, a second (armed as before) presents himselfe : I demand, if there would come no more ? The Dukes asked how many I desired ? I told them any number under sixe ; which resolution of mine, they smiling at, in a kind of scorne, held it not manly ; (it seemed,) not fit for their owne Honors, and Glory of their Nation, to worry one Man with a Multitude ; and therefore appointed Three onely, (so weapond) to enter into the Listes.

Now, Gentlemen, if here you condemne mee, for (plucking with mine owne hands) such an assured danger upon mine owne head ; accept of these Reasons for excuse.

To dye, I thought it most certaine, but to die basely, I would not : For Three to kill one had bin to me no dishonor ; To them (weapons considered,) no Glory ; An Honourable Subjection, I esteemed better then an Ignoble Conquest. Upon these Thoughts, I fell to it.

The Rapier Men traverst their ground, I mine ; Dangerous Thrusts were put in, and with dangerous hazard avoyded : Showtes echoed to Heaven, to encourage the Spaniards ; not a shoute, nor Hand, to hearten the poore English Man ; onely, Heaven I had in mine Eye, the Honor of my Countrey in my Heart, my Fame at the Stake, my Life on a narrow Bridge, and Death both before and behind me.

It was now not a time to dally, they still made full at me; And I had beene a Coward to my Selfe, and a villane to my Nation, if I had not called up all that weake Manhood which was Mine, to guard my owne Life, and overthrow my Enemies.

Plucking up therefore a good heart, seeing myselfe faint and wearied, I vowed to my soule, to doe something, ere she departed from me; And so setting All upon One cast, It was my Good Fortune (it was my God did it for mee) with the but-end where the iron Pike was, to kill one of the Three; and within a few Boutes after, to disarme the other two, causing the one of them to fly into the Armeè of Soldiers then present, and the other for refuge fled behind the Bench. •

I hope, if the braving Spaniards set upon England (as they threaten) we shall every one of us, give the repulse to more than Three; Of which good issue for the Publique, I take this my Private successe to be a Pledge.

Now was I in greater Danger, being (as I thought) in Peace, than before, when I was in Battaile: For, a generall Murmure filled the Ayre, with Threatnings at me; the Soldiers especially bit their thumbes, and how was it possible for me to scape?

Which, the Noble Duke of Medina Sidonia seeing, called me to him, and instantly caused proclamation to be made, that none, on paine of death, should meddle with mee; And by his Honorable protection, I got off; And not off, onely with Safety, but with Money, for by the Dukes and Condes, were given me in Gold, to the value of foure pounds tenne shillings sterling; and by the Marquesse Alquenezes himselfe, as much; He embracing me in his Armes, and bestowing upon me that long Spanish Russet Cloake I now weare which he tooke from one of his Men's backs: And withall furnished me with a clean band and cuffes; it being one of the greatest Favours, a Spanish Lord can doe to a meane Man, to reward him with some Garment, as recompence of Merit.

After our Fight in Sherris, I was kept in the Marquesse Alquenezes House, who one day (out of his Noble affability), was pleasant in speech with me; And by my Interpreter desired I would sing: I willing to obey him (whose goodnesse I had tasted) did so, and sung this Psalme: *When as we sate in Babylon, &c.* The meaning of which being told he said to me, English Man, comfort thyselfe for thou art in no captivity.

After this, I was sent to the King of Spaine, lying at Madrill; My Conduct being foure Gentlemen of the Marquesse Alquenezes; He allowing unto me, in the journey, twenty shillings a day when wee Travelled, and ten shillings a day when we lay still.

At my being in Madrill, before I saw the King; My Entertainment (by the Marquesse Alquenezes appointment) was at his owne House, where I was lodged in the most sumptuous Bedde that ever I beheld; and had from his Noble Lady, a welcome farre above my poore deserving, but worthy the greatness of so excellent a Woman; She bestowing upon me, whilst I lay in her House, a very faire Spanish Shirt, richly laced, and at my parting from Madrill, a Chayne of Gold, and two Jewells for my Wife, and other pretty Thinges for my children.

And now that her Noble Courtesies, together, with my own Thankfullness, bade me to speake of this Honorable Spanish Lady; I might very justly be condemned of Ingratitude, if I should not remember, with



like acknowledgment, another rare Patterne of Feminine goodness, to me, a distressed, miserable Stranger: And that was the Lady of Don John of Cales; She, out of a Respect she bare me, for saving her Husbands Life, came along with him to Sherrys, He being there to give in evidence against me; And as before, when I lay Prisoner in Cales, so in Sherrys she often relieved me with Money, and other Meanes; My Duty and Thankes ever wayte upon them both.

Upon Christmas-day, I was Presented to the King, the Queen, and Don Carlo the Infante.

Being brought before him, I fell (as it was fitt) on my knees: Many Questions were demanded of me, which so well as my plaine witte directed me, I resolved.

In the end, his Majesty offered me a Yearly Pention (to a good vallew) if I would serve him, eyther at Land or at Sea; For which his Royall Favors, I confessing myself infinitely Bound, and my Life indebted to his Mercy, most humbly intreated, that with his Princely leave, I might, be suffered to returne into mine owne Countrey, being a Subject onely to the King of England, my Sovereigne.

And besides that Bond of Allegiance, there was another Obligation, due from me, to a Wife and Children; And therefore, most submissively beg'd, that his Majesty would be so Princely minded, as to pittie my Estate, and to let me goe: To which he at last granted; Bestowing upon me, one hundred Pistoletts, to beare my charges.

Having thus left Spaine, I tooke my way through some part of France; Where, by occasion, happening into Company of Seven Spaniards, their Tongues were too lavish in Speeches against our Nation; Upon which, some high wordes flying up and downe the Roome, I leaped, from the Table, and drew.

One of the Spaniards did the like (none of the rest being weaponed which was more than I knew.)

Upon the noise of this Bustling, two English Men more came in, who understanding the Abuses offered to our Countrey, the (Spaniards in a short time, Recanted on their knees) their Rashnesse.

And so hoysing Saile for England; I Landed on the three and twenty day of April, 1626, at Foy in Cornewall.

And thus endeth my Spanish Pilgrimage: With thankes to my good God, that in this extraordinary manner preserved me, amidst these desperate Dangers.

Therefore most gracious God, (Defender of Men abroad, and Protector of them at home) How am I bounden to thy Divine Majestie, for thy manifold Mercies?

On my knees, I thanke thee, with my Tongue I will praise thee, with my Handes Fight in thy Quarrell, and all the daies of my Life serve thee.

Out of the Red Sea, I have escaped; From the Lyons Den, bin delivered; I, rescued from Death, and snatched out of the jawes of Destruction, only by Thee, O my God; Glory be to thy Name, for ever, and ever. Amen.

## ECHOES FROM THE BACKWOODS.

BY CAPTAIN LEVINGE.

## CHAP. V.

## NOVA SCOTIA—A FORTNIGHT IN BUSH.

"I really do think there is no luxury equal to that of lying before a good fire, on a good spruce bed, after a good supper, and a hard moose chase in a fine, clear, frosty, moonlight, starry night."—LORD E. FITZGERALD.

The Start—Anapolis—Micmac Village—Flappers—Trout—Lakes—Rivers.

RIFLES, guns, fishing-rods, blankets, axes, tomahawks, salt pork, biscuits, and a couple of birch canoes, the whole under the charge of Francis Glode, a Mickmac Indian, were put on board the steamer for Anapolis. And all the preparations for a fortnight's sojourn "in bush" being completed, Captain E—— and myself started from St. John's, in the month of August to hunt the moose in Nova Scotia. On nearing the coast the land loomed in the most extraordinary manner, and masses of trees of a gigantic growth, hung suspended as it were in the heavens. The Wicklow mountains may at times be seen to loom in the same way long after losing sight of the Irish coast ; or, as poor Power would have said, "after you had seen it *clane* out of sight."

The bay of Anapolis is land-locked on either side by the iron-bound coast of Nova Scotia and the entrance to it through straits wooded to the water's edge is most striking ; and the canoes of the Mickmac Indians, hunting the porpoise, which covered the water at the time, added not a little to the picturesque effect. Suddenly the bay opened, and after an hour's steaming the "Maid of the Mist" landed us at Anapolis, where we were joined by the chief of the tribe, Charles Glode (our guide's brother) and another Indian, supposed to be the most accomplished moose hunter in the province ; he spoke no language but that of his nation, was a fine athletic fellow, and lived entirely by the produce of the chase."

The result of a consultation was, that we were to strike the head waters of a river about ten miles south of Anapolis, and follow it through a chain of lakes until it finally emptied itself into the Atlantic below Halifax. The hunting ground once settled, the Indians shouldered the provisions, and, placing the canoes on their heads, went off at a long trot, and we, who had only our rifles to carry, found quite enough to do to keep pace with them.

An Indian path led to a Mickmac village of some twelve or fourteen lodges, where they halted for their hunting knives, tomahawks, and other necessary apparatus for the chase ; and we smoked the pipe with their squaws. The first thing which strikes the ear upon arriving from New Brunswick is the difference between the pronunciation of the Mickmac and Milicete languages, and it is curious, though these two tribes border on each other, that the language of the one should be perfectly unintelligible to the other. The Lord's Prayer in either is subjoined.\*

\* THE LORD'S PRAYER IN THE MILICETE LANGUAGE.

ME-TOX-SEN'A spum-keek ay-e-en sa-ga-mow-ee tel-mox-se'en tel-e-wee-so-teck.

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The word "Papoose," however, is an exception; and is used by both to signify either an infant, or the kind of box or portable cradle in which the squaws carry their bantlings, and into which the unfortunate child is bound. When upon the move the mother carries it upon her back; but when employed in any of their manufactures they hang it upon the nearest tree. Previous to being put into their narrow crib the papoose is swathed round and round in folds of cloth in the manner of the Roman children, and its arms are confined by narrow slips of wood placed across the cradle. In consequence of a certain effluvia from their being unbound but once or twice a week, myriads of black gnats and musquitos are attracted to the spot, and may be seen to buzz eternal torments about the face of the helpless prisoners, and a stream of these insects indicated to us the spots where they were suspended.

On leaving the village we struck directly into the woods, following in Indian file. On reaching the first lake it was found necessary to staunch the canoes before launching, an operation easily performed by applying lighted torches of bark to the gum and resin with which the seams are covered; when melted sufficiently, the Indian wetted his thumb (in the manner most convenient to himself), and plastered the resin anew over the seams. That finished, we paddled across a lake, crossed a portage, and halted for the night on the shores of a second lake, and whilst the Indians were making the camp, a stream close by, full of trout, came most *apropos* for supper. Trout thus fresh caught, and fried with salt pork, are excellent, and any one who has hunted in the woods of North America can also appreciate a kettle of boiling hot tea; so refreshing after fatigue, and doubly so on the first day, when fresh from a town life, and before condition has given full play to the muscles.

In the middle of the night we were awakened by the most mournful and painful shrieks, as though a woman was being tortured, and was screaming for assistance. It was the cry of "the Loon."† They make these noises when alarmed by the sight of bears. One of the Indians snatched up a rifle and disappeared; he returned towards morning, but without having got a shot. The Indians can imitate the cry of the loon, and by concealing themselves in the brush wood on the edges of the lakes, and waving their hats, will call them within shot, but they dive so instantaneously, that the click of a copper cap, or a flash in the pan, is sufficient to give them warning, and they are under water before the shot can reach them. But by suddenly jumping up with a great noise, the bird may be alarmed, when his first impulse will be to open his wings

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Cheep-tooke wee-chey-u-leek spum-keektaun e-too-chee-sauk-too-leek spum-a-kay-e'en. Too-eep-nauk-na-meen kes-c-kees-skah-keel wek-a-yeu-leek el-me-kees-kaak keel-mets-min a-woo-lee. Ma-hate-moo-in ka-tee a-le-wa-nay-ool-te'ek el-mas we-chee-a-keel me-koke-may-keel ne-ma-hate-hum-too-moo-in.

#### THE LORD'S PRAYER IN THE MICMAC LANGUAGE,

*As corrected by the Richibucto Indians from the version printed at Quebec in 1817.*

Noorch enen waa-soke a-bin, chip-took, tal-wee-sin me-ga-day-de-mak. Waa-soke te-lee-daa-nen chip-took igga-nam-win oo-la ne-moo-lek naa-de-la-tay-se-nen. Naa-tel waa-soke ai-keek chip-took ta-lee-ska-doo-lek ma-ga-mi-guek ay-e-mek. Tel-la-moo koo-be-na-gal es-me-a-gul opch nega-atch kees-kook ig-ga-nam-win ne-loo-nen. Ta-lee a-bik-chik-ta-kaa-chik wa-gai-nee-na-met-nik clk-keel nees-kaam a-bik-chik-too-in el-wa-wool-ti-jeck. Mel-kee-nin maach win-chee-gul mook-ta-gaa-lin kees-e-na-waam-kil win-che-gul ko-qui-ak too-ack-too-in.

† The great northern diver.



for flight—his second to dive; then is the moment to catch him. But, unless very close to them, they will carry off a large charge of shot.

The following morning, several lakes and portages were crossed in a thick fog. On its suddenly clearing off, we found ourselves in a beautiful lake covered with islands or rather huge rocks of granite and porphyry of all manner of fantastic shapes and forms; and in the midst of several broods of flappers (young wood ducks\*). The Indians were instantly all excitement; off they set in chase, straining every nerve, the canoes flying through the water at a most astonishing pace. The flappers dived whenever closed upon, until after two hours of paddling and manœuvring, some six or eight were caught.—No bad things for supper, when hunger does duty for Cayenne pepper and Harvey sauce.

The broad outlet from this lake being broken up into a succession of rapids, the skill of the Indians was put to the test, and the canoes often made tremendous lurches, plunging head foremost into whirlpools; but the Indians, ever on the alert, fended off and preserved their equilibrium, apparently without effort.

An Indian never does an awkward thing—when hunting he never steps upon dry twigs, or any thing likely to alarm the ears of the most watchful animal—he moves without noise—he looks before him, behind him, and from right to left at every step; he observes the patches of moss, any peculiarity or marked feature; the trees and their branches: which he invariably recognises, should he cross them again. In his canoe he is equally on the look out, along the shore, or in, or under the water, nothing escapes his notice; his paddle propels his canoe without noise or splash; his carriage, his manners and movements, are all grace, all ease: because they are natural. This river was full of large trout, and the merry *salmo huko* of Sir Humphry Davy, which, when hooked, jump to the height of four or five feet out of the water. There was also a large description of char, averaging from one to three pounds, as broad and thick as they were long, their bellies of a deep gold colour, covered with blood-red spots.—Excellent to eat, playing very strong, and affording undeniable sport to the angler. So eager would they rise, that five or six would race at the flies at the same time, and would continue to do so, when wings, body, hackles and all were completely stripped off the hooks; I caught a fine fish of three pounds' weight, attracted by "the ghost of a fly," a mere bit of tinsel, the only remnant of what had once been a mulberry claret, and had done execution in Ireland, when "the drake was up" on Lough Derraverragh; in fact, they would rise at any thing moving through the water. The rivers teemed with fish; and, as we could catch any number, we made a few casts into each eddy where the largest fish lay, and which invariably rose first—it was impossible to fish from the banks, they were so overshadowed by the forest; we were, therefore, obliged to cast the flies from our canoes, and it required no little skill to kill three large trout which were constantly upon one's casting line at the same time, and that, when sitting in a birch canoe in a rapid river. Occasionally we could land upon a rock, or large stone, and fish the pools from thence, but it was a slippery operation at best, and could not always be effected. But the fishing was excellent, and flies had never been cast in these streams before. As every thing in the New World is on the

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\* *Dendronessa sponsa*.

mammoth scale, so are the insects—the large flies used upon the West-meath lakes are the correct size and exactly the thing—both in New Brunswick and Nova Scotia. But the wear and tear of tackle is great. I had, luckily, materials for making them. The tying amused the Indians not a little, to whom the whole operation of fly-fishing was a source of great curiosity and delight.

#### CHAP. VI.

Still Waters—Tracks—Moose—The Death—Potatoes—Indigestion—Turtle—Lampreys—Stone Pipes—Calling the Moose.

While round, in brutal jest, were thrown  
The half-gnaw'd rib and marrow-bone.

MARMION.

THE ends of the moose-wood bitten off, the brush-wood broken and trampled down, the water-lilies pulled up and in part eaten, and the numbers of fresh tracks, were certain signs of moose being in the immediate neighbourhood; it was, therefore, deemed imprudent to light fires or make a camp. The canoes turned over, afforded sufficient covering for our heads, but the night was cold and we were obliged to forego our kettle of tea, most sensibly felt as the greatest privation after a hard day's fag. We started at daylight next morning (but in a fog), paddling carefully along the "still waters."

These "still waters," so called by the Indians, are boggy creeks of the great lakes and rivers, and where the water is stagnant—between these and the forests on either side is a luxuriant growth of bog myrtle, dog-wood, moose-wood, Labrador-tea, and wild roses; the resort of bittern\* and the water-fowl tribe. Through these it is the moose's great delight to wade and suck the water-lilies, and it was in the hope of thus surprising them when entangled in the brush-wood and up to their bellies in the water, that we had made so early a start, and had preserved such profound silence. But the wind was unfavourable, and we had the mortification to find, that we had only disturbed them—but even this was attended with no small excitement. Soon after hunting "the still waters" we entered a great lake, the largest of the chain, called by the Indians the Lake of the Nightingales; and made straight for a sand-bank in the midst of it, with the intention of lighting a fire, having a kettle of hot tea and a good breakfast after the fasting and cold of the previous night. This shoal had been selected as the least likely place to alarm the moose—but upon landing, there was not wherewithall to make a fire, and two of the Indians were dispatched in search of wood and birch bark.

After they had been gone some time and the sun had nearly dispelled the fog, we were suddenly put on the *qui vive* by shouts reverberating through the woods, when presently we saw a great splashing in the lake, and above it, looming in the haze, a dark mass towering into the clouds,—it might be a water-spout; our Indian thought the shouts proceeded from a gang of lumberers: when in a moment I found myself seized by the herculean chief of the Mickmacs, and literally chucked into

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\* The American bittern is much smaller than the European species, and its note is totally unlike the loud booming cry of the latter. It is a night bird, and its sight is most acute during the evening twilight. When disturbed, it rises with a heavy and awkward flight, uttering the cry, *kwa kwa*.

the canoe. My companion and the rifles were treated in the same manner, and, before we had breathing time to recover the surprise, we were going "Derby pace" down the lake, and the Indian, straining every nerve, paddled with such force, that the canoe was nearly buried in her own way. For some time the hallooing and yelling continued, until at last the mystery was cleared up, and we discovered a huge moose in the water; driven into it by the other Indians, who had shouted to attract our attention. Both canoes now bore down upon him at right angles. Two men in a canoe can always propel it faster than a moose can swim, but both canoes were a long way off—we had but one in ours, and a stern chase is always a long one, so say the nautical world; however, we arrived at a point of the main land just as the animal had landed. A few seconds and we should have lost him: we arrived in the nick of time, however, and, as he dashed off at full speed, I fired. The ball passed through his heart; he made a tremendous bound straight up into the air and fell upon his back, dead. It was a noble animal, seventeen hands high. A second moose had been seen on the island from whence they had driven the one already bagged, and my companion being anxious to shoot it, we went off in pursuit, and after a similar chase he succeeded.

The Lake of the Nightingales being evidently the resort of moose; the inlets and outlets full of fish; the beauty of the spot to which the chase had accidentally led us, and the Indians being ravenous to devour the meat, all led us to determine to make it head-quarters. A camp was accordingly constructed in orthodox Indian fashion, and long poles were placed across to dry the venison upon. Sabaptiste proceeded with great glee to skin and cut up the moose, and before a fire could be lit, commenced devouring the raw flesh, without bread or salt, and when cooked, they all eat of it until they literally could not stir. Like pike, they will gorge themselves, and then sleep or rest until hunger again drives them forth in search of food.

The moofle, a lump of fat about the nose, is esteemed a great delicacy by epicures. This we reserved for ourselves, together with the bones, from which, by roasting in the fire, we obtained the most delicious marrow, excellent when eaten with dried biscuits. The meat is the best of all wild venison, and the tongues are as good as those of the rein-deer. These were hung up to dry, and reserved for our friends in the old world.

As the Indians had over-eaten themselves to such an extent, that their locomotive powers were any thing but dubious; we gave their digestions four-and-twenty hours to recover, and occupied ourselves in fishing and reconnoitring the forest, where, for the first time, we saw the potato in its natural state, growing in stringy bunches about the roots of the spruce firs; but they were bitter and unpalatable, generally about the size of a filbert, and not exceeding that of a walnut. Some of the pine were enormous; at least two hundred feet high, perfectly straight, and would square three. The total absence of the white cedar (so common in every swamp in New Brunswick) surprised me: and it is worthy of remark, that although the boundary between the two provinces is not a natural, but merely an imaginary one, yet that line once crossed into Nova Scotia, and the cedar ceases to be found.\* Neither are "the

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\* The Blue Noses declare that branches of this cedar placed amongst clothes or furs will keep off moths.



deer," so common in New Brunswick, to be met with in the other province, to the Indians of which they are perfectly unknown; and on one occasion, when I had taken Francis out hunting with me in New Brunswick, he ran after one for the best part of the day on snow shoes, and came back remarkably sulky at not having got a *sight* of it.

The Micicete Indians declare that these deer will not cross the St. John's river.

The Indians' stomachs having had a liberal four-and-twenty hours' rest, my companion repaired to the still waters, where he got nine shots at moose in the one day, and I, accompanied by John, carrying a quarter of a moose on his back, went half a day's journey to a settlement where, as he expected, we exchanged the meat for salt sufficient to preserve the skin for stuffing. We got, likewise, a mess of potatoes, much prized by them *medicinally* after a moose debauch, as on this occasion.

The Indians did not wish us to kill more moose, nor would it have been sportsmanlike so to do, as we could make no use of the meat; but it was often most tantalizing when, suddenly descending a rapid, they would swing the canoes round, hold them fast with their poles, and point to a huge moose, who would take himself off at a long trot. On one occasion, however, the temptation was too great, and a ball from my rifle passed through the ear of one. So quick-sighted are the Indians, that all three at the same moment exclaimed, "It had gone through his ear."

These Indians carve pipes out of a porous kind of stone (soap stone) found in the beds of torrents, and called by them pipe-stones; it is soft, works well, and resembles the green lava of Vesuvius. During the intervals between repletion and the chase, Sabaptiste made one, which I still possess; it is exquisitely finished. On the front of the bowl, in alto-relievo, is a deer's head and horns, on the reverse and either side, Indians' heads. The character of which, and the accompanying ornaments, are decidedly Egyptian. I was much struck by finding the same ornaments, frieze, and even the same character of heads, in one of the tombs lately discovered in the Necropolis of Tarquinii, near Cornetto.

The outlet of the lake was full of lampreys, in their migration from the sea, lying in coils upon beds of sand which they throw up themselves; and they were so thick that, upon lowering a stick with some hooks attached to it, and jerking it up suddenly, three or four were pulled out at a time. In the shoal parts of the lake we speared terrepins, a large kind of fresh water turtle, of a beautiful sea-green colour, weighing from six to eight pounds, and full of eggs, much esteemed by the Indians, and which were not bad roasted.

The Indians having despatched three or four dozen lampreys, though without the bad effect which is said to have followed a like excess on the part of one of our early kings, and having ourselves, like the guardsman who made up his mind, ere he embarked for Egypt, that he could *rough* it upon a beefsteak and a bottle of claret, so we contrived to do the like, on an excellent supper of venison, grouse, turtles' eggs, and a dish of fish, and having lit our pipes, and stretched our feet towards a roaring fire, we might truly say with Goldsmith:

Oh, luxury! thou curse by Heaven's decree,  
How ill-exchanged are things like these for thee!

John gave the following description of the manner of "calling the moose," which takes place about the end of September or beginning of

October, when the frosts have set in. As fires cannot be lit, or tobacco smoked, this species of hunting is attended with great privation and hardship. Then is the rutting season, the antlers of the male have attained their full growth, and he is in truth a noble animal. When the moon is at its full, the Indians proceed with the greatest caution to the still waters, and take up a position in their canoes amongst the adjacent brushwood. They are provided with a piece of birch bark, rolled up into the shape of a speaking-trumpet, by blowing through which they imitate exactly the lowing made by the female when in expectation of a partner.

John described it as glorious, when perfect stillness reigned over the forest, to hear the bulls, sometimes three or four together, first at a long distance, and by degrees nearer and nearer, rushing on, bellowing and roaring, knocking each other over, trampling down the brushwood, and dashing through the streams, until they come so close to the hunter, that they have no time to discover the deception, before a ball from the unerring aim of an Indian's rifle stretches them lifeless.

## CHAP. VII.

### A RACE THROUGH THE UNITED STATES.

Star-bespangled Banner—Flying Artillery—Crimping System—Table d'Hôtes—Whales and Peas—Mercantile Fowls—Sea (sick) Speculations.

THE novelty of a New Brunswick life having a little worn off, three of us started, about the end of August, for a race through the northern states, as far as the falls of Niagara. The steamer to which we consigned ourselves, passed through the bay of Pasamaquoddy, the waters of which, studded with a thousand islands of all shapes and sizes, are beyond description beautiful. Eastport, a frontier town of the state of Maine, was our first landing-place. Over the fort floated the star-bespangled banner, at least half an acre of bunting; "The stars to illumine our friends, the stripes to punish our enemies."

This fort was garrisoned by a *company* of horse artillery. It was composed entirely of deserters from our regiments quartered from time to time in New Brunswick. These being\*infantry regiments, the men had of course never learned to ride, and rarely to exercise great guns. Nevertheless, they did duty as flying artillery in the United States. They wore fancy-coloured waistcoats under sky-blue jackets, trousers of the same colour, with broad yellow stripes down them; their boots turned up at the toes, like skates, the trousers only reaching half way down their legs. The whole was crowned by a frightful leather cap, with a huge brass letter to denote their company; but it is but fair to remark that their barracks were as clean as an unlimited allowance of whitewash could make them. We recognised a rascal who had deserted from St. John's not long before. He was walking about, dragging a nine-pound shot fastened to his leg (by which we concluded that he had already got into a scrape), smoking a cigar, and looking as if he did not care a d—n for General Jackson or any one else. We heard, soon after we left Eastport, that this company having been ordered to Florida, to quell an insurrection of the Seminole Indians, the majority of them deserted on their march to Boston. They were, how-

ever, retaken, and sent on. On my return to New Brunswick, I saw a letter from the last of the survivors to his brother, recommending him and his comrades on no account to desert their colours for the American service, he being the only one who had escaped the tomahawk of the Indians, or the deadly pestilence of the swamps.

The difficulty, however, of preventing desertions was, in spite of all warnings, very great in New Brunswick. Yankey agents followed the men, enticed them into crimping houses, and plied them with drink, and when sufficiently intoxicated, they were put on board fast sailing schooners, which got under weigh whilst they lay in a state of unconsciousness. On coming to themselves, many might have returned, had they not been given more rum, and been afraid of the consequences of their first transgression. There was but one instance of a man's returning in the two years we remained in New Brunswick.

The officers of the United States army we met at Eastport, from having seen much of Indian life, were very agreeable; and the commandant, in particular, who had served in the Far West, was a most gentlemanlike man. His daughter, a young lady of fourteen, knew Latin and Greek, and was looking forward to her return to school to Boston to learn Hebrew and finish her education.

The steamers to Portland had blown up, or been burnt, so we were obliged to go round in a schooner, on board of which there were the most dreadful set I ever recollect to have encountered. One man got up at table to let another pass down, who immediately dropped into the vacant place. The civil man remonstrated—in vain; the answer he received was, "Well, I guess you shouldn't have got up then—Hell—I shall keep it now." After dinner, the majority sang psalms, until dispersed by a drunken slumberer singing "Yankee Doodle," and "Hail Columbia."

It was midnight when we landed at Portland. After going the round of the hotels, which were full, we discovered a large reception room, filled with "shake downs," in one of which we found a fellow-passenger already ensconced. He had turned in with all his clothes on, as he had done during the three nights on board the schooner, what the Yankees term "all standing," viz., in boots, great coat, &c. He had besides heaped the clothes from all the other beds on his own, though the room was hot to suffocation; of these, however, we soon dispossessed him, and betook ourselves to horizontal refreshment in the best manner we could.

We were much struck with Portland, which is a very neat town: double rows of trees on each side the streets; the houses clinker built, and painted in bright colours, divided from the street and each other by gardens and parterres. From the top of the observatory, there is a grand view commanding the town, harbour, and its islands, and Mount Washington, a bold hill, in shape resembling Soracte, which bounds the horizon to the north-east.

The ladies were well dressed, well *chausséd*, and well *coifféd en chinoise*, with a well gummed *crêpe cœur* in front of the ear, domestically termed by them a "spit curl."

For the first time we here dined at a regular American *table d'hôte*. The consumption of food was fearful; some left the table in seven minutes and a half, from that to fourteen the room was cleared, and we were left alone. Boiled green Indian corn, plaistered over with butter, seemed the favourite dish, and most excellent it was. They hold it at



both ends, gnawing it round, ridge after ridge, like a man playing pandean pipes. Some, in their hurry, transfixed whole fowls and dragged them bodily on to their plates. One man, addressing me in mercantile phraseology, said, "Stranger, I guess I'll trouble you for the *balance* of that fowl," meaning what remained of it on the dish.

On another occasion, a brother officer, travelling with his wife, was dining at Boston on the first day green peas made their appearance. He saw the dish making its rounds, and one man between himself, his wife, and the peas; he therefore made sure of getting some for her; but no—the brute swept the whole contents of the dish on to his plate, gave the dish an exulting shove, and, turning round, exclaimed, "I guess I'm a whale at peas, by G—."\* It is painful to witness the unlady-like practice of arranging peas along the blade of a knife and eating them off by rows, at once dispelling the charm of a young and pretty face; nor was the substitution of forks for toothpicks a redeeming trait.

From Portland we embarked on board a magnificent steamer for Boston. There were upwards of four hundred persons on board, half of them ladies. The gentlemen's cabin was one hundred and eighty feet long. The doors of the ladies' cabin were left open in consequence of the excessive heat. There were many unprovided with berths, and they lay about in beautiful confusion, most of them in great dishabille.

These steamers have much the appearance of floating bazaars, every sort of amusement going on, from eating, drinking, and gambling, to swapping and speculating, even to the taking advantage of the miseries of their fellow passengers: it being a common practice, when the steamers are crowded and a rough passage expected, for individuals to take a number of berths on the chance of *sea-sick bidders*;—three, four, or even five times the original price being then given.

## CHAP. VIII.

### BOSTON.

Sky-blue—Yankee's Shaving—Hell in Harness, and Harness of Hay-ropes—Frigid Baptists—Canals—Ontario—An Almighty Fall.

"THE Tremont House," the crack hotel of Boston and of the United States, was full, but we were well put up in the "American," a new house. We had now got fairly into American hours—breakfast from seven to eight, dinner from one to two, and tea from six to seven. Tea and

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\* I was much amused at meeting the other day with the following account of a royal "whale at peas," no later than the close of the seventeenth century:—"A king of England (a Dutchman, it is true), of whom the Duchess of Marlborough, in her apology for her conduct, observes, 'I gave an instance of his vulgar behaviour at his own table when the Princess of Wales\* dined with him. It was in the beginning of his reign, when she was with child of the Duke of Gloucester. There happened to be a plate of peas, the first that had been seen that year; the king, without offering the princess the least share of them, cat them every one himself. Whether he offered any to the queen, I cannot say; but he might do so safely enough, for he knew she durst not touch them. The princess confessed, when she came home, she had so much mind to the peas, that she was afraid to look at them and yet could not keep her eyes off them.'"

\* His sister-in-law, the Princess of Denmark, afterwards Queen Anne.—*Jessie's House of Hanover.*

coffee made the only distinction of the first and last, for meat was equally served at all.

The bedsteads in the hotel fell to pieces on touching a spring, an ingenious invention in a town where fires so constantly occur. There were no fewer than four the night of our arrival; but they are wonderfully soon got under, the fire-engine department being well organised. We lionised in due order, the park, called the Common, full of magnificent old elms, of which the Bostonians take great care. We hired excellent hacks, and visited Mount Auburn, the cemetery of the aristocracy of Boston—Spurzheim is buried here—and returned through Cambridge, the largest college in the states, and by Bunker's Hill, where they have erected a monument to commemorate the battle which *we* won. Lafayette laid the foundation stone. The ladies here are not so pretty as those of Portland, and the men are generally tall but wretchedly ill-made, and from the habit of stooping over their desks, become round shouldered, have a slovenly gait, and the unmanly habit of shaving off their whiskers, gives them a sky-blue or leaden appearance.

No independent Yankee ever thinks of shaving himself. They study the comfort of that operation much, and the chair in which they sit, has a board or platform for the head to rest upon, which is raised or depressed by a screw to the desired height; when adjusted, the artist, generally a nigger, seizes the patient's nose between his fore-finger and thumb, and shaves him *slick*. He then powders the face as a finale. We tried the process, and found it rather comfortable. At Eastport a woman operated. A New Englander travels so much, a wardrobe would be in the way. He therefore gets every thing "all standing," a complete suit, and when worn out, he buys another; rarely has he a change of any thing, with the exception of fronts, one of which, tied on after shaving, does duty for, and has all the appearance of, a clean shirt; but like Topffer's Monsieur Vieuxbois, "*il change de linge bien rarement.*" His kit, therefore, not being extensive, packs easily into a small valise, and is conveniently carried in one hand; brushes, combs, tooth-brushes, and round towels, being generally to be found suspended from the walls in most of the hotels and steamboats.

In the New England states, the ladies are for the most part extremely serious, and camp meetings are more fashionable than theatres.

We quitted Boston, without regret, by the railroad for Worcester, which mode of travelling is designated by the Yankees, "Hell in harness." Owing to its serpentine construction, we progressed but slowly. The railway not being finished, we took the "stage" at Worcester. The stages in all parts of the United States are conducted on the same principle—abominable, cooped-up contrivances, holding nine inside, three on each seat, the centre one having a wide leather strap to support the backs of those who have the bad luck to be last on the list. There are no outside places, and therefore no hope of any relief from the horrors of a hot day and a full coach. The drivers, who it would be treason to call *coachmen*, change, with their teams, every fourteen or sixteen miles, are kind to their horses, and drive with "the reins in both hands," as they say in "Ould Ireland," "and the whip in the other." They are little, round-shouldered rascals, sitting on the box with their chins almost resting on their knees, and arms extended to full length, clean their now

horses, and drive them entirely in snaffle bits, giving them great quantities of water, three or four times during the stage, upon which occasion the coach is driven bodily into ponds, rivers, or lakes. In America, as on the Continent, carriages are always passed on the right hand. England is the only country where the reverse is practised, and other children in the New World, have adopted the Continental practice in contradistinction, I suppose, to the habits of the mother-country ; but,

The laws of the road are a paradox quite,  
For when you are travelling along,  
If you keep to the *left* you'll be sure to be *right*,  
If you keep to the *right* you'll be *wrong*.

Nations differ as to the treatment of horses on a journey ; a Yankee will give them as much water as they can drink to induce them to "go a-head ;" in England it is considered to have a contrary effect ; the Italian vetturino employs a head-dress of bells ; and Pat is not without his own contrivance, a bundle of hay tied to the end of the pole, causing a constant exertion to reach what is attained only at the end of the journey. But the ingenious inhabitant of the "Emerald Isle" has many other such inventions. He will open and slam to the doors of a *post-chay*, to flatter the animals into a belief that the carriage has been lightened of its load. Apropos to such Hibernian devices, I recollect being obliged to plead as an excuse to a fair lady in Carlow, for being late at her dinner, the fact that the driver of our car, having left us in the middle of the road, in a downpour of rain, to light his "dudeen," a loose, half-starved horse, grazing in an adjoining ditch, had taken a fancy to the hay of which our traces and collars were made, and eaten so much of it, that we were detained till the harness was renewed. But the good old days, when the post-chaises were thatched, one door nailed up, no steps to the other, and the ostler made his appearance with "a fork, to raise the windies with, plase your honour," have vanished before the enlightened, "tay-drinking" disciples of Father Mathew.

The country we passed through to Northampton was but partially cleared, the tide of emigration having set to the west, the lands being there more fertile, requiring less labour and clearing, and to be had for less money.

We passed the Connecticut river by a covered wooden bridge, 1100 feet long, and arrived at Northampton, the *beau ideal* of a country village, with its white cottages and green jalousies, magnificent and gigantic elms, single or in groups, part of the primeval forest judiciously spaced, added to its beauties. This is the fatherland of the Temperance system, which is carried to so disagreeable an extent, that we were only able to get sour cyder at the inns, and often not even that. A meeting in support of these doctrines was going on in the evening ; an immense assemblage, chiefly of women, were edified by a man holding forth, till he worked himself in a perfect frenzy. We left him arguing strenuously, that any person who sold spirituous liquors was a murderer in the sight of the Lord.

At our next halt, Pittsfield, we hired hacks, and visited a village of shaking quakers : they wear much the garb of their brethren in the Old World, but we could not see them shake, as they only do so when the



spirit moves them. A communicative old gentleman of the persuasion told us the world had formed erroneous opinions of their women living in common—for, on the contrary, that they separated man and wife.

In this country of sectarians, the ceremony of making a baptist, and the ordeal they go through, must be one of the least agreeable, particularly during the winter months: a hole is cut through the ice—the candidate for baptism is lowered through, and comes up at once a baptist and an icicle. Yet, notwithstanding what is before them, there are many who present themselves for immersion, or as the knight's bard has it,

To dive like wild-fowl for salvation,  
And fish to catch regeneration.

From Albany a railway took us to Saratoga, the Baden-Baden of the New World. The season was over, so we saw nothing of the amusements of the place. We met with a gambler, who, finding we were not to be pigeoned, altered his tack and turned out a most amusing dog. He was full of anecdotes of the South, and it actually ended in our determining to give up, for the present, 'our journey through Canada down the St. Lawrence, that we might proceed there immediately after visiting Niagara.

We took the boat on the Erie canal from Schenectady to Utica, up the beautiful valley of the Mohawk. The canal running all the way parallel to the course of the river. This conveyance, always a bore, was made doubly so by the number of bridges we were obliged to pass under—so low that the man at the helm was obliged to sing out "Low bridge," as we approached them, to the great terror of sundry fat gentlemen, who not always looking a-head in time to get off the deck, were obliged to prostrate themselves on their backs, and the dismay in their faces evidently showed them to be calculating whether their large corporations would pass under unscathed. Narrow as this kind of boat must of necessity be, it was surprising how many beds they contrived to make up: a long range of trays, three deep, were let down from the cabin ceiling, on which the beds were placed, connected with cords somewhat in the manner of cottage book-shelves; it was, therefore, desirable to choose the highest berth, as the cords were not over strong, and should the upper berth be occupied by any one at all approaching to Daniel Lambert's calibre, the chances were that he would carry it away, and swamp the unfortunate occupant of the primo piano.

The manner of steering these boats by night is ingenious; two white goose-quills are fastened upright on either extremity of the deck, next the bow, a light from below is reflected upon the feathers, which appear to the man at the helm like two flames of fire. We were not sorry to find ourselves at Utica, and set off next day to see Trenton falls, which are fine in their way—a succession of dark amber-coloured falls, like the dark waters of the Caernarvonshire rivers. From Utica we had again to follow the Erie canal as far as Syracuse; from whence, skirting a long lake, we descended the Oswego river, as far as the town of that name, situated at its outlet in Lake Ontario. Hence we embarked in a steamer on its dark blue waters, and by sun-down had run the land out of sight. The following morning we landed at Toronto, the capital of Upper Canada, which looked dirty and uninteresting.

From Toronto the Transit steamer crossed daily to Fort George, at the mouth of the Niagara. In her we took our passage and were duly unshipped at the fort, where a stage waited to convey passengers to the falls. The drive along the banks of the Niagara river to Queenston is most lovely. On the left flows the sea-green Niagara, its banks covered with black walnut, hiccory, acacia, and butter-nut trees, and on our right stretched away fertile fields of Indian corn, and orchards crowded with apple and peach-trees, the latter in such quantities that the pigs are fed on the fruit. This beautiful scenery continues to Queenston, half-way from the town of Niagara to the falls, where we had to climb a hill, on the summit of which is erected a well-executed column to Sir Isaac Brock, who drove the Americans over the river in 1812. The view from this monument is one of the finest I ever looked upon. Beneath, the river, green as a vein of malachite, flows through the above-described rich country, until it meets Ontario, which is bounded in the far horizon by blue outlines of hills some sixty miles distant.

Evidently the falls commenced at this point, breaking their way up to their present site, seven miles further, where they have had a check, and where, in all probability, they will ever remain ; for, so long as the river was confined to a narrow space, they continually receded. At present the mass of water is broken into two falls, checked for ever by the extended width of the current. Small fragments may wear away and break off, as did a small piece of the Table Rock a few years ago, and some such event was the probable origin of the famous hoax in the Buffalo paper, stating the cataract to have entirely disappeared ; but for ages to come the falls of Niagara must bear the same character, and be confined to their present *locale*. A few inches they may recede which can only add to their sublimity. No one can, either by description of pen or pencil, give the smallest idea of these falls. It is as impossible as the endeavour of the artist to portray the Alps of Switzerland, the Jungfrau, or Mont Blanc. The best description I ever met with of Niagara, was a Yankee remark scribbled in Mr. Starkey's book of visitors who pass to Termination Rock,

“ AN ALMIGHTY FALL OF WATER.”

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# A SKETCH OF THE LIVES OF THE LORDS STOWELL AND ELDON,

TOGETHER WITH SOME CORRECTIONS, AND ADDITIONS, TO MR. TWISS'S  
LIFE OF THE LATTER.

## PART VI.

*Cardinal Campeius.*

The queen is obstinate,  
Stubborn to justice, apt to accuse it, and  
Disdainful to be tried by it ; 'tis not well.  
She's going away.

*King Henry.*

Call her again.

*Crier.*

Katherine Queen of England, come into the court !

*King Henry VIII., Act. 2.*

HAVING paid a respectful but honest tribute to the genius, and bade a last farewell to the Manes—*magna imago*—of the classic Lord Stowell, we have now only to survey the latter and concluding portions of the life of his brother.

In a previous chapter\* we mentioned that the political talents of Lord Eldon had not entirely slumbered during the Grenville Administration; but we omitted to state that the ex-chancellor was, at that period, the confidential adviser of the Princess of Wales, the attacks upon whose character had found encouragement in the Whig ministers of the day—the friends of her husband.

The light which we are enabled to throw upon the history of that unhappy lady, has tempted us to go back to her first inauspicious landing on “this English earth.”

It was at midday on Sunday the 5th of April, 1795, that Caroline of Brunswick disembarked at Greenwich. By two o'clock in the afternoon of the same day she was conveyed to St. James's. Here the Prince of Wales hastened to meet her. And Mr. Harris (afterwards Lord Malmesbury) thus relates their interview:†—“I, according to the established etiquette, introduced (no one else being in the room) the Princess Caroline to him. She very properly, in consequence of my saying to her it was the right mode of proceeding, attempted to kneel to him. He raised her (gracefully enough) and embraced her, said barely one word, turned round, retired to a distant part of the apartment, and calling me to him, said: ‘Harris, I am not well; pray get me a glass of brandy.’ I said, ‘Sir, had you not better have a glass of water?’ upon which he, much out of humour, said, with an oath, ‘No; I will go directly to the Queen,’ and away he went.”

Since the publication of the passage above quoted, the world has been all agog to know what was the mysterious discovery made by the Prince while in the act of raising the Princess from the ground.

Why, if the truth must be told, it was that Her Royal Highness, never very refined, smelt of brandy and water, of which she had that morning taken a potation. And hence the delicately implied reproof which the fastidiousness of him who loved to be called “the first gentleman in Europe,” thought proper to administer, on his first interview, and in the presence

\* See the Number for last December.

† Lord Malmesbury's Diaries, Vol. iii., p. 218.



of a third person, to his cousin, and his betrothed bride. Certainly, however, it must be admitted that an ambient atmosphere, created by the fumes of brandy and water, would not afford very inviting credentials or feminine breeding ;—especially to one who had ever been *lié* with those, whose physical—whatever might be said of their moral—purity was unexceptionable.

That Lord Malmesbury, whose simple, innocent inquiry came in so mal-a-propos to the point of the Prince's allusion, had the least idea of the fact just disclosed, we do not for a moment believe. His diary evinces no consciousness of it : but indeed, having accompanied the Princess in her voyage, he might, by a participation of guilt, have had his own olfactory perceptions blunted. However, the two ladies, Lady Jersey and Mrs. Harcourt, who accompanied her in the carriage from Greenwich, could hardly have failed to make the discovery ; but Lord Malmesbury does not appear to have been on confidential terms with either of them.

The disgust, once taken, was rapidly increased. Who has not heard of the honeymoon of the Princess, so mysteriously and portentously eclipsed ? Who then will be bold enough to pronounce that the cause why the House of Saxe-Coburg instead of that of Brunswick shall hereafter sit upon the British throne was not the drinking a glass of brandy and water ? Important events, when we can trace them back, are commonly found to spring from trifling causes. The source of the Nile was at length discovered in a little fountain.

Well, long years of estrangement and entire separation followed the birth of the Princess Charlotte. As the Prince had naturally gravitated to the Whigs, so, by as sure a law, was the Princess drawn into the political system of the Tories, which revolved round the King. In May, 1806, whilst the Whigs were in office, the Prince preferred to the ministers a charge against the wife, whom he had deserted, of being unfaithful, and of having unlawfully become pregnant, and given birth to a son. The charge was taken up by the government ; and authority was intrusted, by a commission from the King, to a secret tribunal, consisting of four members of the ministry to conduct "the delicate investigation" of the credibility of the evidence by which it was supported.

On the 14th of July, the commissioners reported to the King, that the pregnancy and delivery were disproved ; but that there were other circumstances, "particularly those stated to have passed between Captain Manby and her Royal Highness, which must be credited, until they receive some decisive contradiction ; and which, if true, were justly entitled to most serious consideration." And a copy of the report, and of the depositions on which it was founded, was shortly afterwards forwarded to the Princess, at her residence at Blackheath.

As the befriending her Royal Highness was known to be a sure mode of gratifying the King, and damaging the ministers and the Prince, she had then no lack of able friends and defenders. Lord Eldon, at that period, would often dine with her at Blackheath ; and to him she used to assign the seat of honour on her right hand. In Germany, it had not been the custom for gentlemen to help the ladies near them to wine ; but each sex filled their own glasses at their option. The Princess, however, as Lord Eldon related, used to reverse, in some sort, our own old English fashion in his favour ; for she would quietly fill his glass herself, and so frequently, that he seldom left her house without feeling that he had exceeded the

limits of discretion. Those, indeed, who recollect the proverb, "that though one man may take a horse to the well, ten men cannot make him drink," will moderate their commiseration for the hard lot of the ex-chancellor.

The Princess, having an ally so well qualified to assist her in this emergency, communicated to Lord Eldon the report and depositions. He came to the conclusion, which he then of course kept private, that, though at the time in question "she was not with child, she had supposed herself to be with child;"\* and, therefore, that she was more fortunate than innocent: but he supported her cause with the zeal and the skill of an advocate. Mr. Perceval, with the assistance of Lord Eldon and Sir Thomas Plomer,† composed for her some letters to the King, in which she defended herself from the imputations cast upon her, and, after attacking the conduct of the Prince and the commissioners, in a manner calculated to produce a great effect on the country, if they should be published, threatened, that unless her reception at Court (to which her husband and the ministry had raised impediments) should immediately be permitted, she would publish the whole proceedings and correspondence.

About the commencement of 1807, as the ministerial interdict upon the Princess appearing at Court had not been taken off, Mr. Perceval,‡ the most active of her partisans, caused the documents connected with the "delicate investigation" (comprising these letters) to be privately printed, with a view of publication. In this step he had the sanction of Lord Eldon,§ of the Duke of Cumberland, then in confidential communication with both his Majesty and Lord Eldon, and of (it may hence be fairly presumed) a still more exalted personage.

The reasons and circumstances which led to the abandonment of the intention at this time to publish, may be collected from the conversations of Lady Hester Stanhope and of Lord Eldon.

In 1837, Lady Hester, after alluding to what is commonly called the Queen's Trial, thus spoke of the book of Mr. Perceval:¶ "I prevented the explosion the first time; and I will tell you how. One day, the Duke of Cumberland called on me, and, in his accustomed manner, began, 'Well, Lady Hester, it will be all out to-morrow. We have printed it, and to-

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\* Sir Samuel Romilly's *Memoirs*, Vol. iii., page 104. That such was then the view of her principal advisers, will appear more probable after a perusal of her letter to the King, of the 2nd October, 1806; of which Sir Samuel Romilly, after praising the dexterity with which it was drawn up, says, "The most remarkable circumstance in it is, that the Princess, instead of demanding that a further investigation of her conduct should take place, and that she should have an opportunity of proving her innocence, and confounding her enemies, earnestly deprecates any further inquiry."—*Id.*, vol. ii., p. 165.

† Hansard's *Parliamentary Debates*, Vol. xxiv., pp. 1132—1144. Romilly's *Memoirs*, Vol. ii., p. 165.

‡ Romilly's *Memoirs*, Vol. ii., p. 165.

§ *Edinburgh Review*, No. cxxxv., pp. 29—32. Hansard's *Parliamentary Debates*, Vol. xxiv., p. 1145. A few letters from the Princess to Lord Eldon, given in the 13th chapter of Mr. Twiss's work (from one of which it appears that she would not even discharge some servants who had made depositions to her prejudice, unless Lord Eldon would "agree to the request" that she might do so) conduce also to show how improbable it is that the Princess should have originally allowed the documents to be printed without having first obtained his lordship's approbation. Of this book, according to Adolphus's "*Royal Exile*," vol. i., p. 446, three original impressions were said to have been preserved.

¶ "*Lady Hester Stanhope's Memoirs, as related by Herself in Conversation with her Physician*," Vol. i., p. 305.



morrow it will be all out.' I knew what he meant, and said to him, 'Have you got [Lord Eldon\*]'s leave? I, for my part, don't like the business at all.' 'Why don't you like it?' asked the Duke. 'Because,' answered I, 'I have too much respect for Royalty to desire to see it made a subject for Grub Street songs' (I did not say this so much on the P—— of W——'s account, as for the sake of the P——ss. I dreaded the other disclosures to which a business like this might lead). The Duke turned away as if in thought, and I saw the same idea struck him; for, after a moment's pause, he resumed his position, and answered, 'You are quite right, Lady Hester; by God! You are quite right; but what am I to do? We have gone too far: what am I to do?' 'Why, I think,' rejoined I, 'the best thing you can do is, to go and ask [Lord Eldon.]' So off he packed, and I fancy Mr. Perceval [Lord Eldon] and he talked it over, and decided on quashing the business. Why, Doctor, the papers were all printed, and it cost Mr. Perceval 10,000*l.* out of the secret service money to recover one copy which had been taken off his table."

But we have already hinted that a most august personage seems to have been eager that the nation should not be deprived of the benefit of these interesting revelations;—that an angry father longed for the exposure of a graceless son. Lord Eldon, therefore, as he possessed a considerable influence over the mind of the King, may be presumed to have been deputed to represent to him the opinion which had now been formed, as to the imprudence of publishing. His Majesty probably assented; for, changing his tack, he turned out the ministry on the pretext of their disposition to make concessions to their Roman Catholic fellow-subjects.

- As Lord Eldon, who was in opposition, paid his visit to the king but a short time before the dismissal of the Grenville administration, he was naturally anxious to assure its members that the change, though after, had not been on account of, it. In 1813, the King was insane; yet, whilst he was living, his secrets could hardly be divulged by his Chancellor. But Mr. Perceval was dead; and it was then that Lord Eldon told Lord Grey the following history:—"I do assure you—you may believe it or not as you think proper—but I do assure you, that when I had the conference with the King in 1807, which I requested, it was solely for the purpose of representing to him what mischief might follow, if Perceval was not prevented from publishing the book which he was then bent on publishing."†

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\* Where in this conversation the words "Lord Eldon" are here inserted between brackets, in the memoirs the words "the Chancellor" occur. What we have corrected is clearly a mistake of carelessness; since, though Lord Eldon was Chancellor before and shortly after the conversation with the Duke must have been held, Lord Erskine must have been Chancellor at the time of it.

† Sir Samuel Romilly's *Memoirs*, Vol. iii., p. 104. Lord Brougham says in his sketch of Lord Eldon, in the edition of his statesmen comprised in Knight's weekly volumes: "The length to which his zeal is supposed to have carried him, of having a fierce attack on the Prince's conduct towards her printed at a private press, cannot fitly be dwelt upon here; because the whole passage has been confidently denied, and, how universal soever the belief was, confirmed by a copy or two of the work being preserved, so that the whole was afterwards reprinted, and openly sold, the share which Lord Eldon and Mr. Perceval were said to have had in the transaction has never been established by any decisive proofs." Lord Brougham gives no reference; and we have not met with the denial to which he alludes. For we presume it scarcely can be the passage quoted in the text, as it admits Perceval's



In the spring of 1807, when the Tory ministry were appointed, the portals of St. James's again unfolded to the Princess. But between three and four years later fortune again deserted her ; for the intellect of the old King, her father-in-law and protector, became incurably disordered. As the Prince, on being appointed Regent, retained the ministers of his father, he expected them to abandon the advocacy of his wife ; and it must be confessed that his expectations here were but little disappointed. In the spring of 1813 the Princess, dissatisfied with the increasing restraints which were imposed on her intercourse with her daughter, appealed to the nation by the publication of a letter, and Eldon, the Lord Chancellor, thus expressed, soon afterwards, to Lord Grey, his opinion respecting the Princess of Wales :—" My opinion is, and *always was*, that though not with child, she supposed herself to be with child."\*

The depositions given in " the delicate investigation " were now again routed out, and were submitted to a committee of the Privy Council, together with a question whether it was proper, under all the circumstances, " that the intercourse between the Princess of Wales and the Princess Charlotte should continue, subject to regulations and restrictions." It was decided in the affirmative, with the support of Lord Eldon and Sir William Scott. On the 13th of March, the depositions against the Princess were very unfairly published by themselves, in the ministerial newspapers, and a few days later, the supporters of the Princess retaliated, by publishing " The Book,"† consisting of all the documents on each side, connected with the delicate investigation, taken from what the advertisement states (and we believe truly) to be a copy of the work printed in 1807, under the direction of Mr. Perceval.

We cannot help fancying, that, notwithstanding Lord Eldon now supported the Prince's side with the zeal of a proselyte, his original advocacy of that of the Princess somewhat jeopardised his seat on the woolsack ; for Lord Yarmouth, a most intimate associate of the Regent, in this very month of March, sounded a friend, as to " whether Romilly would think it his duty to refuse the Great Seal if it were offered him, unless all his political friends formed part of the administration."‡ And it should be remembered, that Romilly was the Prince's adviser at the time of the delicate investigation.

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desire to publish, and does not disclaim Lord Eldon's *original* participation in the plan.

\* This opinion, of course, was expressed after the depositions, on which it had been formed, had been the second time laid before him, and probably after they were published to the world ; for to promulgate an opinion, unfavourable to a party who had confidentially laid before him the evidence on which it was formed, in order to obtain his assistance in preparing a defence, would be conduct of which Lord Eldon was incapable.

† Entitled " The Book, or the Proceedings and Correspondence upon the Subject of the Inquiry into the Conduct of her Royal Highness the Princess of Wales. Richard Edwards. London. 1813."

‡ Romilly's *Memoirs*, Vol. iii., p. 90. The passage which we have just quoted has reminded us of an anecdote which we long ago heard from one intimately acquainted with Lord Eldon's history. The Prince Regent having been assured by Sheridan that Lord Eldon's services could be dispensed with, was on one occasion led into adopting a somewhat insulting tone of language to the Chancellor, while Sheridan remained within hearing, in the next room, to enjoy the joke. The arrangement contemplated by Sheridan could not be effected. The Prince was, therefore, compelled to apologise to the Chancellor, and beg him to continue in office. Our informant added, that Sheridan never regained that station in the Prince's favour which he then lost.

The Princess of Wales availed herself of the peace of 1814, to leave the land of her disappointments and humiliations. Henceforward she sojourned on the continent, till the crown devolved on her husband, when, with a reputation irretrievably tarnished, she returned to England to claim her share of the regal honours of her consort. With the history of the bill of pains and penalties against her, it would be superfluous to proceed; although, in the House of Lords, at its introduction and withdrawal, Lord Eldon presided as Chancellor. It may be mentioned, however, that his opinion of her conduct was then most unfavourable; and that, amongst his familiar friends, he did not hesitate to designate her by a term preceded by an expletive, both of which would, in print, be best expressed by a couple of dashes.

At the instance, and by the favour, of George IV., he was, at the coronation, in 1821, elevated to the dignity of an earl.

The year 1825 commenced with a fever of speculation in mines and railroads. Lord Eldon regarded these investments with the distrust which might be expected from one of his caution and experience. Of this there is evidence in the following letter, written to his brother-in-law, Mr. (William) Surtees; and now selected from original letters lying before us.

“Jan<sup>y</sup> 1. 1825.

“Dear Surtees,

“I avail myself of the Opportunity to send you back the enclosed which the Duty of expressing on this day to you and my Sister all the good wishes, which a new Year’s day can suggest, affords me. I hope it may be distinguished by better weather and Skies less inclement than the departed year, 1824. We had Gusts of Wind last Night, that rivalled Thunder in Noise, but I don’t find that they have done Mischief.

To-day has brought us a draw-back Account of dear Matt—What an excellent Creature his Wife appears to be!

As to Rail Roads, and all the other Schemes, which Speculation, running wild, is introducing, I think Englishmen, who were wont to be sober, are gone mad—Money is so plentiful that they are throwing it away—and, if Things go on long as they are now going on, Money will bear no Interest.

“With Love of both to both of you,

“Y<sup>r</sup> aff<sup>y</sup>,

“ELDON.”

In the spring of 1827, on the accession of Mr. Canning, the chief of the advocates for Roman Catholic Emancipation, to the office of premier, which had been vacated through the paralysis of Lord Liverpool, the Earl of Eldon, being in his seventy-sixth year, resigned the Chancellorship, and was succeeded by Lord Lyndhurst.

And here we may mention, that, after having, at each returning Christmas during the greater part of his life, had his larder crammed with presents of game and poultry, from those bound to him in friendship or gratitude, on the Christmas which followed his resignation, Lord Eldon received not one of the accustomed remembrances.\* This, trifle as it was, we have been assured, he observed and felt. Any circumstance, indeed, occurring to an old man, which shall add to those suspicions of the disinterestedness and gratitude of mankind too natural to age, is much to be regretted—and more for his own sake than that of others. Q.

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\* One friend, however, had sent him a turkey from Norfolk: but, by a strange coincidence, the coach by which it was sent was robbed.

## MICHAEL ANGELO TITMARSH IN THE EAST.\*

THE paddle-wheel is the great conqueror, wherever the captain cries "Stop her!" and civilisation, in the person of Michael Angelo Titmarsh, stops, and lands in the ship's boat, and "makes a permanent acquaintance with the savages on shore."

This redoubtable traveller, the Sardanapalus of Pall Mall, and the Aladdin of the East, is only to be approached with a respectful timidity. We can imagine the man before whom, on touching the shore "adventure retreats into the interior, and what is called romance vanishes;" who peers into the incidents of every-day Oriental life with the experience of a gray-bearded dweller in the country; who despises the past as sincerely as Hassan the camel-driver; who points a moral with the facility of a trained missionary; who yields himself up to the solemnity of Eastern scenes with the grace and feeling of a tamed lion; and who does not ascend, but descends to sit down upon donkeys, to be a person magnificent in his physical proportions, and of wisdom and acuteness unbounded and all-grasping.

It is true, that misgivings come to our humble minds, that the monuments of the Past have a meaning, and that the memory of bygone things may, perchance, recall a lesson; but we also feel that such would be so many insignificant arrow-heads or hieroglyphics to so capacious a mind. It is true, also, that some simple waxy hearts travel to receive impressions, but it must also be felt to be a far more noble and dignified proceeding to go about making impressions of our own. In fact, whichever way you view the workings and the proceedings of the illustrious Michael Angelo, you become convinced that they are not only irreproachable, but that they defy criticism.

Whether he proclaims as at Lisbon, that the best insight into Portuguese manners is to be obtained by planting oneself at a corner like a beggar, and watching thence the real transactions of the day; whether, not feeling any enthusiasm in Greece, he announces it to be his bounden duty to sneer and laugh at all who have; whether, on touching at knightly Rhodes, he asserts himself to have been so overcome by the apathy of the place, that he would not have moved though he had been told that the Colossus himself was taking a walk half a mile off; whether he hailed the Nile, the mighty river, as the venerable father of crocodiles, or described the desert as not sublime, but merely *uncomfortable*, and rendered more particularly so by being *joncé* with soda-water bottles; whether the pyramids are considered to be satisfactorily represented by three dots—two big ones and one little one—or the mystic grandeur of Egypt be gazed upon in "pyramidal wonder" and "hieroglyphic awe:" still we feel that each and every remark is distinguished by the same lofty feeling and philosophic capability. "Are we," indignantly asks Michael Angelo Titmarsh, "so *blasés* of the world, that the greatest marvels in it do not succeed in moving us? Have society, Pall Mall clubs, and a habit of sneering, so withered up our organs of veneration, that we can admire no more?" By no means, most illustrious of the literati and dilletanti of Cornhill, and now of Cairo, the disenchantment lies with yourself. Admiration and emotion are excited

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\* Notes of a Journey from Cornhill to Grand Cairo, by way of Lisbon, Athens, Constantinople, and Jerusalem, &c., by Mr. M. A. Titmarsh. Chapman and Hall.



by association of ideas as much as by the things themselves, in some cases more so. Divest the Pyramids and the Nile of the associations of time and place, and there remains a muddy river and a pile of stones. Take from the desert its imaginary boundless expanse, and its doomed rovers, and you have an uncomfortable instead of a sublime wilderness. Rob the East of its historical reminiscences, its hallowed memories, and its poetry of life, and civilisation, in the person of Titmarsh, steps ashore to contemplate the Old World with no more advantages than its actual savage denizens.

What, however, if the anti-Arabian-night entertainer should be laughing all the time—for want of a beard—in his sleeve, and that this principle of *nil admirari* was a mere affectation, the desire of being odd or eccentric, arising partly from fashionable *insouciance*, partly from the pride of being able to speak of those things of which so much has been said in praise, and upon which so much lavish description has been heaped, in terms of indifference, if not sometimes of actual derision. Yet there is no doubt that this is the real case, or whence those occasional bursts of passion, that deep tone of feeling aroused at Jerusalem; that genuine sympathy for suffering humanity; that prolonged dissertation on knighthood and Muhammedinism? No, Michael Angelo is most assuredly himself when he is one of the common herd of men, and most unnatural and most unlike himself, when he sneers at or detracts from that which time and associations have taught us to love.

Titmarsh, in the little square at Vigo, is a pleasant and a harmless humorist. The picture is perfect, although hypercritics might suggest that it did not require to go abroad to find a Lieutenant Bundy. Lisbon, with “its palaces out of elbows,” is equally graphically portrayed, and still more so is the “great blunderbuss,” as he calls Gibraltar, with its plantations of cannon-balls and beds of bomb-shells. “It is a marvel,” he says, “to think that soldiers will mount such places for a shilling—ensigns for five-and-ninepence—a day: a cabman would ask double the money to go half-way!”

Our traveller remarks very justly, when at Malta, that the present stately houses were built in times of peace, and splendour, and decay. They were not built by the romantic knights of St. John. The heroic days of the order ended as the last Turkish galley lifted anchor after the memorable siege. The names, he also remarks, of most of the grand masters, whose portraits are fading from the canvass, live as yet in forts of the place, so that it seems as if in the Malta mythology, they had been turned into freestone.

“I know of no quality more magnificent in fools than their faith,” says Michael Angelo, on approaching Athens, and having assumed, from the state of his own heart, that to be enthusiastic about a country of which one knows nothing, the physical beauty of which is not comprehended, or because certain characters lived in it two thousand years ago, is all nonsense and folly; he proceeds either to disprove this position by his own experience, or else to set that experience above the before-mentioned general ignorance and incapability, by dilating upon what he calls the superbly rich and aristocratic chains of mountains which surround the city, sympathising with Socrates and Aristides, and getting into absolute ecstasies at some marble fragments. Truly, your humorist is

the most inconsistent of men, and yet is apparently alone privileged to use forbidden words.

The first emotions on attaining Smyrna and the East, are, however, delightfully expressed, and most creditable to the author's heart and fancy. "Some men," he says, "may read this who are in want of a sensation. If they love the odd and picturesque, if they loved the 'Arabian Nights' in their youth, let them book themselves on board one of the Peninsular and Oriental vessels, and try one dip into Constantinople or Smyrna." The descriptions are indeed graphic and correct. That of the bridge on the Meles and its little coffee-house under the plane-trees, and its gray tombs among the dark cypresses, is particularly pleasing.

Arrived at Stamboul, Titmarsh would not follow the fashion and allow himself to be disappointed by the rude disenchantment that succeeds the gorgeous vision as seen from the distance, but he followed the fashion in going to the bath, and his account of what he there underwent, is probably the best ever written on the subject. Beyond that we find little to note, except some nonsense from Hobhouse about the Sultan being present at fires of more than an hour's duration; a melancholy prophecy that the young Sultan has not many summers to live; a terrible episode about two little red fezzes; a sad story of Constantinople life, which is relieved by a happy comparison of the outer court of the seraglio to Vauxhall in the daytime. A friend of ours, who travelled to the Eastward also, strolling one day in that court, entered into conversation at the gate, to pass which is said to be death, when there were more eunuchs and fewer ichoglans and pages. The subject of the conversation was the power of the great pashas of the interior, the successors of the khalifs at Bagdad, of the Ata beys at Aleppo, and the sheriffs at Damascus. Delighted with the traveller's account of these powerful satrapies, the eunuchs led him past the portal to see,—what? a continuation of, if possible, worse than Vauxhall by daylight. Presuming, however, upon acquaintanceship thus established, the traveller one day took an English friend and two ladies also to visit the forbidden precincts. Unfortunately, a withered old eunuch fancied that one of the ladies was laughing at him, and great was the ire and impurtable the opposition that ensued to further progress.

Titmarsh was visited by apparitions of broughams at Constantinople, as he was of barouches and gigs at Cairo, and he justly holds out such things as the insignia of great forthcoming changes. In fact, his remarks upon what he terms the bankruptcy of Muhammedanism, are both spirited and correct, and would have been magnified a hundredfold, if his travels had carried him to places less favoured than such as steamboats touch at and civilisation steps ashore.

It was worth the journey from Constantinople to Bayrut to have immortalised a white *versus* a black squall. But the verses are somewhat coarse. Titmarsh speaks highly of the scenery at Telmessus, where civilisation had also already stepped ashore in the shape of a spoliating band under Sir John Fellowes, Knight. At Bayrut our traveller makes us acquainted with a poor haberdasher and letter-out of donkeys, who had been enabled to set up in business by a capital raised as a Syrian prince on a visit to this country. Poor gullible John Bull! At Jaffa, a large party visiting Jerusalem, which is only a day's ride, were entertained by an unpaid British consul. It is of no use remarking

upon such things. The Americans have a paid consul at Jaffa, and one at Ramleh, on the way to Jerusalem. Titmarsh tells some amusing anecdotes concerning pistol wearers. Surely, every traveller ought to know by this time, that pistols are only worn on the person by Arnauts and Kawasses, the thief-takers and tax-gatherers of the country. Abu-Gosh gave the party a fright on their way to Jerusalem, but it appears to have been somewhat causeless.

Arrived at Jerusalem, the English and American missions are spoken of in a tone of strong rational common sense. This was no theme for humour, and the author speaks and writes upon it like a man. A subject for a joke, however, did present itself—too good to be passed by—in the person of the American consul-general, who, accompanied by a dove, had been commissioned by the united wisdom of the United States to witness the coming of the millenium. Who, after that, ought to ridicule the fancies of Lady Hester Stanhope? The valley of Jehoshaphat is described as a most ghastly sight, and the landscape around the Holy City is proclaimed to be *frightful*. Lamartine and Chateaubriand's religious outpourings are treated of as sanctified grimaces, but they probably were not the first, and will not certainly be the last meditative impostors who will go in and out of the gate of Zion.

"The landing-quay at Alexandria," says Titmarsh, "is like the dock-yard quay at Portsmouth; with a few score of brown faces scattered among the population." The donkeys peculiar to the place, were, however, soon found, the effects of ophthalmia witnessed, and the British obelisk ascertained to be no cleaner than heretofore; but it afforded a joke at the expense of the second Psammetichus, for even the Pharaohs were not sufficiently sanctified by venerable old age to be spared the infliction! A negro holiday is a more legitimate subject for fun, however extravagant the caricature. The canal to Afteh, and thence by the Nile to Cairo, is now a short affair, thanks to Waghorn, to whom a just tribute is paid by the author for his exertions in a noble cause. The best thing relating to Cairo, but rendered unwarrantable by its personality, is the account of the abode of a well-known English artist, who has adopted Oriental manners and fashions. Zuleikah, however, looks from behind the wooden lattice, as if she were in the last stage of the plague, instead of casting amorous glances at our traveller.

Lastly, it is said,—“The life of the East is a life of brutes. The much-maligned Orient, I am confident, has not been maligned near enough; for the good reason, that none of us can tell the amount of horrible sensuality practised there.” And shortly afterwards,—“As the sun rose, I once heard the priest, from the minaret of Constantinople, crying out, ‘come to prayer,’ with his shrill voice ringing through the clear air; and saw, at the same hour, the Arab prostrate himself and pray, and the Jew rabbi, bending over his book, and worshipping the Maker of Turk and Jew. . . . Cavil not, you brother or sister, if your neighbour's voice is not like yours; only hope that his words are honest (as far as they may be), and his heart humble and thankful.”

To which we devoutly say Amen. If the Orientals are behind us in civilisation in many points, they excel us in prayer; nor is their life so worldly (albeit often sensual in some respects) as the European.



## LITERATURE.

## LETTERS OF ROYAL AND ILLUSTRIOUS LADIES.\*

ROYAL and illustrious ladies, it appears, did not begin to write with their own fair fingers till early in the thirteenth century. It is true that Martene's "*Thesaurus Anecdorum*" contains a letter from Adela, youngest daughter of William the Conqueror, to Theobald, Earl of Blois, her son, of the date of 1130; but the earliest epistles of an English queen of which the originals are in existence, are those of the crusading Queen Berengaria, of the dates 1220 and 1225.

The earliest specimen of a lady's familiar letter which the industrious author has found is from the Lady Havisia de Neville, to her son, Hugh de Neville, of the date of about 1258. The epistolary correspondence, which is extant previous to this, being such as is preserved among the state archives, usually partakes more or less of the nature of state documents. The original of this first familiar letter is in French. The earliest specimen of an *English* epistle written by a lady which has fallen under the editor's notice is a petition from Constance, Lady Husee, to King Henry VI., A.D. 1441, and one of the earliest English letters of an English peeress of which the original is in existence, is from Elizabeth, Countess of Oxford, to Sir John Paston.

The first autograph signature of an English queen known to be in existence is that of Joanna of Navarre—an autograph which, the editor says, has generally escaped notice from the circumstance that, in the description of the letter to which it is appended in the Cotton catalogue, it is by mistake ascribed to Henry V. On the other hand the earliest autograph of a royal lady of England of which we have any record is, from Elizabeth, sister of King Edward IV., to John Paston. It was probably written after the accession of Edward IV., on the occasion of a visit paid by Elizabeth to her brother's court. It is as follows:

"Master Paston,

"I pray you that it may please you to leave your lodging for three or four days, till I may be purveyed of another, and I shall do as much to your pleasure. For God's sake say me not nay; and I pray you recommend me to my lord chamberlain.

"Your friend,  
"ELIZABETH."

When English royal and illustrious ladies did begin to take the pen in hand themselves it was after the strangest fashion imaginable. Their writing sets all rules of orthography and penmanship at defiance, and sometimes baffles all attempts to decipher it satisfactorily. The earliest tolerable autograph given is that of Elizabeth Plantaganet, sister of Edward VI. The best penmanships, as might have been anticipated, are

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\* Letters of Royal and Illustrious Ladies of Great Britain, from the Commencement of the Twelfth Century to the close of the Reign of Queen Mary. Edited chiefly from the Originals in the State Paper Office, the Tower of London, the British Museum, and other State Archives. By Mary Anne Everett Wood. Illustrated with *fac-simile* Autographs. 3 vols. Henry Colburn.

those of the Lady Jane Grey, and of Mary, Queen of Scots. Grace, Countess of Shrewsbury, is a remarkable autograph—that of Dousabella, Lady Darcy, still more so.

Passing over these somewhat matter of fact generalisations, which we have arrived at, from perusing these curious volumes, it behoves us to say something of the nature also of the correspondence of the said royal and illustrious ladies, for, as the editor truly remarks, a woman is to be judged by her letters, which, however, could only be after she wrote them herself. There is, indeed, much that is truly interesting and characteristic in this respect, in this large collection. We would particularly instance the letters of the nun-princesses, and lady prioresses, and abbesses, so often of “royal”—almost always of gentle blood. We gather from some of these, as from that of Mary, daughter of Edward I., a nun at Amesbury, about 1316, very different ideas of conventual life in the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries, from those which we are wont to form of it in the nineteenth. Mary, the nun-princess, paid frequent visits to the court of her father and brother; she went in pilgrimages to the most famous shrines, and, when the state of her health required it, used to change her residence for sake of the air. Sometimes the prioresses claim the assistance of the secular arm to aid in capturing some disorderly sister, who wanders about “to the grievous danger of her soul and manifest scandal of her order.” There is a curious letter from Elizabeth Cresener, Prioress of Dartford, to Secretary Cromwell, about 1535, in which the prioress beseeches that “we may not receive into our poor monastery none of any other religion, for we be of that profession and habit that none other be of within this realm.” What was this claim to distinction? Dartford is merely stated in the “*Monast. Anglic.*” (vi. 537) to have frequently changed between the Dominican and Augustine orders.

There is a letter from Agnes, Dowager-Duchess of Norfolk, to Cardinal Wolsey, A.D. 1528, which contains a curious account of the sweating sickness. “Probably,” says the editor, “the best account now extant from a private person.” The collection also contains a letter of Elizabeth of York’s, of whom Sir Harris Nicolas has observed, in a memoir prefixed to her privy-purse expenses, that not a single letter of hers was known to be in existence. One of the most amusing letters in the collection is that signed by the Ladies Margaret and Jane Seymour, daughters of the celebrated Protector Somerset, and written to King Edward VI., with whom it was one of the protector’s favourite schemes to effect an alliance. The letter betrays the fact on the very face of it. The letters of Princess Elizabeth are remarkable for containing Greek puns, and quotations from Homer and Pindar.

The chief and most continuous correspondence is, however, that of Mary, younger daughter of Henry VII., whose history is one of the most adventurous and romantic of the sixteenth century. The correspondence is so complete, as to contain a very perfect record of that history, and to give a clear insight into many of its peculiarities. The circumstance of a lovely young princess giving her hand to an aged monarch, merely that she might, at his death, wed her beloved Lord of Suffolk, and being afterwards thwarted in every conceivable manner, by the dishonest love of Francis I., by the opposition of the king, Henry VIII., her brother, and of the Cardinal Wolsey, is of itself a romance.

The extracts from the Lisle and Calais correspondence are also exceedingly numerous, although it is the intention of the Commission for the publication of State Papers to print the Calais correspondence in an entire state. These letters contain, however, many great curiosities—from receipts for marmalade of quinces to the birth of an infant, and from the penurious policy of the secretary, Lord Cromwell, to the jealousies of a secretary's wife. We wish we had space for Lady Ringlay's letter to Lady Lisle, wherein she expresses her jealousy at the proceedings of a Lady Bannister at the small court of Calais, while she herself naïvely acknowledges the first place in her heart to be occupied by a certain "Master Marshall;" and the second by Lady Lisle! But we must refer all who are curious in written revelations of character and feeling, especially in those illustrious from a variety of other accounts, to this voluminous and carefully selected correspondence.

#### LEIGH HUNT'S ITALIAN POETS.\*

It is difficult to conceive a more inviting book than Leigh Hunt has wrought out of the "Stories from the Italian Poets." We have several collections of stories from the novelists of Italy, but none from the poets, who are by far the most romantic story-tellers of that country. The noblest inventions of the greatest geniuses who adorn the literature of Italy, are, by the magic wand of a prosaic simplicity, brought home to English hearths, nor can they fail to become among the most popular of domestic legends. The work is, in fact, not only poetry made easy, but it opens a royal road to an acquaintance with such men as Dante, Ariosto, Tasso, and others, a road by which we opine many will travel in the quest of pleasant and delightful information.

At the same time, it is impossible not to feel that this divesting the story from its poetical construction, and still more especially from a language so eminently mellifluous and poetical as the Italian, leaves, in some cases, a skeleton of a rather common-place, if not an almost ridiculous character. But this would be the case if half the poetry of the world was put into prose, and none must venture to approach old romance, whose minds are not tuned to sympathy with the purely ideal, and oftentimes extravagant. Leigh Hunt is the most delightful companion possible under such circumstances. He unites an unbounded love of poetical and romantic fiction with the coolest good sense; at one moment he rollicks with his author in positive enjoyment, at another stops to criticise sharply, and whenever he feels that the story flags he helps it on by the impulse of a sentence or two. Nothing can be more naïve or amusing than the often-recurring foot-line, "Very fine all this, I think."

The Italian's pilgrim's progress, the journey through hell of the renowned Dante, placed thus in the nakedness of prose, by no means leaves the same high impression of a work, which a fame passed from mouth to mouth, rather than from head to head, had previously imparted to it. True that there are many passages of exquisite beauty, bursts of sublimity more than Miltonic; but the general plot and invention, and the

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\* Stories from the Italian Poets, with Lives of the Writers. By Leigh Hunt. Two Volumes. Chapman and Hall.



working out of the details are faulty and reprehensible in the extreme, full of prejudices and bad passions. The editor himself appears heartily ashamed at what he does not hesitate to pronounce to be blasphemy, *impulsive vehemence of the south*, audacity, and extreme of impiety, generated by extreme superstition. We are not, however, going to involve ourselves in a controversy in respect to so great a personage as Dante, but recommend the perusal of his greatest work as now simplified to the English reader, leaving him to his own reflections.

Pulci, the first genuine romantic poet, affords a wondrous relief from the saturnine horrors and absurdities of Dante's theology. The humours of the giants, or more particularly of the renowned Orlando, are followed by the

Sad and fearful story  
Of the Roncesvalles fight.

In which, besides this story, with which the English reader is already familiar, and the reminiscences of the glorious scenery of "La Brèche de Roland," and Roncevalles itself; there is a world of poetic beauty. The blast of Orlando's horn was ever afterwards sounding in the ears of the poets, and none of Pulci's successors surpassed the account of the Paladin's death, his devotion to his sword, Durlindana, and his coming to life again to fulfil the promise of giving it to Charlemagne.

Boiardo laid the foundation of the chivalrous epic in his "Angelica," a subject to which the genius of Ariosto lent a crowning glory. The death of Agrican is but an episode in this same romantic history, which acquired in the hands of Ariosto all the detailed and prolonged interest of the most finished romance. But that romance Mr. Hunt truly acknowledges to have risen to a lawless pitch in the "Orlando Furioso," although the Paladin's jealousy and growing madness is reckoned one of the finest things in Italian poetry; "and very fine," says Leigh Hunt, "it surely is—as strong as the hero's strength, and sensitive as the heart of man. The circumstances are heightened, one after the other, with the utmost art as well as nature. There is a scriptural awfulness in the account of the hero's becoming naked; and the violent result is tremendous." Nevertheless, Mr. Hunt does not follow the Paladin into his feats of ultra-supernatural strength. The reader, he justly remarks, requires to be prepared for them by the whole poem.

Tasso completed the circle of fabulous narrative with the "Jerusalem Delivered." This epic of the crusades obtained and has preserved a merited popularity. It is the history of a crusade related with poetic licence. "The Infidels are assisted by unlawful arts; and the libertinism that brought scandal on the Christians is converted into youthful susceptibility, led away by enchantment. The author proposed to combine the ancient epic poets with Ariosto, or a simple plot, and uniformly dignified style, with romantic varieties of adventure, and the luxuriance of fairy land. He did what he proposed to do, but with a judgment inferior to Virgil's; nay, in point of the interdependence of the adventures, to Ariosto, and with far less general vigour."

We would venture to suggest to Mr. Hunt that the enchantress, Armida, awaited for Rinaldo in a little island, and not in the "sweet grove" of Daphne, which is at a short distance from the river. Tasso had apparently in his mind the island of Melibœa, which Oppian represents as

a nymph beloved by Orontes, and which Virgil alludes to in the *Ænied*, v. 251.

Placed in such an accessible form the adventures of Angelico, the feats of the Paladins, and the history of Rinaldo and Armida, not to omit the English Paladin, Astolfo, and his journey to the moon, will become household themes in this country, and as familiar, probably, as in their own sunny clime.

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#### THE NELSON DISPATCHES.\*

THE fifth volume of this truly national work is not the most interesting. It contains the extraordinary amount of more than seven hundred documents of one kind or another, dispersed over three years (1802 to 1804), during the greater part of which Lord Nelson was acting as commander-in-chief in the Mediterranean, without the occurrence of any engagement or incident of importance. This was not from want of diligence or anxiety on the part of Nelson, on the contrary. The French fleet in Toulon harbour was, at all times, equal, and often superior, to the English fleet. "However, I hope they will come out, and let us settle the matter. You know I hate being kept in suspense;" he writes on the 5th of July, 1803, to Lady Hamilton. Again, on the 1st of August, of the same year: "The fleet are ready to come forth; but they will not come for the sake of fighting me." On the 8th of October, he wrote to Hugh Elliot, Esq., "Two French frigates have had a narrow escape. They have been chased twice—once into Corsica with the troops, by the *Agincourt*, 64; and on Sunday last, by two frigates, *Active* and *Phœbe*, into St. Tropes; but these fellows will not fight, if they can help it." And, to the Duke of Clarence he wrote, October 15th, still off Toulon; "If I should miss these fellows, my heart will break: I am actually only now recovering the shock of missing them in 1798, when they were going to Egypt." Lord Hobart wrote on the other hand, but in a similar manner, on the 22nd of September. "I am afraid even the circumstance of some of your ships being crippled will not induce *your friends at Toulon* to come out. It was the port from whence they took their departure from Aboukir; and whilst the memorable events which took place there remain impressed upon their minds, they will not encounter a fleet under the command of Lord Nelson, if they can avoid it."

This unwillingness on the part of the French to engage with the English fleet, which was so strikingly manifested throughout the war, is well deserving of consideration on the part of the government which is annually increasing the budget to an enormous extent, in order to establish a naval power which shall rival that of Great Britain. It is more especially so when it appears by the report of the minister of marine himself, that was every sailor in the country employed on board of men-of-war, there would not be enough to man to their complement, all the ships necessary to put the one country on par with the other, which is an essentially insular and maritime nation—a nation in which the pleasure

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\* The Dispatches and Letters of Vice-Admiral Lord Viscount Nelson, with Notes. By Sir Nicolas Harris Nicolas, G.C.M.G. The Fifth Volume. Henry Colburn.

boats alone employ thousands of hands! And then, suppose an equality of force was obtained, the example of the past would almost proclaim it to be of little avail; while a superiority is, for an indefinite period of time at least, out of the question.

The Hamiltonian correspondence, which describes Nelson's private feelings more fully and more naturally than any other of his letters, has, from a variety of reasons, been subjected to a close editorial pruning. This may be considered judicious in many respects, but it takes away from the work the character of completeness, which was its chief claim to national acceptance. The present volume, however, notwithstanding what may be wanting as illustrative of character, contains valuable materials for history, and some which are invaluable for the naval service. The wonderful energy and zeal displayed by Lord Nelson, when commander-in-chief in the Mediterranean, his regard to the most minute of his multiplied duties, his political acuteness, and his interest in the health and welfare of his sailors, bequeath to posterity, an example and a lesson which it cannot imitate too closely.

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#### CONTARINI FLEMING.—ALROY.\*

"THIS work," the author says of Contarini Fleming, "written with great care and deep meditation, and in a beautiful and distant land, favourable to composition, with nothing in it to attract the passions of the hour, was published anonymously in the midst of a revolution (1831-2); and it seemed that it must die. But gradually it has gained the sympathy of the thoughtful and the refined, and it has had the rare fortune of being cherished by great men." It was a bold and ambitious attempt to write a psychological romance. A whole history devoted to the picture of the development of the poetic mind, from its melancholy and brooding childhood to the growing consciousness of power, through its various moods and fantasies, its reveries, loneliness, doubts, moody misery, ignorance of art, failures, despair, such are the enumerations, was a theme only appropriate for writers of the highest class, and success has attested that the then young and gifted author was equal to his subject.

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#### THE CAPTIVITY OF NAPOLEON†

THIS important work has reached us too late this month to do more than announce its appearance. It is translated directly from the French manuscript, and in addition to the history of the captivity (which, as here related, is replete with sad reflections upon our national pride and honour) contains so many opinions given by the Emperor himself upon the more important events of his life, that it becomes an indispensable complement to all histories of the epoch. The comparison of these opinions,

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\* Contarini Fleming—Alroy. Romances. By B. Disraeli, M.P., Author of "Coningsby" and "Sybil." Second Edition. 3 vols. Henry Colburn.

† History of the Captivity of Napoleon. By General Count Montholon, the Emperor's Companion in Exile and Testamentary Executor. 2 Vols. Henry Colburn.



as entertained by the Emperor himself, with those promulgated by M. Thiers, are oftentimes extremely amusing. Our countrymen will also find much to ruminate and reflect upon in these revelations of Napoleon's dreams of conquest, which deeply concerns themselves. The work, indeed, probably contains more of the intimate thoughts and projects of the great devastator, than any that has been hitherto published.

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### THE EVENTFUL EPOCH.\*

MR. MITCHELL follows closely in the footsteps of the most eminent novelists of the day. Selecting an era (in this instance, the close of the last century, when a slight revolutionary leprosy had just tainted this country from abroad, and which he dignifies by the title of an "eventful epoch,") he adheres closely to the character of the time, and crowds in its living prototypes, senators, authors, and artists, in astonishing prolificness: no distinguished man of the day is, by inadvertence, omitted. The treatment of the subject is good, and skilfully managed, the style studied and correct, the language terse and vigorous, the incidents follow one another in tolerable rapid succession, and the interest is well sustained. These are elements of success, which have, unfortunately, their drawbacks. There is want of unity: thus the fortunes of Pellew and his too-loving wife, have little relation to the main plot, notwithstanding the parts which Archer and Hector Clive, or the good and bad spirits, play in those fortunes; the characters of Lady Eltham and her son are also exaggerated on the side of evil. There is nothing in such a sphere, nor was there in a time, to which many now alive can testify to, any thing so bad as is here delineated, even in a corrupt aristocracy. Eltham Hall, of itself admirably adapted for a detailed novel, is miserably dealt with in half a page. The hunting of Pellew across half of England to bring him ultimately to bay, like a stag, in the midst of the ruins of Stonehenge, produces an opposite effect to that intended, while the only attempt at humour, in Sergeant Sleek's courtship of the widow, mars, instead of relieves, the generally severe tone of the narrative. Excepting Lord Eltham and Minda, all Mr. Mitchell's aristocrats are the same selfish designing characters: in this Eltham family so bad, that even Minda and her father afford no sunshine to such an atmosphere of vice and corruption. Minda is, however, a delightful character, notwithstanding her Byronic sensitiveness in regard to a lame foot, and we must do the author justice to say, that he has brought things to pass at the conclusion in a judicious and desirable manner.

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### MR. MACKINNON'S "CIVILISATION."†

THE second volume of this admirable work does away with a critical

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\* The Eventful Epoch; or, the Fortunes of Archer Clive. By Nicholas Mitchell, Author of "The Traduced," "The Fatalist," &c. 3 vols. Simpkin, Marshall, and Co.

† History of Civilisation. By W. A. Mackinnon, F.R.S., M.P. Second Volume. Longman and Co.

remark which we made on reading the first, that the history of civilisation is not contained in that of any single state of Europe, taken in isolation; for it occupies itself with an elaborate, succinct, and philosophical view of the progressive march of civilisation as its elements developed themselves in Europe, in Asia, and America. It is impossible to do justice to an inquiry of such a magnitude and such importance, without an analysis of the author's labours, which would carry us far beyond our limits. There are many tired of light reading to whom such a book will be a God-send, and there are none who will peruse it without advantage to the great cause of human improvement; for, although we could have criticised some of the results as inconsistent with foregoing propositions, still as a whole, the great principles of the subjection of matter to mind as an element of civilisation, and the improvement that results to the physical being from an amelioration of his intellectual and moral nature, are creditably and honourably substantiated, and the principles contained in Mr. Mackinnon's "History of Civilisation," cannot be too widely diffused or too generally appreciated and understood.

#### MISCELLANEOUS.

"THE COMIC BLACKSTONE"\* is first on our list this month, and a very clever book it is. We cannot see why persons should not study law, when propounded in so humorous a manner. The author never lets fun supersede fact, and hence his work is rather a critically humorous commentary upon Blackstone, or a familiar and funny introduction to the study of law, than a burlesque upon its mysteries and inconsistencies. Next comes "Mrs. Caudle's Curtain Lectures," edited by Douglas Jerrold.† It would require an American amount of self-confidence to venture a remark upon a work which has attained so great a popularity. It touched a tender string in the great heart of Cockney land, and the Reform Bill never worked half so many domestic reforms as it has probably achieved. To pass from gay to serious, another translation from Zschokke,‡ comprising his more pious and monitory essays, is deserving of a place in every family library. A notice of "Margaret of the Gold Mine,"§ from the French, has gone accidentally astray. It is one of the most amusing novels of that elastic school, without any of those objectionable points which sometimes detract from their general acceptance. The very curious archaeological discoveries made at Lewes, and which are daily going on, have attracted so many *dilletanti* to that interesting old city, that a guide became indispensable, and the spirited antiquarian publisher, Mr. Smith, of Compton-street, has engaged a well-known inquirer, Mr. Mark Antony Lower, in this task.|| We cannot speak

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\* The Comic Blackstone. By Gilbert Abbot à Beckett. With Illustrations by George Cruikshank.

† Mrs. Caudle's Curtain Lectures. Edited from the Original MS. by Douglas Jerrold. Second Edition.

‡ Stray Leaves from the German; or, Select Essays from Zschokke. By the Rev. W. B. Flower, B.A. Simpkin and Marshall.

§ Margaret; or, the Gold Mine. Weir.

|| A Hand-Book for Lewes, Historical and Descriptive; with Notices of the Recent Discoveries at the Priory. By Mark Antony Lower. John Russell Smith.

too highly of a little book called "Western Clearings," which forms part of Messrs. Wiley and Putnam's library of American books.\* It is written by the well-known Mrs. Kirkland, author of a "New Home, who'll follow me?" "Forest Life," &c., which would be recommendation enough; but more correct, lively, and graphic sketches of life in the West than are contained in these "Western Clearings" cannot be imagined. The key to the art of rendering the thoughts of others our own, is to ponder upon them; whether this is more likely to be done by having them communicated in short sentences, appears to us to depend upon the mental peculiarities of individuals. It is well known that oracular Johnson was in favour of such a method of imparting knowledge, and to his disciples we can recommend Mr. E. Clare's "Golden Treasury of Life."† The subject of imparting knowledge necessarily leads us to a notice of a work on school education, by Mr. S. Preston,‡ the object of which the author says is, "to extend the application of theories, stamped with the approbation of the master-intellec[t]s of the age." These are great words, the anticlimax to which is, that the one grand and essential preliminary is the education of mothers. The Germans appear to write curious books for the use of young people; we have before us "The Good-Natured Bear,"§ which is a disguise assumed by a professor of mathematics, to win Gretchen, the pretty nursery governess of his brother, Dr. Littlepump, a counsellor to the Board of Mines in Vienna! It is an amusing tale, but a rather doubtful example for young people to follow.

A Mr. J. C. Lyons has published a work on the science of phrenology as applicable to education, friendship, love, courtship, and matrimony, &c.|| It is dedicated to the ladies, to whom we doubt very much if the illustrations of the kinds of heads they ought to choose will be acceptable. The author ought to have given a cast of his own head.

The seventh volume of the works of G. P. R. James, contains the popular story of "Morley Ernstein; or, the Tenants of the Heart."¶ The ninth of the collection of the novels and romances of Mrs. Bray,\*\* "Henry de Pomeroy; or, the Eve of St. John," a most interesting legend of Cornwall and Devon, and the "White Rose," a pleasing domestic story. The second volume of Miss Martineau's "Forest and Game Law Tales," fully bears out the promises of the first.†† We have also received three numbers of a new Universal Dictionary of the English language, a work much wanted, and the natural historical part of which is especially well done ‡‡

\* Western Clearings. By Mrs. C. M. Kirkland. Wiley and Putnam.

† The Golden Treasury of Life; or, Old Sayings and True Ones, &c. By Edward Clare. H. White.

‡ School Education for the Nineteenth Century. By Samuel Preston. Simpkin Marshall, and Co.

|| The Good-Natured Bear: a Story for Children of all Ages. Joseph Cundall.

§ The Science of Phrenology, as applicable to Education, Friendship, Love, Courtship, and Matrimony, &c. By J. C. Lyons. Aylott and Jones.

¶ The Works of G. P. R. James, Esq. Revised and Corrected by the Author. Vol. VII.: Morley Ernstein. Smith, Elder, and Co.

\*\* The Novels and Romances of Anna Eliza Bray, in Ten Volumes. Vol IX.: Henry de Pomeroy. Longman and Co.

†† Forest and Game-Law Tales. By Miss Martineau. Vol. II. Edward Moxon.

‡‡ A New Universal, Etymological, and Pronouncing Dictionary of the English Language; embracing all the Terms used in Art, Science, and Literature. Parts I., II., and III. James Gilbert.



# THE NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

## THREE POEMS.

BY FRANCES ANNE BUTLER.

### I.

#### MARGARET'S PRAYER.

ALONE—but not companionless.—  
Oh no! there sits a stony thing  
Close by me; on my brow and breast,  
Her grasping icy fingers press;  
She will not leave me any rest,  
But night and day she still sits there,  
And in my eyes with glassy stare  
Looks with her eyes all colourless;  
She is my fellow dear—Despair.  
And in my ears strange voices ring;  
It is a burthen wild they sing;  
And while I hear my heart stands still,  
And o'er me creeps a shuddering chill;  
I cannot drive the sound away:  
It sings to me all night and day,  
And this is what the voices say:—  
“Why should'st thou weep?  
Are not the waters bright and deep,  
And underneath  
Is there not Death?  
Bidding thee leap  
Into his sheltering arms and sleep,  
And no more weep.  
Why should'st thou live  
A shameful cast-away?  
Why should'st thou strive,  
Day after day,  
To bear the burthen of thy years,  
To drink thine own despised tears,  
To feed on bitter doubts and fears;  
To sit with terror on thy brow,  
Watching the false lip of the world  
In scorn against thy downfal curl'd?  
Before his feet thy heart to throw

Who spurns thee back with sated lust,  
 Trampled and vile, into the dust.  
 Oh, is not this a goodly life?  
 No more a maid—never a wife.  
 Oh, is not shame a pleasant thing?  
 And loathed love—and the keen sting  
 Of an accusing soul—the fire  
 Of a consuming, vain desire.—  
 Oh, is not each of these a guest,  
 To lodge within a maiden's breast!  
 Why should'st thou weep?  
     The bud thy trembling fingers hold.  
     Within its soft, dark, velvet fold,  
 Carries a draught of the pale sleep:  
 Drink, from the smiling gift of love;  
     The flower's breath  
 Is sweet—but far more sweet would prove  
     Its taste—for that is death.  
 Hark, the deep waters flow,  
 Come to thy bed below!  
 See, the fair blossoms glow,  
 Of their sweet sap drink thou!  
 Turn thee to sleep,  
     From misery,  
     From infamy,  
 Sleep—and be free!"  
 Mother of God! be near me!  
 O Mary, mother! hear me!  
 From this temptation save me!  
 The life that mercy gave me,  
 Oh, let thy mercy spare  
 From this black snare!  
 Mother of God! be near me!  
 In this tremendous hour  
 Upbear me with thy power!  
 From this steep downward path,  
 From the dark pit of death,  
 Turn thou my feet.—Oh, hear me!

## II.

## A VOICE FROM THE DEAD.

Written upon a beautiful young woman, who, after a miserable marriage of short duration, passed through a brief period of insanity to her death at two-and-twenty.

WEEP not, ye dear ones, I am now at rest;  
     Short was the season of my agony;  
 'Tis past, and I am now among the blest,  
     The blest for evermore, oh weep not ye!  
 Remember how my happy childhood fled,  
     Made bright by your fond love and tender care;  
 Of the short years time number'd o'er my head,  
     Many were those of joy, few of despair.

Think not of the brief torture that is past,  
Still I lay safe within my father's arms ;  
E'en through that dark eclipse He held me fast,  
And bore me quickly from all earthly harms.

No long-protracted unavailing strife  
Awaited me—no flinty, endless path  
To drag my bleeding feet along—for life—  
Smote me at once, and gave me o'er to death.

Mine eyes were not put out with scalding tears,  
Pour'd, torture-like, into them day by day ;  
The hideous vision of dread future years  
Scared them but once—and all was swept away.

Such, as I stood within my earthly home,  
As bright, as pure, more glorious than before,  
To God my Father's presence am I come,  
To dwell in holiness for evermore!

So think of me as by His throne I stand,  
Led thither through how short an agony,  
How brief a wanderer in the evil land  
Is one who rests for all eternity.

And weep not! Weep not! Thither shall ye come  
E'en in our Father's time to find the love,  
Whose lowly root was in our earthly home,  
Blooming immortal in the realms above.

III.

ON READING WITH DIFFICULTY SOME OF SCHILLER'S EARLY LOVE POEMS.

WHEN of thy loves, and happy heavenly dreams  
Of early life, O Bard! I strive to read,  
Thy foreign utterance a riddle seems,  
And hardly can I hold thy thoughts' bright thread.

When of the maiden's guilt, the mother's wo,  
And the dark mystery of death and shame,  
Thou speakest—then thy terrible numbers flow  
E'en as the tongue we think in were the same.

Ah! wherefore, but because all joy and love  
Speak but imagined unknown words to me?  
A spirit of wishful wonder they may move,  
Dreams of what might but yet shall never be.

But the sharp cry of pain, the inward moan  
Of trust deceived—the horrible despair,  
Of life and love for ever overthrown—  
These strains of thine need no interpreter.

Ah! 'tis my mother-tongue, and howsoe'er  
In foreign accents writ that I did ne'er  
Or speak or hear, this bitter agony  
Still utters a familiar voice to me.



## A GALLOP TO GRETNA.

Who has not heard of this obscure, unsightly village, where stands, or stood, the anvil on which Hymen forged his chains? Its glory is now gone; its privileges are passed away; its smithy has ceased to be a temple; its Vulcan is no more a god!

The scenery consists of a bleak common and a pool of water, presenting little interest except to geese and lovers: full in front stands the desolate-looking hotel, and a little further on are a few cottages, among which *the* smithy does, and the blacksmith did, exist. The proprietor of the inn has latterly discharged the matrimonial offices.

In that lonely Inn how many a passionate prayer has been breathed—how many a wild heart found its freedom—how many a maiden trembled between Hope fulfilled and Fear to come! Beneath that humble roof, lofty birth has laid aside precedence, wealth abandoned its influence, and spirits, once pure and proud, sought an ambiguous sanction for their lawlessness. It would be sad to reckon over the small number among these who have found peace or blessing in their union,—that object for which their home has been deserted, fond hearts broken, trusting hearts deceived, and gray hairs numberless brought in sorrow to the grave.

The following story is one of a thousand that has been acted, not written: stories that lie ambushed in those commonplace announcements of “elopements in high life” that sound as usual as railway accidents, or Tipperary murders.

In the month of March last, two young men were dining together at the Imperial Hotel at Leamington; the waiters had departed with all the pomp and circumstance of important dinner; wine was sparkling on the damask cloth, and the fire-blaze leaped and roared as if it were some demon that could not altogether escape from its prison-bars. It was a beneficent demon, however, for it made the whole room look cheerful with its play, and lent something of its own brightness to the faces of our *dramatis personæ*. Of these the younger wore an anxious and excited look, like one who has something wrong to do, and much to say; his scarlet coat and spattered boots suited well with his hurried accents, and eager eyes were bent upon his companion. The latter looked like one who had *done* his part, whatever it was, and with the composure of a Turkish prophet he was gazing gravely on his chesnuts. As the fire-light played upon his lofty forehead, a thoughtful eye might read that he

Had felt, inflicted, past, and proved,

more than his years would promise. His features wore at the same time the character of repose and energy, and a flash of humour gleamed at times over the somewhat saddened expression of his countenance.

“So you are determined to run away with her, and have made up your mind to all the consequences,” he observed, after a pause. “Well, they used to say that a field of battle was the only spot where an Irishman could die in peace; and as the bloody sod is your natural death-bed, so I suppose Gretna Green is your national parish-church.”

“Ah! now my dear fellow, don’t be joking with me. It’s the jackass

among the chickens (not that I'm a chicken, or you are the other thing), but it's past trifling with me.—I want your serious, sober advice, whether to do it, and how to do it. That you know *how* to do it you have already shown, and whether *I* ought to follow your example, you must tell me, when I have informed you how I am situated. This very morning the hounds met at Fox Hall, her father's place. I went there to breakfast, but except a drop of curaçoa, the deuce a bit I ate. Well, sir, while the horses were coming round, I stole a few words from Annie's lips, and a few tears from her beautiful eyes, that were worth all the speeching that ever was made at the Corn Exchange. Now whether it was those tears or her father's curaçoa that gave me courage, I don't know, but just as we were mounting, I made a quiet and deliberate statement to the old lord, of my hopes and my views, of my property and my embarrassments, and by the time he was in the saddle, he was in possession of every thing relating to me. Well, he gathered up his reins, and settled his stirrup-leather, and turned round and said to me very quietly, but good-humouredly.

“ ‘My dear fellow, don't be talking nonsense. You are a good sportsman and an excellent fellow. I like you well as a guest, but as a son-in-law! put that out of your head entirely—for I'd see you d—d first—and besides, I have long since engaged my daughter to Lord Muffin, my neighbour. Hark to him, Beauty! that's *him*, by Jove!’ ”

“ And away he went like lightning, as if it was his noble son-in-law, not his fox that was in question. I was, you may suppose, a good deal bothered at this reception, but it ‘*was him*’ sure enough, and a glorious burst we had, across the lawn and over the sunk fence, into which, by the same token, my headstrong horse flung Lord Muffin, his groom, and all, as they were trying between them to get his lordship on the right side of the fence. I was just in the humour for work, and as I went through a bull-finch, I heard my father-in-law—that is to be, please the fates, in spite of himself!—exclaim, ‘Well done, by Jove.’ I tell you I heard that through all the crashing of the boughs, though they made noise enough besides. Well, I had it all to myself from that time. We killed near Coventry, and without waiting for more, I kept up the pace, and came across country here to have this talk with you.”

“ Humph !” said Somerville, the elder of the friends, as he glanced admiringly at the fine figure and animated countenance of his Irish friend, “you certainly seem to have pleaded your cause to Monsieur le Père with your usual calm judgment and sound discretion. To be serious, my dear fellow, I feel greatly interested in this affair of yours, knowing you to be really attached to the girl, and supposing that she is worthy of your affection. So just stir the fire and call for another bottle of claret, and then we will consider the thing coolly, as you would say. I will tell you my adventure, as you call it, and you shall then decide whether Gretna Green is a likely gate to domestic happiness.”

The fire blazed, the fresh bottle gleamed purply on the table, O'Neil composed himself into a less restless attitude, and his friend proceeded :

“ You know, and unfortunately the whole world also knows, that I won my wife at Gretna Green, but you do not know the circumstances that led to it. I do not seek to palliate what I do not hesitate to call my fault. I will candidly relate to you the whole story; and if your honourable and chivalrous feelings should condemn me, I will at least hope that

you will make my experience your warning. I am, you know, heir to considerable estates, heavily encumbered, the usual penalty of a long descent. The greater part of my property is in Ireland, and this, I am ashamed to say, I have never seen. Yet you will remember when first I met you,—then a mere boy, exulting in your hussar jacket and “deliverance,” as you called it, from Ireland—I reproved you for that expression, and declared that *my* best hope and ambition was to live and die among my Irish tenants, endeavouring to mitigate their hardships and improve their condition. I told you that we owed a heavy responsibility to these poor people, not only on our own, but on our ancestors’ account, through whose neglect and wastefulness they had remained in that ignorance and poverty with which we now reproach them: the good part in which you took my observation, and the good feeling that you showed, was the commencement of our friendship. During my father’s life I found it impossible to put this purpose into execution. Meanwhile, I was not poor enough for a profession, nor rich enough to find property an occupation. Our own military service appeared to me too tame and objectless, and my father would not hear of my engaging in the Spanish or other “amateur” wars, which I have since shared and been disgusted with. I was, I scarce know why, a favourite in society, and acquired a certain share of its contemptible renown. I tried all its pleasures, too. I have starred it in London. I have sustained the honour of my county at Melton. I have worn the blue jacket at Cowes, and the kilt in the Highlands—you will say, what has all this to do with Gretna Green? I only mention it to show that I had not the poor excuse of inexperience for acting upon impulse. About four years ago my father died. He was the only link that bound me to English life and its conventionalities of which I was long weary. And now I intended to put into execution my plan of Hibernicising, and of trying whether I could not find, in devoting myself to the welfare of others, that happiness I had failed to find in selfish gratification.

“One morning I was standing on the pier at Brighton, revolving in my mind my future plan of life. The packet was about to sail for Dieppe, when my attention was attracted by two ladies approaching the steps. One had the most perfect form I ever saw, manifest even through all the drapery of a travelling dress. I had always been an enthusiast in female beauty, and had seen all that the courts of Europe contained of grace and loveliness, admiringly, but unmoved. Now my hour was come. Say what you will of love at first sight—and every man will quote his own experience as the general law—*my* conviction is with Plato. Once, and but once, is it given to us to look upon that ideal whose antetype is within our mind. That image, when first seen, appears to belong to memory. Presented to our senses we *recognise* that which has long haunted our souls. We feel as if our being was then fulfilled, and the heart is no more lonely for ever. Ay—though change, and sickness, and death, and disgrace itself may come upon her,—still through life, in our calm and pure and thoughtful moments, she will come before us, robed in that bright form which first she wore. It has been divinely said, that there is no marriage recognised in Heaven—marriage is an earthly tie, consecrate and holy while we remain *on earth*,—but when our spirits are made perfect, then surely will each immortal find his own sympathising angel, and *that* union will subsist for ever! Pardon this digression, and pass the bottle.



“ Well, I have done with love, at least with its description. The two ladies I have mentioned stopped near me; the plank was about being withdrawn, and the hawsers casting off; they hurried to the spot, and my arm helped them on board; the elder turned to thank me, and express her fear that I should be carried off. In the hurry of the moment I replied, ‘ Oh! I’m going!’ and on that slight word turned the fortunes of my life. I begged a moment’s delay from the captain, and writing on my card, ‘ Follow me by next packet to Dieppe,’ I directed it to my servant, and gave it to the hotel porter. The next moment the vessel swung round, and we were plunging through the waves. When I joined my new friends on the quarter-deck, the eldest lady seemed to have shrunk into the deepest reserve, and scarcely replied to my inquiries whether she was hurt in the scuffle. I felt more abashed than *you* would believe possible, and walking forward, composed myself with a cigar to think over my new destinies. England was now behind me. One moment had changed my life. I determined to visit Italy—that is, if I determined any thing—for a new spirit was awakened within me, I saw all life through a new medium. When I returned to the quarter-deck, I found my elder friend had taken refuge in the cabin: the younger remained on deck, and as she gazed upon the bright blue dancing waters with a look of inspiration, for the first time I saw her face distinctly. I think I see her now, as, absorbed in her own bright thoughts, she looked out upon the sea and sky, that seemed to be steeped in the colour of her eyes. Her hair, not disordered, but played with, by the breeze, waved about her neck; and she seemed to blend with, rather than resist, the glorious elements around her. Every wave appeared to find an answer in her bosom, and the wind pressed fondly to her heart, disclosing the exquisite symmetry of her figure. It is not form or feature, but the *look* which she then wore, that is stamped as vividly on my memory as it was then on my rapt senses. A plunge of the vessel moved her from her seat, and she met my eyes—I should say my gaze. Colouring deeply, she endeavoured to return to her place, but another lurch threw her instinctively on my arm for support. I will not tell you how timidly I apologised, how gradually I won her ear and calmed her confusion. The gale favoured me, and kept her elder friend below. Her voice was as musical as song; her words were few but eloquent, most eloquent to me. Of many things we spoke, but never of each other. At length she was sent for, and descended into the cabin. The captain of the steamer, a jolly-looking, bloated old rascal, eyed me for some time with a provokingly conscious look, and then, in spite of my abstraction, assailed me with his conversation.

“ ‘ Charming girl, that,’ he said.

“ ‘ Confound your impudence,’ I muttered.

“ ‘ All out, the best thing going,’ he continued.

Half curious and half angry, I asked him what he meant. ;

“ ‘ Oh, yes! you think I don’t know all about her.’

“ ‘ Then it’s more than I do. I never saw her before.’

“ ‘ You’ve been making good play for a beginner,’ he persisted; but observing, perhaps, that I looked rather fierce, he added, ‘ Well, I’ll tell you who she is: I believe every body but you, and maybe herself, knows that she’s heir to 40,000*l.* a year:—in short, she’s Miss Melville. The old one is her aunt, who is taking her to the south for change of air.’

"This information then sounded to me like a misfortune. It gave a sudden chill to the romance with which my excited mind was glowing; and I felt ashamed of my Cupid for the mercenary form he began to wear. At length we reached the harbour of Dieppe. In the rush of porters and scuffling of commissionaires, I only caught sight for a moment of my friends, as they were borne off in triumph by the successful commissionaire, and I saw them no more that night. On my return from the passport office, where my baggageless arrival had attracted attention, I found they had started for Rouen, and I saw them no more.

"By the time I was able to reach Paris, all trace of them was lost, and you will be surprised to hear I bore my disappointment patiently. Not that my admiration was for a moment checked, she was everywhere present to me; but with this new feeling within me I felt new responsibilities. I then felt for the first time bitter regret at having no name among men; at having wasted gifts and opportunities that had once been mine. Ambition then first became a passion with me, for through renown she might hear of my name. I looked round on the old paths to fame—alas! they no longer existed, or were so choked with rubbish, that, after a life's labour, the successful aspirant was too soiled and worn to be able to receive his crown. Then, with all the ardour and dreamingness of boyhood, I blessed the noble old times, when gentle blood and stainless honour and a soldier's sword made their possessor the peer of princes; when there was never wanting a field whereon to stake life for that honour without which life was worth nothing.

"In the midst of these dreamings, which I should venture to confess to few men beside yourself, I found myself on the Spanish frontiers. I threw myself into the camp of Don Carlos, and saw the chivalrous Zumalacarregui fall before Bilbao. The treachery that caused his death introduced discord into the Carlist army, and what had been a war for freedom became a party fight. I sailed from Barcelona for Naples, then as ever full of life, and gaiety that, like the chameleon, feeds upon its air. I had left England, or been reconciled to doing so by the hope of avoiding society; having, therefore, made inquiry whether the Melvilles were there, and being answered in the negative, I took a little boat, and proceeded leisurely from day to day along the southern shore. I will not talk to *you* of the beauty of Sorrento, of the wonders of the Grotta Azurra, the magnificent cliffs of Scarriatoia, and the deliciousness of Amalfi. My boatmen were as inured to weather as the mosquitoes that were our only annoyance, and I passed night after night under that serene sky, wrapped in my capote, watching for the glorious daybreak of the south. How suddenly it came over that dark blue sea!—one moment, and the fire-flies were darting through the smoke of my meerschauum, and the stars were winking affectionately and confidentially; the next—and the world was bathed in a flood of glorious light, while darkling cliffs, and foliaged glens, and distant mountains, seemed to start up round me. In this solitary mode of life, the passion that haunted me grew strong by its indulgence. My boatmen began to fear my silent and ungenial presence. They spoke seldom and low, so that my reveries were uninterrupted. One day I had left my boat and visited Pæstum—to me the most interesting spot out of Rome. Here the soft Sybarite built his palace on the Cyclopean foundations of his rugged ancestors—here the ruffled rose-leaf was a misfortune—here luxury and voluptuousness made life a sensual dream—here the fields were gardens, and the harvests were

of roses. Now it is one wide, dreary wilderness of briars and rank grass, springing from the graves of the luxurious millions who sleep below. I looked in vain, through the exuberant vegetation, for one of the old roses. Nothing met my eye but the briar and the acanthus. How lonely seemed that spot! Far as the eye can reach, no sight or sound of humanity occurs. The few spectral creatures that beg moaning round you seem to have risen from their graves. Long lone tracts of wilderness surround the ancient city, beyond which rise piles of mountains. Behind you is the 'deep mysterious solitary sea,' and, in the midst of the waste, rise the solemn solitary temples, whose founders are forgotten, and whose dedication alone remains clinging to tradition. 'This is Pæstum! I threw myself on one of the fallen columns that lie buried in weeds round the temples of Ceres, and having paid a pale guide to leave me alone, was about to resign myself to reverie, when a short, fat man, evidently 'Inglese,' appeared from the temple with his hat and a geological hammer in one hand, while he wiped the perspiration from his good-humoured countenance with the other.

" 'Good morrow, sir,' he exclaimed, in an abrupt but hearty tone; 'I presume you are an Englishman from your sailor's dress, and still more from your paying that ghost of a cicerone to leave you alone:—this is a capital place for solitude, sir.'

"Acknowledging my country and solitariness, I expressed surprise at finding a brother Zimmermanite in him.

" 'Oh, I'm not alone—never am—my women are sketching temples and things,—my servants are eating grease and eggs at the smithy yonder.'

"Much as I sought solitude, I was not sorry to have it thus interrupted, and I offered my queer companion a cigar—that first, and oftentimes only, overture we make to hearty-looking strangers. He accepted it with glee, and, squatting himself down, made a nest among tufts of acanthus, while he brushed away the lizards but gently, and avoided hurting them.

" 'There,' he said, as he puffed away; 'look at that handsome leaf; I think it might have taught the architects, whoever they were, of these capitals, a gracefuller form, but, for my part, I prefer these simple ante-Doric, ante-any-order structures, to all the curled beauties of more artificial times.'

"I smiled at his observation. He resumed,

" 'I think I've seen you somewhere before—sure I have. Why do you wear moustaches? Oh! I have it; saw you in Dieppe—looked more like a gentleman then.'

"I laughed, and related to him my adventures since. We soon became excellent friends; and he continued in his peculiar style:

" 'Queer place this,' he exclaimed, looking round at the magnificent temples; 'all built of water, every bit of it—Neptune's temple 'specially—all right *that*:—the city, too, its walls and one hundred towers—all Travertine—yes, they all—temples, and walls, and palaces, and streets, and pavements, every bit of 'em—trickled down from yonder mountain-side: one day a street comes tumbling down from a cascade; next week, a couple of temples—queer thing that—read Sir Humphrey Davy.'

"So he went on for some time; then starting up, he exclaimed,

" 'By Jove! two o'clock—luncheon will be ready. Our cloth is laid in the old church of Ceres, and our pantry is the old vestry-room, I believe.



Come along, my women will be delighted to have you to admire their drawings.'

"I went with him willingly, expecting to find the female of his kind as amusing as himself. They proved to be two ladies, who were still occupied in sketching, their faces turned away. As we approached they looked round, and I saw Helen Melville! Now, though I had only seen her once, you are not to suppose my acquaintance terminated there. From that hour her presence had never left me. I felt as if we had been intimates ever since; and after all, this strange meeting was scarcely unexpected, for it only realised that vision which was always before me. This enabled me to address them without emotion, observing, that I had the pleasure of meeting her before.

"Miss Melville coloured as she replied, but then her colour was always changing, even with the change of her own silent thought. The elder lady received me with rather a supercilious air, and drew her brother-in-law (for such he was) aside. After some few words, they turned to us, and I observed a considerable change come over my friend's jolly countenance. Nevertheless, he hospitably pressed me to eat, and we soon merged into general conversation. I have often found that one's conversational powers, whatever they may be, are the stronger from being suddenly evoked—still more when our companions are such as mine were—and certainly if ever I possessed any power in that way, I exerted it then.

"My old friend soon forgot whatever Mrs. Marsh had confided to his ear, and having inquired my name, abandoned the Mr., and found himself pressing me to return with them to Naples, and offering me apartments in his palazzo there. This I should have accepted, but at a glance from Mrs. Marsh, he checked himself; and perceiving his embarrassment, I relieved him by saying, that I had apartments on the Chiara, and that I expected my servants and horses to meet me at Salerno, whither I was going in my boat.

"'Why, my goodness!' exclaimed the old lady, 'they told me on board the steamer you had no servants, nor luggage, nor any thing.'

"I need not tell you this lady was from your Emerald Isle, O'Neil. Miss Melville seemed rather distressed at this *naïve* mode of deciding on a man's quality, and to change the conversation, she observed,

"'The very tombs here seem to have perished, yet with an instinctive yearning after immortality, the poor ancients seem generally to have given great care to this only record that was to live after them. Can you tell us how many different nations have buried their dead here, with all their different rites and hopes of immortality?'

"She was interrupted by her aunt observing, that the evening was coming on. And so we parted in the mutual hope, I believe, of meeting again.

"It was years before that meeting came. I made an extensive tour, and when we next met, England's fertile fields were round us. Instead of those desolate temples rose factories with all their busy population. A park of considerable extent, with new brick walls, and very green grass, with very brown small trees dotted over it, contained a very large, and very new mansion, fitted up with every luxury. Here dwelt my friend of Pastum, and here was I a guest. He was one of the wealthiest of his class, and universally esteemed. Every one respected his opinions, while

every one laughed at the manner in which they were expressed. And here, in this abode of luxury, grew up to perfect womanhood, one whose tastes were as simple and refined as if her life had been always passed where her own gentle heart would have desired. How beautiful, yet how humble ! how timid, yet how dignified was Helen Melville ! Years had passed since we last met. It was understood that she was about to be married—her intended bridegroom was the profligate son of a pauper peer. This man had the art to make the old man believe him honourable and high-minded, and to represent himself to his daughter's trusting belief as the most disinterested being that ever felt his own unworthiness to approach one so lovely as herself.

“ I never undeceived either father or daughter, though I knew this man well, and knew that nothing but her wealth, which was her least attraction, attracted him. I had met the old man in London, and had accepted his invitation for a few days to Lancashire. I imagined I discovered some interest in Helen's manner when I appeared, but it was not until days had become weeks that I dared to hope for a return of my long-cherished passion. It came at length—the moment of trembling question, of soft confession. She was mine by her promise, and I vowed before Heaven she should be mine for ever. True, she was encumbered with wealth—true, her father had promised her to another, and believed her faithful to that promise—true, I was betraying his confidence and abusing his hospitality ; but while that heart was mine, what was the whole world in the balance ? Fame, honour, truth itself, which had been the struggle of my life to preserve unblemished : so I wildly asked myself. Yet I will tell you, O'Neil, that even in that rapturous moment, when the hope of long, long years was realised, when I pressed that form to my heart, which was worth to me all that the world has ever given to mortal—while my fiery blood rushed in torrents through my frame, and my eyes were dizzy with delight—even in *that moment* the avenging thought was before me—I would, how gladly, have perished in that long sought-for moment.—And when, as the old man's tread sounded along the gallery, and his cheerful voice called out my name, I shrank from that loved embrace with self-loathing,—I felt I had bought my joy too dearly. For a moment my better nature triumphed. I hurried out, seized the old man's arm, and led him out upon the terrace ; and, as with trembling steps we wandered there, I told him all my hope—my fear—my suffering.

“ Oh, how bitterly changed that cheerful countenance became ! it was not, perhaps, the crushing all of his proud hopes, it was the feeling of betrayal that then wrung his open brow and paled his lip. He was silent as I poured forth my pleading. I mentioned my circumstances, and he impatiently motioned me to silence. I implored him to give me his daughter, and leave her portionless. He stopped in his agitated walk, and said, with a bitterness of which I thought he was incapable,—

“ ‘ Young man, I have passed a long and toilsome life, heaping up riches, God forgive me ! for my child, and you generously ask me to leave her portionless ? I have heard you out—I am, perhaps, in fault :—liking you—ay, I *loved* you, boy—I shut my eyes to the danger that my house and honour were threatened with—I ought to have known human nature better at seventy—you have betrayed me—I ought to have

expected this. Now go, and repent this heavy wrong you have done an old, fond, trusting heart—go, and I will not *curse* you.’

“O’Neil! I have since enjoyed all that love and wealth could give—yet not for one moment, even in that brief career of apparent happiness, did ever I cease to wish that I *had* gone then; but pride crushed down my better feelings, and I answered fiercely,

“‘Curse me! because I love your daughter, and shall bless her name as long as I exist—curse me! because descended from a line of princes, I have aspired to woo *your* child. Because possessed of a home that for eight hundred years has received the noblest and the best of England’s proud blood as willing brides, I place it suppliantly at *your* daughter’s feet? I heed not your curse, and tell you to your face, your daughter shall yet be mine.’

“I waited for no answer, but hurried from a house that had been my home to plot its misery.

“Alas! little can weak and lone old age cope with youthful energy and love’s daring—little did the old man sleep, but while he dreamt his daughter had forsaken him, his dream proved true. From Preston to Gretna four horses stood harnessed night and day at every stage. Four thoroughbreds were in harness three miles from the park, and trained in the night time. All was ready. There was a railway station ten miles from the house—a train passed at three in the afternoon. Helen drove out every day with her aunt at two. On Sunday morning a gamekeeper, whom I had largely bribed, gave her a letter from me as he attended her at her aviary. He brought me back a refusal firm and eloquent, but all too kind. That night, with pistols in my belt that had learned their duty well elsewhere, I was at her window, assisted by the keeper. It was summer, and the moon was bright; watch-dogs were chained below, but they were silent at their keeper’s voice. The old man had been unwell, and had taken a sleeping draught—but had he been at his window, I would have baffled him that night. In justice to my poor Helen, I must say, that when I stepped from my light ladder, and raising the half-open window, stepped into her room, notwithstanding all her deeply-tried love for me, her first emotion was that of indignation. How beautiful she looked, as starting from her sleep, her long hair falling over her flushed cheeks, she tremblingly endeavoured to collect the drapery that had fallen from her snowy shoulder in the first moment of surprise! That was not a sight to make me forget my purpose: I will not tell you of all my wild words, how weak—of all her remonstrance, prayers, and arguments, how strong. One rapturous embrace sealed our fate, and the next moment I was far away.

The following day she drove out as usual; it was a moment of fearful suspense: my carriage and fiery horses stood at a corner of the road, and with it myself and two servants, well armed; but the station was ten miles off; it was already a quarter past two; if overtaken, the life of *some* one must be the forfeit—there they come; along that peaceful road, in the full eye of day, the carriage approached: in a moment the postillion was knocked off his horse, the traces cut, the footman silenced by a pistol at his head, Helen drawn from her shrieking aunt—in another moment she was in my carriage, our saddle-horses let loose into a field, the servants up behind, and the horses stretching along the road, with a maddening impetuosity that gathered new spirit from the speed. There!—



was the smoke of the train along the level ; like lightning wildly we dash on,—scarcely escape being dashed to pieces against the station-house—the train stops—the hesitating clerk gives our tickets—we are off again, fleeter than the hawk can fly. And now, for the first time, I tried to rouse my insensible and dearly-won bride : she had fainted on the first shock, and I forbore to restore her until we were comparatively safe ; at length she came to herself, and the expression of agony her lovely face then wore, was itself penalty enough for all I had done. We found a carriage ready on our arrival at Preston. The servants said, before they lost sight of the station-house they had seen a horseman arrive. I remembered there might be other engines there ; the thought had not occurred to me before (for even our wild gallop seemed *then* like repose). The reaction of excitement and a dark foreboding made it a heavy task to reassure my bride : ‘ All will soon be well ; your father’s promise will be cleared by your flight, and we shall all be happy soon ! ’ Vain words ! and well I knew that they were vain ! Meanwhile, we flew along at the full speed of the scourged horses ; crowds gathered in every town ; but a few moments and we were gone. A mob always feels sympathy with fugitives, and even if they had known why to arrest our course, three determined men, well-armed, were not to be lightly encountered—and onward, through Penrith and Carlisle we flew ; but as we were leaving the latter town, the axles, which had become red-hot from the friction, gave way, and we came to the ground, unhurt. It was half an hour before we could get a carriage, and then indeed we *went*. As we descended a long hill, my men called out ‘ Push on ! ’

“ The postillions were already plying their bloody spurs and lashing their foaming horses, and I knew too well what that cry meant. One of our horses was unequal to the rest, and momentarily our pursuers gained ground on us. How important did every inch of that dull road become—how momentous each pulse-beat ! Now I could hear the clattering of hoofs, not of *our* horses. Fortunately, my victim had once more become again insensible, for a trying moment was come. As I drew my pistol from my breast I felt my cheek grow cold as death. I tried to steady my hand—it almost refused its office. The carriage swayed from side to side, as the tortured horses plunged away from the desperate lash.. Once I ventured to look out. There, in an open carriage, sat the gallant old man. His countenance wore an expression of calm but stern determination ; his head was uncovered, and his gray hairs waved in the wind. Misfortune had ennobled him, and I, the proud descendant of Norman conquerors, quailed beneath the eye of that injured plebeian—but it was too late. I threw myself back for one moment, murmured an ejaculation that did not dare to be a prayer : again I seized my pistol—a few more desperate plunges forward—in vain !—the pursuer’s horses breathe upon me—I see the glowing nostrils of the leader pass the window. All my lost firmness came back. I took deliberate aim, and, waiting for the swerve—I fired. A shriek and a heavy noise, and a wild cheer from my men, told the work was done ! On we sped, another mile, and we cross the river. One more bound, and we charge the little hill up to the Inn door. The next moment the carriage stopped, and one of our horses fell to rise no more. Still not a moment was to be lost. I had fresh horses there ; but a moment, and I had carried poor Helen into the large dreary drawing-room that

has seen so many a similar scene. The godless rite was soon over, and in a few moments we were again dashing along to Portpatrick.

"Enough to say we heard no more of the pursuit—would to God we had! That night we embarked on board a fishing-smack, the wind being favourable, and the steamer gone. A few days in the beautiful seclusion of Glenarm restored my poor Helen to strength, but her bright happy look was gone for ever. One evening we were wandering together along the shore, when I heard a distant gallop on the rocky road. I had despatched one of my servants with a letter to Helen's—to *our* father. I thought the arrival might be my servant, and as my wife knew nothing of my message, I left her to await my return. I walked slowly from her sight, and then flew to meet my messenger.

"The old man was no more. The evening breeze, that played with his daughter's hair, was scattering the autumnal leaves over *his* deserted grave. She had been all in all to his old heart, and her's was now the loss that never can be repaired. O'Neil! we may pour out our very souls in passion, but when did a lover's ever atone for a lost father's love?

"The old man had survived his accident but a few hours; while his gray, crushed head was being bound up by hireling hands, he had traced a few lines in a trembling hand. They ran thus:—

"*"Somerville, my last words shall be of pardon—that pardon I am about to stand in need of. Tell my child, my last breath blessed her—blessed you both. In justice to myself, I tell you (but do not you tell her, for, after all, she has a gentle heart!) that, after our last interview, I thought you had obeyed my cruel order to see her no more: it was cruel, Somerville; but I had grown old in a hope I then saw suddenly broken—the hope, that I was entirely loved and trusted by my poor child. I had no other hope! I felt, too late, that I had spoken rashly for my daughter's happiness. I wrote the enclosed note of forgiveness to you. It would have been yours to-day, but the news of her desertion reached me before I sent it. Then, God forgive me, I was roused. I said, 'he shall not have my child, but he shall have my curse and shame!' I can write no more. Would that you were here, that I might —"*

"Here the trembling hand had failed. I cannot now tell you more. You asked for my advice: you have my answer."

So saying, he rose, and left the room. O'Neil strode hurriedly up and down for a few moments, looked with moistened eyes after his friend, and then flung himself in the easy-chair, exclaiming,

"Poor Somerville! no wonder he is sometimes moody! I wonder what became of his wife—for that's the point of his history, if it has one, that Annie Morton might become like her. *This* is plain enough, however,—that he advises me not to run away with her, and may the devil run away with *me* if I don't!—that's plain enough, too, I think. Waiter! another bottle of claret!"

## ECHOES FROM THE BACKWOODS.

BY CAPTAIN LEVINGE.

## CHAP. IX.

"I have seen a fellow reckoned a great adept in *gouging* who constantly kept the nails of both his thumbs and second fingers very long and pointed, nay, to prevent their breaking and splitting in the execution of his diabolical intentions, he hardened them every evening in a candle."—TRAVELS BY AN OFFICER.

Have you ever seen Buffalo?—Cranberries out of Season—Antidote against Travelling—Illness—High-pressure in a Stage—Davy Crockett—Economical dress for Jockies—Mesmerising Deer—Lynch Law—Captain Harris's *Soirée*—Possums—Red Rivers—Six Feet and a half.

TELL a Yankee that London is a large place, he will say, "Stranger, I guess you've never seen Buffalo?"

This said Buffalo is the capital of the West, through which the great stream of emigration passes; it was burnt by us during the late war, but rose quickly from its ashes, and is appropriately termed by the Americans "a great business place." Dollars were in every one's mouth, whether they were in their pockets or not. It is the emporium from whence start the numerous magnificent steamers which navigate Lakes Erie, Huron, and Michigan, in one of which we embarked, to cross the first of these lakes to Cleveland, in the state of Ohio, the boat touching at Erie, Ashtabula, and other towns *en route*. The passengers were, for the most part, of the lowest order, emigrating to the far west. The boat was crowded; and though there was a second price, before we had left Buffalo three hours all distinction was at an end. We had not been out long before it came on to blow right ahead. The whole of the company, with the exception of ourselves and perhaps half-a-dozen others, were sick, and it was evident, from certain numerous red deposits on the deck, that cranberries were in season, and very plentiful in the Buffalo market. It was the third day, owing to a contrary wind, before we could make Cleveland, and during the whole of that time they did not wash or clean the decks; and of all detestable conveyances, a steamer with a republican sea-sick company is most to be eschewed, they having no respect for themselves or their neighbours, distributing their favours over themselves and each other indiscriminately. One man begged me to ask my friend, who was smoking, to *lend* him his cigar; he said that he would not keep it long; he merely wanted a few puffs, as he felt very squeamish; and that if I "could borrow it for him, it might prevent his being sick." I had lent my eau-de-Cologne bottle to a young lady who was dreadfully ill; her brother, on returning it in the morning, begged to remunerate me for as much of it as had been used!

There were a number of Kentucky men on board; they were dressed in blanket coats of green, crimson, and all colours. They were perched up on one of the paddle-boxes, eating cabbage swimming in vinegar, lumps of which they were thrusting down their capacious throats with their bowie-knives, assisted by an occasional shove from their huge forefingers, cursing and swearing between each mouthful. They had a



number of tumblers of gin-sling, cocktail, &c., before them, the effects of which were soon apparent in a general row ; till the conductor of the boat was obliged to interfere. We were rejoiced to land in Ohio, and get clear of such accumulated horrors. Forty miles, the distance between Lake Erie and Wellsville, (where we struck the Ohio,) we accomplished in twenty-nine hours, passing by Pittsfield, the Birmingham of the United States. The road was vile ; we were often obliged to turn out all hands, and support the top of the stage, by holding rails against it to prevent its capsizing. At last it fairly broke down ; upon which the driver pulled a couple of long stakes out of the fence, and placed them across the axle-tree, to support the body of the coach. This he did so systematically, that it was evidently an every-day occurrence. To our dismay, a woman got in at Rome (one of the numerous towns of that name consisting of about four houses), who stated, by way of introduction, that "she was troubled with wind upon her stomach, and that *riding* in a coach always made her sea-sick." She was hardly seated, when she commenced roaring like a high-pressure steam-engine, until she was *relieved* by being exceedingly ill, and *we*, by the driver's quietly assisting her out, and leaving her to her fate by the road-side. When we reached Wellsville, we found the river low, and a most diminutive steamer took us down, until deeper water enabled us to change into a larger boat, which changes were repeated several times, till we arrived at Cincinnati. The scenery on the Ohio entitles it to the French appellation, "*la belle rivière*." The effect was at this time greatly heightened by the autumnal change in the foliage ; the tints of the sumachs, maples, and papaws, were most brilliant ; and this being our first autumn in America, we knew not sufficiently how to admire them. A man told me, that a white willow transplanted became weeping ; he "guessed" we had nothing like *that* in the old country. He then proceeded "to guess" that we came from the north, as we were "almighty healthy-looking."

We found them at Cincinnati, complaining that they had had a "dreadfully dull season."

This, which we imagined might relate to a paucity of amusements or even a want of briskness in trade, we found to relate solely to hogs. "No quantity had been killed ;" they hoped the following season would be better, and contrasted it gloomily with the last, "when the streets had run rivers of blood." Mrs. Trollope's Bazaar they call Trollope's Folly, and seem to hold her in especial detestation.

The steamers on the Ohio and Mississippi have all high-pressure engines. The reason given is, that the water of the Mississippi is so muddy that the deposit in the boiler would choke them up ; certainly the escape valve vomits forth a stream of mud mixed with the steam. The largest vessels are well fitted up ; some have three tiers of decks, one above the other, they are all constructed with large overhanging guards, which gives great deck room. Accidents are frequent from all the passengers rushing to one side at the landing places, and the boilers, often to the number of ten or twelve, being placed horizontally, the water rushes from one to the other, and they collapse, on which occasions some ten or twenty persons are generally either burnt or scalded to death. The furnaces are open to the front and the great draught made by moving so rapidly through the air causes them to burn brilliantly ; when racing with other boats,

they will burn tar-barrels. As for gambling and drinking, it exceeded all belief, and the consumption of gin-sling and mint-juleps was enormous.

Races were going on at Louisville, the capital of Kentucky. The Kentuckians, with Davy Crocket at their head, are a sporting race, and are in general fine-looking fellows, good shots, and, *par excellence*, the roughest of all the inhabitants of the United States.

Every thing here is Davy Crockett. He was member of Congress. His voice was so rough it could not be described—it was obliged to be drawn as a picture. He took hail-stones for “Life Pills” when he was unwell—he picked his teeth with a pitch-fork—combed his hair with a rake—fanned himself with a hurricane, wore a cast-iron shirt, and drank nothing but kreosote and aquafortis. Almanacs bear his name, and he snored so loud that he was obliged to sleep at a house in the next street for fear of waking himself. He had a farm, which was so rocky, that when they planted the corn they were obliged to shoot the grains into the crevices of the rocks with muskets; and, on another part of his property, the stones were so thick that the ducks couldn’t get their bills between them to pick up the grasshoppers; in short, he was a devil of a fellow. He could whip his weight in wild cats—drink the Mississippi dry—shoot six cord of bear in one day—and, as his countrymen say of themselves, he could jump higher, dive deeper, and come up dryer than any one else. Then he could slide down the slippery end of a rainbow, and was half-horse, half-alligator, and a bit of a snapping turtle. Even his domestic animals were the most cunning in the world, and he possessed a cat which, having lost her kittens, was so “cute” that she was observed moaning for several days at the door of a *sausage maker’s*.

I whip my weight in wild cats,  
I eat an alligator,  
And tear up more ground  
Dan kivers fifty load of tater.

I sit upon a hornet’s nest,  
I dance upon my head,  
I tie a viper round my neck  
And den I goes to bed.

On awaking the morning after our arrival at Louisville, a great noise attracted us to the window; half the street had disappeared; numbers of oxen were carrying off the houses bodily; some fifteen or twenty being harnessed to a house, the passage of which was facilitated by rollers placed at intervals.

Like the Virginians, the Kentuckians are extensive breeders of horses, and take great trouble, sparing no expense, to improve the breed. The race-course was enclosed with railings, so that the horses could not bolt, but were obliged to run round in a circle as at Astleys. The jockeys who bestrode them were most diminutive negro boys. The economy of their dress was delightful: white drawers tied round their bare legs a little below the knee, leaving the little black legs naked; at a short distance, it had the appearance of boots and breeches. As the horses ran away from the start, it was a fair runaway match, and the boy who rode the winner, came in well upon the horse’s neck; the ears of the horse alone, to all appearance, preventing the boy’s being dragged over its

head. The Kentuckians are capital rifle shots, and will usually hit a squirrel in the eye at sixty yards; the barrels of their rifles are very long, and the bore remarkably small, but so heavy that it prevents any recoil. They shoot deer at night, taking with them a pan of charcoal, which they carry through the woods; this, they say, does not alarm the deer, but on the contrary, has the effect of fascinating the animal, the eyes of which appear to the hunter like two balls of fire; a good marksman (his sight being assisted by a line of chalk, drawn down the barrel of the rifle, as a guide at night) shoots him exactly between the eyes.

We followed the Ohio, to its junction with the Mississippi, having built many castles in the air as to the meeting of these two mighty rivers, we were (as is usually the case) extremely disappointed. We glided quite imperceptibly into *the Father of the Waters*,\* whose lazy muddy flood is lost for nearly two miles in the stronger and beautiful green stream of the Ohio, which drives the Mississippi quite to one side. Here we passed many large steamers, on their voyage up to St. Louis on the Missouri—as the course of this latter is much longer than the Mississippi before their junction, it should have been the prevailing name, and as far as the entrance of the Mississippi into the Gulf of Mexico. However, custom will have *her* way; the continent is called America, and not Columbia, and so the Mississippi will ever be the name of this mightiest of rivers, though the Missouri, which is muddy from its source in the Rocky Mountains, discolours both rivers till they are lost together in the same gulf.

And now commenced that tiresome voyage so often described;—snags, sawyers, running aground;—then all the contrivances for getting afloat again. We were soon weary of it. For days the scenery was unvaried. The country on either side a dead flat, covered with masses of gigantic forest, excepting where the growth of white poplar of different heights, one above another, indicated, like a flight of steps, the constant shifting of the river, and the formation of its deposits. It is this perpetual change which renders the navigation so difficult and uncertain, and the pilots unable to guard against running aground. The Rhine, from Strasbourg to Carlsruhe, and the Danube, from Volk to Vienna, are affected in the same way, and have much the appearance of the Mississippi. As we advanced towards the south, the vegetation daily changed. Where swamps existed in the opening of the forests, the trees were covered with long pendant mosses, which are dried and used to stuff mattresses. On examination, a long hair is found in each fibre. Peccan trees, bearing delicious nuts, many kinds of bay, evergreen oaks, cypress, lauristinus, magnolia grandiflora, palma christi, &c. &c., took the place of forest trees.

Once a day we stopped “to wood,” in which operation the deck passengers were expected to assist; the squalid appearance of the wretched squatters who make the provision of wood has often been described; in one place we came on a set of people strangely out of character with the surrounding scene,—a set of actors rehearsing in a cane brake, hard by the water’s edge. They had embarked at Pittsville on the Ohio, and were acting their way down to New Orleans. Luckily there were but few passengers on board, who after having asked every question they could think of, left us in peace for their cards and dram drinking. I was

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\* Indian name for the Mississippi.



writing a letter in the cabin, when the steward of the boat came behind me and began reading over my shoulder; I suspected what he was about, and having somewhere heard or read (in Joe Miller, perhaps) of a like case, I wrote, "I cannot add more, for a carrotty-headed rascal is looking over my shoulder." He took the hint, and filling one cheek with tobacco, went off whistling "Yankee Doodle."\* The only instance of any thing approaching to a hill, was at Natchez and Randolph, both situated upon bluffs of land, and these were not of any considerable height. The former had been the head-quarters of a notorious set of gamblers and scoundrels. It was a common practice to put lights in the windows, and to begin music and dancing when the steamers came alongside. The passengers were attracted by the sounds and went on shore to see the fun. The captain of the steamer (being a party to the thing) rang the bell of the steamer as a signal for departure; the passengers rushed down to the boat, and fell over ropes stretched across their path to trip them up, when they were set upon and robbed.

At Randolph we found the captain of a steamer on his trial for conniving at the escape of a slave. The court was held in a sort of bar for selling liquors; the judge was in his shirt-sleeves, covered with the flue of cotton, the picking of which he had evidently just left, and the accused was balancing himself on the hind legs of his chair, with his feet elevated against the wall, and smoking a cigar. The departure of the boat obliged us to leave the prisoner, uncertain of his fate, whether to justice or Lynch law we never learnt; most probably the latter, which is performed by covering the unfortunate individual with tar and then rolling him in cotton. He is put across a rail and carried about; hence the expression frequent in these parts, "I guess he'll ride a rail." Bad as all this is, we must recollect that in a society composed of a set of ruffians, the very outcasts of the world, who have been driven first from Europe, and then from all the more civilised parts of America, to these far distant parts beyond the pale of civilisation and laws, it is well that even a code of this sort should exist. Lynch law exists, though on a *milder* scale, on this side the Atlantic. In 1833, whilst the Coercion Act was in force for the county of Kilkenny, military officers were made magistrates in the disturbed districts, in one of which was included the town of Ballyraggett. A cur-dog, one of a numerous breed inhabiting that place, excited the irritability of a gallant officer invested with the power of preserving the peace; by "ill-using or otherwise maltreating" his favourite spaniel. The cur was discovered next morning so heavily logged that he was regularly anchored to the ground. His master, on seeing his dog in *durance vile*, enlisted a numerous gang of the Ballyragget *fair* in his cur's behalf, who, watching their opportunity, sallied forth *en masse* on the unfortunate captain and his subaltern whilst they were on a fishing excursion, and, by main force, quickly denuded them of every stitch of clothing, leaving them to hide their nakedness in the wavy bullrushes until night favoured their escape.

Some good stories we heard were illustrative of high life in Kentucky. A man who had feasted his eyes upon a fair lady's graceful form, and followed her through the mazy dance, at last ejaculated, with great emphasis, "By Jams, that gal's worth spoons, so I guess I'll dance with

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\* "'Yankee Doodle' is the tune Americans delight in."

her." On the conclusion of the set, the *gentleman's* self-introduction ran as follows:—"Miss, will you dance with *me*?" On the young lady's declining, he exclaimed, "Well, you're not so handsome but what you *might*, and if you have got a friend or a brother in the room, I'll whip him by ——!" And at another ball—which had gone on with great spirit up to a certain time of the night—and fair partners and mint-juleps had had their effect upon the disciples of Davy Crocket—the host suddenly rushed in amongst the dancers, exclaiming, "Gentlemen, the ball is broke—Captain Harris has kissed my wife." Of course a general commotion took place—and soft speeches were foregone for hurried draughts of cocktails, slings, &c., as a general search took place for muffs, boas, and tippets, and all bethought of taking themselves off, when the injured husband as suddenly made his reappearance, and taking up a position in the midst of the room, called out, "the ball may go on again—Captain Harris has behaved like a gentleman; he has given me *ample* satisfaction—By ——, he has given me five dollars."

We were told of a man being seen writhing on the ground as if he was in convulsions, the while thrusting his thumbs furiously into the sand—on being asked what he was about, replied, "he was *practising* gouging."

They all carry knives, generally *Arkansas' toothpicks*. The blades being longer than the handles allow only three parts to be shut into it; over the point a scabbard is used, which, when in expectation of a row, they take off, and begin picking their teeth with the point preparatory to opening the full length of the blade, which is only resorted to should the row become a general one.

The following is a specimen of their mode of proceeding upon entering a steamer, particularly should it be crowded, and the chance of getting a berth doubtful, they take out their knife and place it on one, exclaiming, "Hell! that is my berth;" as much as to say, they are ready to fight for it—but should any one happen to have a pistol, and allow the possessor of the knife to see the superior weapon, he will immediately give in, pocket his knife and withdraw his claim, as he considers the other the better armed, and, in consequence, the better man. The old saying, that "might is right," is, on the Mississippi, fully exemplified, and this is the excuse for Lynch law. We landed at an island below the mouth of the Red river, to wait the arrival of a boat coming up from New Orleans. The only accommodation was a log hut, put together like the mountain chalets of Switzerland; and when inside, the seeing the light through the round logs had just the effect of being in a cage. We accompanied our host to hunt for our supper, or rather for opossums, the only food forthcoming, excepting squirrels and some coarse cakes of Indian corn. The night was very bright, and the chase most successful. We found them by means of dogs; when discovered, they immediately sham dead. '*Possuming*' is become an idiom; a term signifying any one who is humbugging or deceiving. Their habits have often been described, but I do not know that I have ever met with any mention of one peculiarity belonging to them. If surprised in a tree they will suspend themselves straight down by the tail, which they wind round a branch, thus making themselves appear as part of the tree; sometimes they take the appearance of the mosses of the tree, in short, their power of adapting themselves to the situation they are found in is most extraordinary. When roasted they are not unlike a sucking pig—not bad either. Thousands of parroquets

were screaming through the woods : “ *Psittacus Carolinensis*,” the only one of the parrot tribe inhabiting North America. We had to keep watch by turns, through the night, expecting the boat every moment; at last, we heard her puffing and roaring—fancying she must be abreast of us, we were immediately bustling off; when the people in the hut told us we need not hurry, for she could not be up for three hours—and so it turned out, the night being calm, the noise of the broken-winded, high-pressure steam-engine, might be heard distinctly for ten miles; so winding is the course of the river, that although she could not be more than that distance off in a straight line, she was, in fact, nearly thirty miles distant; often a nick in the bank, followed by a flood, will make a new channel changing the old circuitous line, and thereby saving ten or twenty miles.

At daylight, we found ourselves in the Red river; a sullen, sluggish, red ochre-coloured stream; floods from the Rocky Mountains had caused it to overflow its banks, through somewhere about one hundred miles, which we ascended; which gave us the appearance of steering right through the forest; the effect was grand and novel; the stream was rapid; and the great red flood rushed through the trees which extended as far as the eye could reach. On every log or uncovered bank, lay numbers of alligators; we fired with our rifles at many of them, and although close to them, the ball had no effect, except in the instance of a very small one which a Yankee killed. They seldom prove the attacking party, but such instances have occurred; it is said, that the best means of escape is, for the attacked to get to a tree, and run constantly round it. The alligator cannot turn quickly, all their strength, when on land, is in the tail, with which they sweep their prey into their mouths; from their extreme length they can only move in an angular direction, and find it impossible to turn quickly enough to catch a man describing a small circle round a tree.

Quantities of the beautiful egret, or lesser egret, together with rose-coloured spoonbills, also appeared on the banks. The junction of the Red and Black rivers was rather curious, for they literally were of the colours their names indicated; black and red eddies forced their way through each other alternately, retaining their colours unchanged. The Red river is the high way to Texas, but the navigation is stopped some sixty miles above its union with the Mississippi by an enormous raft of cedar, which having drifted down the river for centuries, lies in masses of huge trees, one over the other, and extends for many miles; the timber thus soaked is very valuable; they are desirous to move it, and skilful engineers have been consulted as to the best manner of doing so; our navigation was not easy on account of the flood, and the pilot ran us into the forest, when some of the machinery breaking we were to remain twenty-four hours to repair it.

When making my toilet next morning, I found a man at work with my comb, which I had laid down for a moment; I asked him why he made use of it, as he had one of his own which I had seen him use? “I wanted to try it,” said he, “for I guess it looked almighty handsome.” His own was a pocket arrangement, consisting of a looking-glass, comb, and brush, *multum in parvo*, the whole contained in a case about the size of a large plumb.

The Americans have been greatly censured, and justly, for the abomi-



nable practice of spitting, but it is to be encountered to quite as great an extent in the steamers down the Danube and in most parts of Austria and on the Rhine; and, indeed, though a Frenchman has a certain civility of *manner*, any one who has ever travelled with the *Commis Voyageur* of *La Jeune France* to be met with in public conveyances, will bear witness to a sort of sneering rudeness under the cloak of politeness, more difficult to bear with, than any thing I ever witnessed in America. Both nations are suspected of jealousy of England. It is probable that this bad spirit amongst the Americans, is mainly to be attributed to the number of travellers which have held them up to ridicule; they complain, and with some justice, that the Englishman, thrown in the public boat and carriage with a description of persons he is unaccustomed to associate at home, has mistaken too frequently the manners of *a class* for that of the nation.\* That good manners do exist in America, there can be no doubt, but they are rather to be met with in the retirement of private life than in the bustling scenes of commercial activity. When thrown into collision with manners which are extraordinary and even disgusting, there is nothing for it but to take all with good-humour; with that determination we had started and found amusement instead of annoyance in every strange associate—and of the extraordinary “lengths” to which they will proceed the following anecdote will prove. I had heard that a brother officer of mine, than whom no one was fonder of a joke, and whose dimensions were some nine and a half inches above the “average height of man,” had actually been *measured* by a Yankee. I wrote to him to inquire the truth, and received the following, which I give *verbatim*:

“The story you want is as follows. Scene, Lockport. I was standing, as most Englishmen do, with my back to the stove one cruel cold morning in October. I observed a Yankee eyeing me from head to foot, which he continued to do for some minutes without having come, as I could see, to any satisfactory conclusion. At length he got up from his seat, pulled a two-foot rule out of his pocket, and proceeded to measure me. When he had done he looked me in the face.

“‘I guess, mister, you’re just six feet five and a half?’

“I kept my temper, but remarked he was a d—d cool fellow.

“‘And pray, Mr. Britisher, what is the meaning of cool?’

“I was done, and burst out laughing.”

## CHAP. X.

“Old mammy Dinah, what you got for supper?

Cold fish and clams, and a little yolly butter.”

NIGGER SONG—*Air*, “*Jim Crow*.”

Slave Chase—Departure for the Prairies—Advantages of a Corduroy Road—Woodpeckers—How Alligators like “Chicken-fixens,” and how we had to put up with “Common Doings”—’Possumming—Atchafalaya—Mississippi—New Orleans—Triumphs—Battle Ground—St. Rosa Sound—Independent Post—Railway Improvements.

It was Sunday when we reached Alexandria; all the shops were open.

\* What Miss Edgeworth justly calls “the common error of travellers, the deducing general conclusions from a few particular cases, or arguing from exceptions as if they were rules.”

An attempt had been made to establish a church, but the inhabitants broke the windows and drove the clergyman out of the place. In the evening a number of men turned out to chase an unfortunate slave who was suspected of having stolen a horse: they fired several shots at him, and at last he was knocked down by a blow from the butt-end of a rifle; we saw him dragged off, probably to endure some greater species of cruelty. The inhabitants of Alexandria are chiefly gamblers, or cunning speculators, a nest of incarnate devils who live by cheating the latest comers, and, whenever possible, each other.

The ruffians who composed the invading army to Texas, were at this time passing up the Red River. Sundry hints were given to us, that the reality of our being British officers travelling for amusement was questioned, and that we were suspected of being spies. In consequence, we abandoned a hunting expedition already planned—took the hint, and prepared to cross the prairies of Louisiana towards New Orleans. Two wretched horses and a mule made their appearance for the journey—as for saddles, they were fac-similes of those upon which Hogarth has represented Sir Hudibras, or that which the brazen statue of his majesty George III. bestrides at the bottom of Pall Mall; and the whole turn out, although not suited to a cover side in High Leicestershire, was well adapted to cross the prairies of Louisiana so intersected with corduroy roads and swamps that the county Longford horses, said to be web-footed, might be introduced with great advantage: once underweigh, however, they proceeded very well, with the exception of the mule, which kicked incessantly from the time of starting until we reached the first corduroy road, when the logs turning round at every step obliged him to place his fore-feet so carefully, that he was effectually prevented from elevating his hinder ones, and his rider taking advantage of such an opportunity, gave him so sound a drubbing, that he condescended to forget his tricks and turned out a most useful animal during the rest of the journey.

The first day's route lay through "the Bush." Large plantations of cotton were growing amongst dead and blanched timbers, killed by the process of "girdling," i. e. cutting a deep niche round the tree of sufficient depth to check the upward flow of the sap, when the destruction of the foliage which ensues sufficiently secures the admission of light and air to the cotton, which flourishes amidst these gigantic skeletons which remain standing until destroyed by fire, storm, or age. Amidst these trees the hammering of the "ivory-billed" and "pilliated woodpecker," the most noble of their tribe, was incessant, and their splendid scarlet and carmine crests gleamed in the sunshine.

We halted for the night at a wretched shanty, on one of the great Bayous. The people had the ague, and their whole conversation was about the quantity of hog's flesh that they (the American settlers) gave their negroes—to the disparagement of those fed by the French part of the population; whose were not either so fat, or so sleek, in consequence of not being treated with corresponding luxury. They apologised for giving us a bad supper, as an alligator had that morning carried off the last of their pigs; we were, therefore, obliged to content ourselves with "common doings," instead of "chicken fixens." The southern mode of expressing the difference between an *en famille* manner of feeding and the preparation for a guest. There was but one bed in the house, and

upon it we all three stretched ourselves to enjoy as much sleep as is to be obtained where fleas and vermin swarm ; unluckily for the one who took up his berth in the middle, his legs were encased in a pair of Tartan trousers, a perfect flea-trap and fine cover for the whole of the biting tribe. But we had no cause to exult in their choice, for the unfortunate's maledictions and scratching lasted until the daylight reminded us that it was time to get under-weight.

Americans have no sort of objection to sleeping in the plural number—a habit so repugnant to an Englishman's ideas ;\* and, unless a very sharp look-out is kept, and the door locked, the waiters will to a certainty, show a bed-fellow to your room ; should the house be full.—A proceeding not to be submitted to, and Jonathan, dreadfully disgusted, goes off, swearing at the "Britisher's" pride. Even in our own provinces the same annoyance occurs. Once when driving my sleigh on a journey through one of them, I had halted for the night, and fearing from the numbers of people and the scarcity of beds, that some attempt might be made upon mine, I took the precaution to have my bed made on the floor with my buffalo-skins. It had not long been completed, however, before I heard a fellow contemplating the snugness of its appearance, and with the greatest *sang froid* thus soliloquising : " I guess I'll turn in with that chap ; that bed looks almighty comfortable." I soon undeceived him in his pleasant anticipation, on which he called out to a friend in an adjoining closet, " Well then, I guess, I'll turn in to you, we've often slept together before." They both held high situations in the province.

During the greater part of the following day our road lay through forests of magnolias in full flower, with an underbrush of roses. The perfume was overpowering, but was occasionally relieved by passing over sandy hillocks, covered with pitch-pine emitting an aromatic fragrance in agreeable contrast with the sickliness of the magnolia. More than once a red deer started across our path followed by a Cherokee Indian upon whose hunting-grounds we then were. We stopped to talk to one, a magnificent fellow, dressed in a hunting shirt, embroidered with porcupine's quills and scarlet leggings. He was one of the last of his tribe, which had been driven gradually before progressing civilisation from one hunting-ground to another, till he and a few others were the sole remnants of what had once been a mighty nation.

By degrees the glades opened into vistas ; and, at last, we debouched completely on to the prairies, which stretched away to the Gulf of Mexico. The view of them was most striking. The mid-day sun shone upon the grass agitated by the wind, which gave it the appearance of a vast ocean, bounded only by the horizon. A track along the prairie, made by the herds of oxen driven to the New Orleans' market, was the only indication of a road ; other tracks, crossing at intervals, perplexed and rendered us often uncertain of our path. The shepherds, who are mounted, carry long sticks, retain traces of Spanish blood, and are a picturesque addition to the scene. They are like the pastores, who drive cattle over the Campagna di Roma. .

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\* Ever since the days of Tony Lumpkin, who discovered to the world and his companions that the only spare bed at the "Pigeons," was "taken up by three lodgers already."



At Opelusas we gave up our brutes to a sort of postmaster, and in a cariole, made an expedition to the Bayou Teche, in search of a steamer to New Orleans. We found one with all her machinery out of order, and that line abandoned in consequence, it ended in our being obliged to go on to Fayetteville in the cariole across the prairies, but along a more beaten track than hitherto passed over. When driving rapidly down a dry water-course, we came suddenly upon an opossum, and surprised him before he had time to get out of our way; he instantly shammed dead, and although he was chuck'd into the cariole *sans ceremonie*, neither the jerk, the motion of the vehicle (which, when passing over corduroy is indescribable), nor any hints or persuasions we could add, induced him to show any symptoms of life. After dusk, the navigation of the prairies became difficult, and various will-o'-the-wisps acted as perplexing beacons. The next day, owing to the stupidity of our guide, and after crossing prairies, thick woods, not to mention rivers and lakes, we were too late for the only steamer descending the Bayou Atchafalaya; as this boat conveyed cattle to the New Orleans' market once a week, we had no remedy but to put up at a log hut on the Bayou, where, after much bargaining and persuasion, we at last succeeded in inducing a negro to take us down in his canoe. The rest of the evening was employed in making paddles. At night, a terrific thunder-storm came on, and owing to the construction of the hut—each large log crossing at the corners; the spaces between were as great as the logs themselves; a most airy domicile—the lightning was the most vivid I ever saw, and when lying in bed, we saw for many seconds, quite distinctly, every object in the hut.

By means of the negro, and our own exertions, we reached the landing place—a distance of sixty miles. The Atchafalaya resembled the Red River, and is, in fact, an overflow from it. Alligators, and alligator gars—a disgusting-looking fish with a head in resemblance between that of a pike and an alligator, and having a body ten or twelve feet long—were in vast numbers. Their horrid, nauseous, slimy-looking heads and backs were perceptible over the water, but slowly disappeared on our approach. The flood from the Red River was so strong, that, for the greater part of the way, all trace of the legitimate course of the stream was obliterated, and the wall of trees on either side, festooned by creepers of the most brilliant hues, alone marked the original river through which we paddled, greatly excited by the tropical nature of the scene.

“ ————— at length we came  
Where the great river, amid shoals and banks  
And islands, growth of its own gathering spoils,  
Through many a branching channel, wide and full,  
Rushed to the main ————— !”

By night, we had reached the landing-place, and got excellent coffee at a French settlement below Baton Rouge, and about one hundred miles above New Orleans; we waited for a steamer to descend the Mississippi; there was plenty of opportunities for billiard-players, every second house containing a table. A mammoth steamer, towards evening, came groaning and puffing down the river, so loaded with bales of cotton to the water's edge, that nothing but her chimneys could be discerned; she looked at a distance, like a monster snail; the number of bales they carry is almost incredible, and the passages to the cabins are left like steps in the packing

of the bales. The clearances on both sides became more extensive and occurred oftener. Sugar plantations appeared on either side, and the live oak, the timber of which is so heavy that it sinks in the water. The American men-of-war are built with it, and so sensible are they of its value that they make large plantations of it. As we arrived at New Orleans, we saw several steamers filled with adventurers, who were going up the Red River to join the expedition against Texas. Like the Rhine in Holland, the Mississippi is damned up, above the level of the city, and we looked down upon it from our steamer.

It is, perhaps, the most demoralised place in the world ; there are whole streets of houses of more than doubtful reputation, alternately with hells and billiard-rooms. They are open to the street, a crimson curtain being the only separation from it ; nymphs lie upon sofas much in the undress in which Canova has represented Pauline Borghese. The Quadroon women are exceedingly beautiful, with well-formed hands and feet, and exquisite figures. The French print of "Esmeralda giving water to Quasimodo," gives a better idea of a beautiful Quadroon than any thing I know.

The eating at the best hotels, and the venison in particular, (with which they eat preserved cranberries), is excellent. At the *table-d'hôte* on the ringing of a small bell a crowd of negroes rush in and sweep every thing off the table, and on a repetition of it a second course appears, quite as quickly as the first disappeared. It was September when we were there, and the heat was tremendous. The yellow fever raged ; we took advice and went every evening before sun-down by the railway to sleep at an hotel on Lake Point Chartrain. Our evening's amusement was generally strolling into the negro balls. The pictures of Black Life in Philadelphia admirably portray the scenes we saw. "Bruder Brutus's" lub whose heart is made to "tump about" by "the elligum Venus in the trousers,"—such trousers, too—sorts of fringy arrangements like pillow-cases fastened on below their knees, and called "Pantinetts ;" further, "Philip Augustus" requests that his card may be left for "Miss Dinah" who is "particular engaged in washing de dishes," and the production of *black* when *flesh coloured* stockings are demanded by a sable fair, are no exaggerations. They are in general Roman Catholics, and offer their devotions to a black Virgin Mary. The Madonna de Loretto, by the way, is black.

We visited the site of the Battle of New Orleans, the tree (an Ilex) is still standing near which Pakenham was killed, and part of the ditch dug by the Americans remains undisturbed. The ramparts during the action were made with bales of cotton, materials perfectly bullet-proof ; from behind these the Kentucky riflemen four-deep took deliberate aim. The best shot firing, the remainder loading and passing up the rifles. Almost every shot told. The English lost the day for two reasons. First, instead of rushing at once upon the enemy, who were not in any force, and marching directly into New Orleans, they delayed and allowed them time to form in the above manner, giving time also, for a number of Kentucky riflemen to assemble for their relief. Secondly, instead of attacking them with the regiments fresh from the Peninsula, inexperienced troops led the attack. The 85th succeeded on the right bank of the river in gallant style. An officer of a light division regiment was so enraged at being only an idle spectator of the engagement that he ran at the ditch sword in hand, jumped over it, and amidst a shower of balls cut a Yankee down

and returned unscathed to his comrades. The society of New Orleans is composed of two rival factions, the French, and the American. They expected what they termed a "bloody season." The ball-room is the arena chosen for catching their enemies, when with "an Arkansas toothpick" or a "bowie knife" they pay off old scores.

It was night when we embarked in a steamer to cross Lake Pont Chartrain, and by next morning passed through the Rigoletts, a set of lagunes in which the land is gradually growing up from the bottom, and making land annually into the Gulf of Mexico. The whole of the Delta of the Mississippi, an immense tract of fifty or sixty miles, has evidently been so formed; we passed an American fort before entering into Lake Borque built on the mud in a "prairie" of bullrushes, extending in all directions as far as the eye could reach; a dreadful quarter to be doomed to, the abode of countless alligators, and loathsome reptiles of all sorts, to say nothing of the myriads of mosquitos which literally darkened the air; they were, together with cockroaches, on board our steamer, by hundreds, and swarmed in the berths. The only chance of obtaining any thing like quiet was by means of a cigar which for the time drove them off. It was through this amphibious country that our troops passed in boats to attack New Orleans.

A sea breeze next morning drove off the mosquitos for many hours; the paddles of the boat stirred up the mud and left a discoloured wake behind her. We passed Dog, Cat, Rabbit, Dolphin, and countless zoologically named islands, and entered Mobile Harbour, protected by a magnificent fort. The inhabitants of Mobile are hospitable and much to be liked. "The Southern" enjoy themselves and like to see their friends do so, they keep hounds and follow field sports; report adds that they will ask you a long price for a slave, but of this we had no opportunity of judging; but though unprovided with letters of introduction or of credit, one of the banking-houses discounted a bill; and altogether much kindness was received. From Mobile we embarked for Red Bluff, from thence by stage, travelling through the night to Pensacola, which we reached by noon next day. Once more in a steamer up Santa Rosa Sound, a long inlet of the sea divided from the Gulf of Mexico by banks of sand as white as the driven snow. It had the oddest effect under the burning sun, for it was difficult to divest oneself of the idea of its actually being snow.

Thence we were conveyed up a creek, in a boat, to a log hut, where we found the stage ready to take us across Georgia and part of Florida; a dreadful journey, night and day, to Augusta, in South Carolina. The road, called there a natural one, *i. e.*, when the track becomes impracticable, we were driven round trees, and through the bush, amongst enormous pitch-pines, magnolias, bays, laurels, and all the evergreen tribe. The fare to be obtained at most of the stopping places was wretched; we seldom got "chicken fixens," and the "common doings" were opossums and squirrels, with "hog and hominey"—*Anglicè*, bacon and ham, with a very good sort of cake made of Indian corn, looking like ground rice. We constantly saw pigs and turkeys devouring snakes, which swarmed in great varieties. On the Ocmulgee river the stage stopped at a limestone spring of excellent water. I stayed behind the rest of the party, in order to make some little ablutions, and when just



divested of some of my habiliments, I heard a noise like the grinding of a coffee-mill, and, looking back, was startled by the sight of a huge rattlesnake. The brute was just getting up his steam for a spring, and I had only time to make a precipitate retreat, which I did in double-quick time, without stopping to think of my appearance, to the great amusement of my fellow-passengers, before whom I arrived in considerable dishabille.

Early one morning, coming to a post-office, the driver hailed the postmaster. We heard the fellow muttering in bed, without giving any signs of rising. The driver lost his patience, cursed and swore, threw the letter-bag back into the boot, and drove off. This being the only mail on the road, and passing but once a week, the unfortunate inhabitants would be nearly a fortnight without their letters. So much for independence! We passed the Appallatachola, Ocmulgee, and other fine rivers; the tropical foliage hanging in festoons, feathered down to their margins till met by an upright fringe of canes, springing from a golden line of sand, and the whole blended by the sunlight of the Indian summer, and reflected in the water in a soft and hazy mass, inexpressibly beautiful. After six days and nights we arrived in Augusta, where it was a considerable relief to find a railway, however slow—120 miles were accomplished in twenty hours. There was only one track, and as the trains from Charleston were the favoured ones, we had either to wait at the stations until they passed, or put back to the last to allow them to pass. In parts this line passes through extensive cypress swamps; the difficulty of taking it through them was overcome, we were told, by the engineers cutting the live trees off to a level and laying the rails over them. Being dark, we were not able to see whether we were gulled; but if so, it was not a bad idea.

My chief recollections of Charleston are confined to an auction of slaves which we witnessed. A batch of unfortunate wretches (a family) were put up to auction in the market-place; their points facetiously descanted upon by the auctioneer. Exactly in the style of Tattersall's, they were finally "knocked down" separately to the highest bidder.

High in the air exposed, the slave is hung,  
To all the birds of heaven, their living food!  
He groans not, though awakened by that fierce sun  
New torturers live to drink their parent blood;  
He groans not, though the gorging vulture tears  
The quivering fibre. Hither look, O ye  
Who tore this man from peace and liberty!  
Look hither, ye who weigh with politic care  
The gain against the guilt! Beyond the grave  
There is another world! . . . bear ye in mind,  
Ere your decree proclaims to all mankind  
The gain is worth the guilt, that there the slave  
Before the Eternal, "Thunder-tongued shall plead  
Against the deep damnation of your deed."

SOUTHEY.

F I O N N :

AN IRISH ROMANCE,

By EDWARD KENEALY, Esq.

I.

LIGHTLY through the forest glancing, like an arrow sharp and fleet,  
Flies a doe of milk-white beauty, with black eyes and twinkling feet.  
O'er the glades that laugh in sunshine, through the dells that sleep in shade  
Darts the doe of milkwhite beauty like a little trembling maid.

II.

Quickly rose the mighty Fionn, and he called his faithful hounds  
Bran and Sgölan, and they hurried when they heard the well-known sounds  
Through the forest—through the forest in pursuit the monarch hies.  
While the milk-white doe of beauty still before him ever flies.

III.

The morning sun shone sweetly when the wond'rous chase began.  
The evening sun descended, yet still follow'd dogs and man,  
Through the many woodland windings, o'er the forest's grassy floor,  
While the milk-white doe of beauty was before them evermore.

IV.

Till they came to old Slieve Guillin the white doe before them flew,  
When they came to old Slieve Guillin, then she vanish'd from their view,  
East and west look'd mighty Fionn, north and south the monarch gazed,  
Sweet and broken was the baying by his sad hounds wildly raised.

V.

From the deep heart of a valley, by a silver-bosom'd lake,  
Strains of plaintive sorrow wander, and the forest echoes wake,  
Wild and mournful was the music as it struck the monarch's ears,  
And the voice to which he listen'd seem'd a voice of sobs and tears.

VI.

By the still and gentle waters where the weeping willows twined,  
He beheld a beauteous ladye on the lonely bank reclined,  
Her wild blue eyes were swollen with the big tears of despair,  
And adown her neck of lilies hung her long dishevelled hair.

VII.

Like the queenly cygnet sailing o'er the water's crystal breast,  
Like the rosy light of evening when the sun is in the west,  
Like a freezing star of brightness when the heavens are fair to see,  
Was the sad and beauteous ladye as she sang beneath the tree.

VIII.

“Oh say, thou beauteous ladye,” thus outspake the noble chief,  
“Whence comes thy great affliction? whence proceeds thy song of grief?  
Hast thou wander'd in this wild wood—hast thou wander'd from thy way? •  
Or can knightly succour aid thee, O enchanting ladye, say?”

IX.

Then outspake the lovely ladye smiling through her tears of woe,  
“Gentle chieftain, noble chieftain, since my sorrows thou would'st know,  
In the well of yonder lake there lies a jewel rich and rare,  
A ring of gold with diamonds set, which once my finger ware.

X.

“A ring of gold more dearly loved than I do love mine eyes,  
A ring which more than aught on earth my foolish wishes prize—  
Since rose the morning sunlight, I have wept the lake beside,  
Gazing like a maid distracted on its waters deep and wide.

XI.

“Gentle chieftain, valiant chieftain, wilt thou find my ring for me?  
Wilt thou dive beneath the crystal waves and search them curiously?”—  
Scarcely spake the beauteous lady, when the brave and noble king  
Plunged beneath the shining waters of the lake to find the ring.

## XII.

On the sands that beam'd like crystal lay the jewel glittering bright,  
And it shone as shines a golden star, or gleams the moon at night,  
Gladly seized the gem, the monarch; and he clutch'd it in his hand,  
Aloft above the sparkling wave, and swam towards the land.

## XIII.

Alas! alas! what languor seizes on the monarch's limbs,  
His brawny shoulders shrivel in the moment that he swims,  
He crawls into the valley green with footsteps faint and slow,  
His eyes are dim and glassy, and his hairs as white as snow.

## XIV.

Far away that lovely ladye hath departed, far away,  
And beside the magic waters sits the monarch old and gray\*  
Ah the cursed spell of sorcery! that fate like this should fall  
On Eri's noblest warrior, on her chief, the great Fingal.

## XV.

In the Hall of Spears at Alwin there is festal joy and mirth,  
The wine cup sparkles brightly; brightly shines the blazing hearth,  
Oh! where tarries mighty Fionn from the feast of cups and shells?  
Why stands his gold chair vacant while the harp's proud music swells?

## XVI.

Sadly rise his noble chieftains—to the wild wood forth they wend,  
Where the green and drooping willows with the lake's blue waters blend;  
In the valley bent and wither'd still the sorrowing king repines,  
Like a famish'd way-worn wanderer his weak limbs he reclines.

## XVII.

"O weak and weary wanderer!—Oh, hast thou seen to-day  
A mighty king with two fleet hounds come coursing by this way?  
A milk-white doe of beauty through these glens the monarch chased,  
And we follow in his footsteps o'er the lonely wooded waste."

## XVIII.

Deeply sigh'd the stricken monarch as he saw his chieftains bold,  
To their wondering ears his story with slow faltering tongue he told;  
Long they cursed the vile Enchantress, as their much loved king they bore  
On their well-bound golden bucklers to the Witch's cavern-door.

## XIX.

For three whole nights they labour'd till they burst the living tomb,  
For three whole days they labour'd till they pierced the deadly gloom;  
In the middle of the cavern'd rock upon her fiery throne  
They found the vile Enchantress sitting balefully alone.

## XX.

Loudly shrieked the vile Enchantress as the chieftains all rush'd in,  
With clanging sword and aspen spear and fiery javelin.  
From her throne of magic terror she descended, trembling, pale,  
Shivering like a frightened ghost that flies upon the northern gale.

## XXI.

Then she moved to mighty Fionn, bearing in her snowy hand  
A Cup of strange Enchantment, which he drank at her command;  
The spell pass'd off like darkness, and the monarch stood confess'd,  
In the light of all his beauty and his former splendour dress'd.

\* Miluachra and Aine, the two fair daughters of Guillin Cualgne, of the magic race of the Danaans, once saw and fell in love with Finn, the beauteous son of Comhall. Miluachra was jealous of her sister's charms, and hearing her one day take an oath that she would never marry any man whose hair was grey, she determined, if possible, to make this rash vow a bar to her union with Finn. She assembled her friends of the Tuatha-de-Danaans, and by the power of their enchantments they called forth a magic lake at the side of Slieve Guillin, which had the property of rendering any person grey-headed who should enter its waters. This done, she assumed the form of a beautiful doe, and appeared to Finn as above related; then followed the chase, which ended in the destruction of the enchantress's cave. The magical cup which restored Finn to his former shape, endowed him at the same time with additional wisdom and knowledge.



## THE PRIVATEER'S-MAN—

A TALE.

BY CAPTAIN MARRYAT, R.N.

BOOK THE SECOND.

CHAPTER THE SECOND.

I sail in the Sparrow Hawk for the coast of Africa—Am seized with Fever—  
Carried to Rio and sold as a Slave.

THE night passed away in attempts at analysing the real feelings of Miss Trevannion, and also my own towards her; and now that I was to be separated from her, I discovered what I really had not before imagined, that my future happiness was seriously endangered by my sentiments towards her: in short, dear madam, that I was most seriously in love.

“And then,” thought I, “of what avail is it to have made this discovery now, except it were to convince me, as Miss Trevannion had said, that it were better that I were gone.”

I did not fail to call to mind her observation about my unknown parentage and family, and this I reflected upon with pleasure, as it was the chief objection raised by her, and, at the same time, one that I could proudly remove, from my birth being really more distinguished than her own. Should I make it known? How could I?—we should, probably, never meet again. All this, and much more, was canvassed in my mind during the night, and also another question of more real importance, which was, what I was to do, and where was I to go? On this last point I could not make up my mind, but I determined that I would not leave Liverpool for a day or two, but would take up my quarters at my old lodgings, where I had lived with Captain Levee.

As the day dawned I rose from the bed, and taking my valise on my shoulder, I went softly down stairs, opened the street door, and shutting it again carefully, I hastened down the street as fast as I could. I met nobody; for it was still too early, and arrived at the lodging-house, where I had some trouble to obtain admittance; the old lady at last opening the door in great dishabille.

“Captain Elrington! is it possible,” exclaimed she, “why, what’s the matter?”

“Nothing, madam,” replied I, “but that I have come to take possession of your lodgings for a few days.”

“And welcome, sir,” replied she, “will you walk up stairs while I make myself more fit to be seen. I was in bed and fast asleep when you knocked; I do believe I was dreaming of my good friend Captain Levee.”

I went up stairs and threw myself on the old settee which was so familiar to me, and some how or another, in a few minutes I was in a sound sleep. How long I might have slept I cannot tell, but in less than an hour I was waked up by loud talking and laughter, and a few seconds afterwards found myself embraced by my brother Philip and Captain Levee. The Arrow had anchored at break of day, and they had just come on shore. I was delighted to see them, as every one is when he meets with friends when he is in distress. I briefly stated how it was that they found me there, and when breakfast was on the table, I entered into full details of what

had passed, with the exception of Miss Trevannion having entered my room—that I considered too sacred to repeat to any one.

“You know, my dear Elrington,” said Captain Levee, “that I have not the scruples which you have relative to privateering, but still I respect the conscientious scruples of others. There is no excuse for Mr. Trevannion’s conduct, and I cannot think but there is something else at the bottom of all this. You haven’t been making love to his daughter, or, what would amount to the same thing, she has not been making advances to you?”

“I have not dared the first, Levee, and you do not know her, to suppose her capable of the latter.”

“Well, if she had done so, there would have been no harm done,” replied he; but I will say no more as you look so grave. Philip and I will now call upon Mr. Trevannion, and, while I engage the old gentleman, Philip shall run alongside of the young maiden, and between the two we shall get our bearings and distance, and know how the land lies—and I will tell you more, Elrington, although I have no objection to be captain of a privateer, I certainly consider the command of a king’s ship more reputable, and if I could manage to get the *Arrow* hired into the king’s service, I still remaining in command of her, I should prefer it being so. At all events, I’ll side with you, and that will drive the old gentleman on a dead lee shore. Come along, Philip,—we shall be with you in two hours, Elrington,” with these words Captain Levee left the room, followed by my brother.

It was nearly three hours before they returned, and then I received the following narrative: Captain Levee, as he sat down, said, “Now, Philip, we’ll hear your account first.”

“Well, mine is soon told,” replied Philip, “I had made up my mind how to act, and did not tell Captain Levee what I intended to do. When Mr. Trevannion met us in the room behind the counting-house, he appeared very much flurried: he shook hands with Captain Levee, and offered me his hand, which I refused, saying, ‘Mr. Trevannion, I have just seen my brother, and I hardly need say that nothing will induce me to remain in your employ. I will, therefore, thank you for my wages at your convenience.’”

“‘Hey-dey, young man,’ cried he, ‘you give yourself strange airs. Well, sir, you shall have your discharge; I can do without such snip-jacks as you are.’”

“‘Snip-jacks! Mr. Trevannion,’ replied I, ‘if I must say it, we are better born and better bred than you or any of your connexions, and you were honoured by our service,’”

“You said that, Philip?—then you were wrong.”

“I told the truth.”

“Still you should not have said it; we took his service, and therefore——”

“We are not snip-jacks,” interrupted Philip, “and his calling names brought on the reply.”

“You must admit the provocation, Elrington,” said Captain Levee.

“Well, go on, Philip.”

“‘Indeed,’ said Mr. Trevannion, in a great passion; well, then, I will soon rid myself of the obligation. Call this afternoon, Master

Philip, and you shall receive your wages. You may now quit the room.'

"I did so, and put my hat a-cock to annoy him."

"So far his narrative is quite correct," said Captain Levee;—"now go on."

"Well," said Philip, instead of turning out of the house, I turned into it, and went to the young lady's sitting-room. I opened the door softly, and found her with her hand up to her head, looking very sedate and sorrowful. 'Master Philip,' said she, 'you startled me; I am glad to see you—when did you arrive?'

"This morning, Miss Trevannion."

"Well, sit down, and bear me company for a time. Have you seen your brother?'

"I have, Miss Trevannion,' replied I, still remaining on my feet, 'and I have just seen your father. I come now to bid you farewell. I have left the privateer, and shall never join her again; perhaps I may never see you again either, which, believe me, I am truly sorry for.'

"She covered her eyes with her hand, as she leant on the table, and I saw a tear fall as she said,

"It is a sad business altogether, and has distressed me very much,' said she. 'I hope your brother does not think that I blame him; tell him that I do not in the least, and that he must forget my behaviour to him when we parted. I did him injustice, and I beg his pardon. Tell him so, Philip.'

"Did she say those words, Philip?'

"Yes, word for word, and looked like an angel when she said so. I replied that I would certainly deliver her message, but that I must not remain, for fear of Mr. Trevannion finding me with her, as he ordered me to quit the house.

"Indeed,' said she, 'what can be the matter with my poor father?'

"Why, Miss Trevannion,' said I, 'he was very angry, and he had reason, for I was very saucy, and that's the truth.'

"Why, Philip, what did you say to him?'

"Oh, I hardly know,' replied I, 'but I know that I said more than I ought; for I was very angry at my brother's dismissal. Good bye, Miss Trevannion.'

"Miss Trevannion was taking a ring off her finger as I said good bye, and I thought she was going to give it me as a keepsake, but after a little hesitation, she put it on again, and then held out her hand, saying, 'Good bye, Master Philip, let us not part in anger, at all events.' I took her hand, bowed, and turned away to quit the room; when I was at the door I looked round, and she was sitting with her face in her hands, and I think she was weeping. I went out into the street and waited for Captain Levee, and there's an end of my story."

"Well, now I will give you my portion, Elrington:—as soon as Philip went out of the room, Mr. Trevannion said, 'That's a most impudent boy, and I am glad that he is gone. You are of course aware that his brother has left me, and the cause of our disagreement.'

"Yes, sir,' replied I, very drily, 'I have heard the whole particulars.'

"Did you ever hear of such ridiculous scruples?' said he.

"Yes, sir, I heard them before, and so did you, when he gave up the command of the privateer, and I respected them, because I knew that Mr.



Elrington was sincere. Indeed, his observations on that head are undeniably true, and have had great weight with me; so much so, that I intend to enter into the king's service as soon as I possibly can.'

"I wish you had seen the look of Mr. Trevannion when I said this—he was stupified. That I, Captain Levee, who had commanded his vessels so long—I, the very *beau ideal* of a privateer's man, a reckless, extravagant dare-devil, should also presume to have scruples, was too much for him. 'Et tu, Brute,' he might have exclaimed, but he did not; but he stared at me without speaking for some time; at last he said, 'Is the golden age arrived, or is this a conspiracy?'

"'Neither one nor the other, sir,' I replied, 'I follow privateering because I can do no better; but as soon as I can do better I shall leave it off.'

"'Perhaps,' said Mr. Trevannion, 'you would wish to resign the command at once. If so, I beg you will not make any ceremony.'

"'I have not wished to put you to any inconvenience, Mr. Trevannion,' replied I, 'but as you kindly beg me to use no ceremony, I will take advantage of your offer and resign the command of the Arrow this day.'"

"Surely, Levee, you have not done so?"

"Yes, I have," replied Captain Levee, "and I have done so, in the first place, out of friendship to you, and, in the second, because I wish to be employed in the king's service, and my only chance of obtaining that wish is doing what I have done."

"How will that effect your purpose?"

"Because the men have sailed so long with me, that they will not sail under any other person, if I tell them not. Mr. Trevannion will find himself in an awkward position, and I think we can force him to hire his vessel to government, who will gladly accept such a one as the Arrow."

"That I believe, if from her reputation alone," replied I. "Well, Levee, I thank you very much for this proof of sincere friendship. The plot thickens, and a few days will decide the question."

"Very true, and now let me finish my story. 'I am afraid,' said Mr. Trevannion, in a very sarcastic tone, 'that I shall not be able to find any one to replace you in this moral age, Captain Levee; but I will try.'

"'Sir,' I replied, 'I will now answer your sarcasm. There is some excuse for ignorant seamen before the mast, who enter on board of privateers: they are indifferent to blood and carnage, and their feelings are blunted—there is some excuse even for decayed gentlemen like me, Mr. Trevannion (for I am a gentleman born), who, to obtain a maintenance without labour risk their lives and shed their blood; but there is no excuse for those who, having already as much wealth and more than they can require, still furnish the means and equip vessels of this description to commit the destruction which they do, for the sake of gain. There is a sermon, sir, for you from a captain of a privateer, and I now wish you good morning.' I then got up and, making a profound bow, I quitted the room before Mr. Trevannion made any reply, and here I am. Now all we have to do is to wait quietly and see what takes place; but first, I shall go on board the Arrow and let them know that I have quarrelled with the owner. The men are not very well pleased as it is with their want of success these two last voyages, and it will require but little to blow up the discontent into a mutiny. Come, Philip, I shall want you to assist me. We shall be back to dinner, Elrington."

When I was again alone I had time to consider what had passed. What I chiefly dwelt upon was the interview between Philip and Miss Trevannion—her message to me—her hesitation—and keeping the ring. I could not help surmising that our feelings towards each other were reciprocal, and this idea gave me infinite delight and repaid me for all that had passed. Then my brother's hasty declaration to her father that we were better born and bred than he was, would certainly be repeated by him to his daughter, and must make an impression. And what would Mr. Trevannion do? Would he give way to the unanimous opinion against him? I feared not, at least without another struggle. All these questions occupied my thoughts till the return of Captain Levee and Philip from the privateer. They had well managed their business. The crew of the Arrow had come to an unanimous resolution that they would not sail with any other captain but Captain Levee, and that if he did resign the command of the vessel, as soon as their wages were paid, and they received their share of prize-money, they would leave and enter into the king's service.

That afternoon Mr. Trevannion sent for the officer next in command, to give him the command of the vessel, but as he went over the side, the men expecting that he was sent for, for that purpose, told him that they would serve under no one but Captain Levee, and that he might acquaint the owner with their determination. This put the finishing blow to Mr. Trevannion. As soon as this was communicated to him he was wild with rage in being thus thwarted in every way. As I afterwards was informed, he went also to his daughter, acquainted her with all that had passed, and gave vent to his indignation, accusing her of being a party in the conspiracy. But this was to be his last effort; the excitement had been too great, and after dinner he felt so unwell that he went to bed. The next morning he was in a raging fever, and at times delirious. The fever was so violent that the doctors had much to do to reduce it, and for ten days Mr. Trevannion was in great danger. At last it was got under, leaving him in a state of great weakness and exhaustion, and his recovery was any thing but rapid. Humphrey, the porter, had brought us this intelligence; as now there was no one to transact the business of the house, and the poor fellow did not know what to do, I desired him to apply to Miss Trevannion for directions, and told him that, although I would not enter the house, I would, if she wished it, see to the more important concerns which could not be neglected. She was then attending her father, and sent me a message, requesting, as a favour to her, that I would assist all I could in the dilemma. I consequently sent for the books, and gave orders, and made the necessary arrangements as I had done before I had been dismissed by Mr. Trevannion.

It was nearly five weeks before Mr. Trevannion had sufficiently recovered to mention any thing about business to him, and then it was that he learnt from his daughter that I had carried it on for him during his illness, and that every thing had gone on as well as if he had acted for himself. Although Miss Trevannion had not expressed a wish that I should call, she had sent Humphrey for my brother Philip, to let us know the dangerous state in which her father was, and after that Philip called every day, and was the bearer of messages to me. As her father re-

covered, she told Philip that he had expressed himself very strongly as to his conduct towards me, and had acknowledged that I was right in my scruples, and that he was astonished that he had not viewed privateering in the same light that I did. That he felt very grateful for my considerate and kind conduct in conducting the business during his illness, and that as soon as he was well enough he would call upon me, to beg my pardon for his conduct towards me. Miss Trevannion also told him that her father had said that he considered his illness a judgment upon him, and a warning to open his eyes to his sacrifice of principle to the desire of gain, and that he received it accordingly with humility and thankfulness; that it was his intention to offer the privateer vessels to government, and if they did not take them he should dispose of them in some other way. This was very agreeable intelligence, and was the source of much conversation between Captain Levee and me.

About a fortnight afterwards, Mr. Trevannion, who was still weak, sent me a billet, in which he said that he was afraid that his anxiety to see me and his being still confined to his room, rather retarded his recovery, and begged as a favour that I would accept his acknowledgment in writing and come to see him. That I consented to do, and repaired to his house accordingly. I found him in his room, sitting in his dressing-gown, and he had evidently suffered much.

"Mr. Elrington," said he, "I trust to your excellent nature to accept my apologies for the very unjust treatment you have received at my hands. I am ashamed of myself, and I can say no more.

"I beg, Mr. Trevannion, that you will say no more; I accept the return of your friendship with pleasure," replied I, "I am sorry that you have been so ill."

"I am not," replied he; "it is good for us to be chastised at times. My sickness has opened my eyes, and made me, I trust, a better man. May I ask a favour of you?"

"Most certainly, sir," replied I.

"It is that you will execute a commission for me, which is to go to London on my account, see the government people who controul the naval affairs, and offer the Arrow as a hired vessel. You know all her qualities so well, and have kept her accounts so long, that you will be able to furnish them with all necessary information. I should wish Captain Levee to go with you, and, if you possibly can, make it a condition that he is taken into the king's service and appointed the captain of her."

"I will do so with pleasure," replied I.

"One more favour I have to beg, Mr. Elrington. When I so foolishly quarrelled with you, you left a bag of money, to which you were fully entitled from your good services, upon the table in the inner room. I trust now that you will not mortify me by refusing it, or I shall think that you have not really forgiven me."

I bowed assent.

"I thank you, Mr. Elrington—thank you very much. Now I shall soon get well. To-morrow, perhaps, you will have the kindness to come and see me again. I feel rather overcome at present. Remember me kindly to Philip. Good-bye for to-day," said Mr. Trevannion, holding out his emaciated hand. "God bless you."



I took his hand and quitted the room, shutting the door softly. Mr. Trevannion was quite alone when I was with him. Humphrey, the porter, had shown me up stairs to the room.

Anxious as I was to see Miss Trevannion, I did not venture into the sitting-room, but passed the door and went down stairs; when I was going out of the street door, Humphrey followed me, and said Miss Trevannion wished to see me. I went back again with a beating heart, a sensation I had not felt before, when about to go into her presence. She was standing by the table.

"Mr. Elrington," said she, as I bowed upon entering, "I did not think that you could carry your resentment against me so far as to leave the house without asking to see me; but if you do not wish to see me, 'tis a duty I owe to myself to wish to see you, if only for a moment, that I may beg your pardon for my conduct towards you when we last parted. I have suffered much since that, Mr. Elrington; do not make me suffer more by continuing your resentment. Recollect I am but a weak woman, and must not be judged so severely as one of your own sex."

"I have nothing to pardon that I am aware of, Miss Trevannion," replied I; "I did not intrude upon you just now because being no longer an inmate of the house, and not having parted with you in complete amity, I thought it would be presumptuous in me to do so."

"You are very generous, Mr. Elrington," replied she; "now take my hand, and I promise never to be so hasty again."

I took the proffered hand and raised it respectfully to my lips. I had never done so before; but Miss Trevannion showed no signs of displeasure, or attempt to withdraw it.

"Do you think my father looks very ill, Mr. Elrington?" said she.

"I do think he must have suffered much, from his appearance."

"I am most thankful that you have come to see him, Mr. Elrington. You have no idea how his mind was troubled, and how he longed to be reconciled to you. I trust he has made his peace."

"I have always had too much respect for your father, and gratitude for his kindness to me, to have made that a work of difficulty."

"You rejoice me much—make me very happy, Mr. Elrington," replied Miss Trevannion, as the tears dropt fast from her eyes. "You must excuse me," said she, "I have become very weak and nervous during my father's illness—and sitting up with him so much,—but it is over now,"

"You have had much anxiety I see, Miss Trevannion; you are pale and thin to what you were."

"Did my father—?" but I have no right to ask such questions."

"You would inquire, Miss Trevannion whether any thing was said as to future arrangements."

Miss Trevannion made a sign of assent.

"I have promised to execute a commission for him, and am going to London accompanied by Captain Levee."

"To get rid of those wretched privateers, is it not?"

"Yes it is, and I am to come to-morrow to arrange further; but I think you want to return to your father's room, so I will now take my leave."

"You are considerate, Mr. Elrington, I did want to go up-stairs; but before I go I have some property of yours to place in your hands."

I bowed, thinking that she referred to the ring, which I perceived on her finger, and was annoyed that she was in such haste to return it. But, on the contrary, she went to the buffet and brought out the bag of gold jacobuses, which she laid on the table.

"You are very proud, Mr. Elrington, not to take what was fairly your due," said Miss Trevannion smiling.

"It is much more than I have ever earned," replied I; "but your father made me promise not to refuse it a second time, and of course I shall now take it."

My heart was much lightened when I found that it was the gold and not the ring.

"Then good-bye, Mr. Elrington, o-morrow I shall see you, of course."

Miss Trevannion then left the room and hastened up-stairs to her father, and I went home to my lodgings. I narrated the substance of what had passed between Mr. Trevannion and me to Captain Levee and Philip, and also that I had been kindly received by Miss Trevannion.

"Well, I like the reconciliation and arrangement very much," said Captain Levee, "and as you have such a bag of gold, and I have not fifty guineas in the world, you shall stand treat in London, Elrington."

"That I will, with pleasure; it will only be discharging an old debt, Levee. Philip shall go with us."

"But," said Captain Levee, "do you think they will not recognise their state prisoner, and be cautious of a Jacobite?"

"They may remember the name," said I, "but my person was seen but by few. I do, however, think it would be advisable, as I shall have to sign papers, to take another."

"I think so, too," replied Captain Levee; "what shall we call you?"

"Let me see; I'll have a good name. I had a relative of the name of Musgrave; I think I will borrow his name. What say you Philip. Will you be for the future Philip Musgrave?"

"Yes, brother, with all my heart. The name appears to fit me better than that of Elrington."

Thus, madame, did I resume my real name without any suspicion on the part of Captain Levee; but I could not well sign government papers with an assumed one.

On the following day I called upon Mr. Trevannion, who received me with great affection, and it was arranged that I should set off in three days, which time would be required for preparation, and to make the necessary purchases, and supply funds for the journey. Mr. Trevannion gave me another bag of jacobuses, to the same amount as the former, saying that he wished us to appear bravely when we arrived in London, and that he should require no account of the expenditure, only that if the contents of the bag were not sufficient, he would supply more. This was nothing more but an excuse on his part to be generous; for one quarter of the money would have been sufficient for all needful expenses. I told him that I had taken the name of Musgrave, as that of Elrington might be remembered to the injury of the proposal, and he said that it was well thought of me. Miss Trevannion had entered the room when I mentioned that to her father, and afterwards had quitted it. After I had taken leave of Mr. Trevannion, I went down to the sitting-room,

where I found his daughter waiting for me. We had much friendly discourse, and at one time she said, "I heard you say that you had taken the name of Musgrave for your intended journey. Do you intend to retain that name when you return?"

"Why should I?" replied I.

"Because," replied she, "perhaps it is your real name. Excuse a lady's curiosity, but is not that the fact?"

"Miss Trevannion," replied I, "my real name must at present remain a secret."

"That is to say it will no longer be a secret if intrusted to me? I thank you, sir, for the compliment."

"I did not intend to imply that, Miss Trevannion, I fully believe that you can keep a secret."

"If you fully believe so, you might then reply to my question, the more so, as I now pledge myself to keep your secret most faithfully."

"Then, Miss Trevannion; my real name is Musgrave," replied I.

"I thank you for your confidence, Mr. Musgrave, which shall not be misplaced. I might now follow up my inquiries as to why you changed your name, with many other queries; but I am too discreet for that—the time may come when I shall know all; but I am content with your proof of confidence, and thank you for it."

Miss Trevannion never was so lively and communicative with me before, as she was this morning; there was a friendliness without any of her usual reserve, and I left her more full of admiration and devotion than ever.

In three days more our preparations were made, and taking leave of Miss Trevannion and her father, who was recovering, and had admitted company to his room, we set off on horseback, as we had done before, and attended by the same two men of Captain Levee's who had served us on a former journey to London. We had no adventure whatever on this journey which could be worth narrating, and I shall therefore say that we arrived in good health and spirits, and took up our abode at once at our former lodging-house, instead of going to the inn. We were welcomed by the hostess, who had her house almost empty. The following day I made inquiries, and in consequence, went to the Navy Office, and requesting to see one of the head clerks, informed him of the occasion of my coming up to London. He was very civil, and replied that the government were in want of vessels, and he had no doubt but they would have the Arrow, as she was well known as a strong privateer. I then inquired whether they thought it likely that Captain Levee might be taken into the service, stating what an excellent crew the Arrow had, and that they would not remain in her, unless they were commanded by him, in whom they had great confidence.

The clerk replied that it might be done certainly, but said—"Sir, you cannot expect people to do such kind offices without they are rewarded."

I perfectly understood him, and replied, that, of course, I did not expect it; but I was so ignorant as to what ought to be done, that I begged that he would give me his advice, for which I should be most grateful.

"Well, well, you understand me, Mr. Musgrave, and that is sufficient."



I will be plain with you. It will cost 100 guineas to obtain what you want for Captain Levee, and of that money I shall not receive a doit."

"I shall be most happy to give that sum and half as much more, to obtain my wish, sir, and shall feel much obliged to you in the bargain; and while I am negotiating, I may as well state that I have a brother who sails with Captain Levee, who is most anxious to be with him, and sail as his lieutenant,"

"That will cost another fifty guineas, Mr. Musgrave."

"I am most willing," replied I.

"Well, we must first get the vessel bound into the service. You have your tonnage and equipment all on paper?"

"Every thing that is requisite; and, moreover, every cruise she has made, the actions she has fought, and the prizes she has taken, under the command of Captain Levee, and with the crew now on board."

"Furnish all these documents, Mr. Musgrave, and leave it all to me. I am to understand that you perfectly agree to the terms I have proposed."

"Perfectly, sir; and, if you please, I will enter a memorandum to that effect."

"No, no," replied he, "we never put such things down on paper. It is an affair of honour and good faith. You say your money is all ready."

"At a minute's warning."

"That is sufficient, Mr. Musgrave. I will now wish you good morning. Send me the documents."

"I have them in my pocket, sir."

"Better still; then the affair may be arranged this afternoon, and you may call to-morrow at about two in the afternoon; and you may as well bring the money with you, as you can but take it away again if every thing is not to your satisfaction."

I returned to the lodgings quite delighted with the prospect of such a fortunate issue to my mission, and was in good time for dinner. I did not tell Captain Levee or Philip of what had passed, but merely that I considered that there was a good chance of success, and that I was to call on the following day. That night we went to the theatre, and saw a play performed written by Shakspeare, in the time of Queen Elizabeth, and called the "*Merry Wives of Windsor*." We were much pleased with the character of *Falstaff*, a fat knight, full of humour. The next day, at the time appointed, I called upon the head clerk, who told me that every thing was arranged according to my wishes, that the hiring of the vessel was according to her tonnage; and he considered that the price offered by the government was fair and liberal; so did I, and immediately accepted it. He then drew from his desk the articles of agreement between the government and the owner of the vessel, and at the same time, the warrants for Captain Levee and Philip, to act as commander and lieutenant.

"Now, Mr. Musgrave, all you have to do is to sign this first paper, and fulfil the other portion of our agreement."

I immediately pulled out the bag of money which I had brought with me, and after counting it over, the clerk gave me his pen to sign the document, and handed to me the warrants for Philip and Captain Levee.

"You have behaved liberally in this ~~affair~~, Mr. Musgrave," said the gentleman, as he locked up the bag of money in his desk: "if at any time I can be of use to you, you may command me."

"I thank you sir," replied I, "I may by-and-by have to ask you to exert your influence in behalf of my brother, that he may obtain the command of one of the king's ships, and if you can help me, I shall be most grateful."

"Depend upon it I will," replied he, "and I beg you will use no ceremony on making the application."

He then shook hands with me, and I went home. Dinner was over when I came back, but the hostess had put away some victuals for me, and while I was eating them, I gave them an account of my success, handing their warrants to Captain Levee and Philip. They could hardly credit it, even when the documents were in their hands, but pledging them to secrecy, I told them by what means I had been so successful. Whereupon they thanked me, and we then went out to procure the uniforms suitable to their respective ranks, and this occupied us till the evening, when we agreed to go to the cockpit and see the fights between the various animals, with which Philip particularly was much delighted. As we had nothing to detain us in London, and it was necessary that the Arrow should immediately run round to the Nore, we determined, as the uniforms were to be ready on the following day, that the day after that we would return to Liverpool.

We set off and arrived, without accident, late on the sixth night, and repaired to our usual lodgings. The next day I called to tell Mr. Trevannion that I had returned, and was informed by Humphrey that he was quite strong again, and very ~~anxious~~ to see me, although he had no idea that I should return so soon. Humphrey went up to announce my arrival, and Mr. Trevannion admitted me immediately, although he was not yet out of bed.

"I fear that you have not been successful," said he, as he took my hand.

"On the contrary, sir, I have succeeded in every thing," and I then gave him an account of what had happened.

"Well," replied he, "I am very glad of it, and recollect I must be at the expense, as without you had incurred it, the schooner would not, in all probability, have been hired. And now I want to consult with you about something else. Here is a letter from Captain Irving, of the Amy, brought home by the Chester Lass."

These were two vessels employed on the Gold Coast, which belonged to Mr. Trevannion.

"Read it," said Mr. Trevannion, "and give me your opinion."

I did so: Captain Irving stated that he had pushed the two vessels up a small river on the coast, which he had not known of before, and had fallen in with a black ruler, who had never yet treated with the English; but only with the Spaniards, for slaves. That his English commodities were quite new to the natives, and that, in consequence, he had made a most fortunate traffic with them, and had loaded a vessel with ivory, wax, and gold dust, to the amount of 1000 pounds, and that he had sent the Chester Lass, remaining himself, to continue the barter before it was known to the other ships on the coast, which it would soon be. He continued, that he had not sufficient of the articles which were most valued

by the natives, and requested that Mr. Trevannion would immediately dispatch another vessel with various goods enumerated, and that then he should be able to fill his own vessel as well as the one that he had dispatched home; that the river was in such a latitude, and the mouth difficult to discover; that he sent a little sketch of the coast, which would facilitate the discovery—but that no time was to be lost, as the sickly season was coming on, and it was very unhealthy at that time.

As I folded up the letter, Mr. Trevannion said,

“Now, here is an invoice of the cargo sent home by the Chester Lass. I reckon it worth about 7000*l*.”

I looked over the invoice, and agreed with Mr. Trevannion, that it was well worth that, if not more.

“This is most important you will acknowledge, Musgrave,” said Mr. Trevannion; “but before I go any further, I trust that now the only difficulty is got over, you will not refuse to be my partner; the only difference I intend to make is, that I now offer you one-third instead of one-fourth. Silence gives consent,” continued Mr. Trevannion, as I did not immediately reply.

“I was so astonished at your munificent offer, sir, that I could not well speak.”

“Then it's agreed; so say no more about it,” said Mr. Trevannion, taking me by the hand, and pressing it warmly—“and now to business. My idea is, to send out the Sparrow Hawk, being so fast a sailer. Of course, as a privateer, she has done her work; and as the government wish the complement of the Arrow to be increased, I think we cannot do better than to fill her up with some of the Sparrow Hawk's men, leaving about twenty-five on board of her, and sending her out as soon as possible to the coast, with the articles which Captain Irving requests.”

“I agree with you, sir, that it will be the best plan.”

But who to send is the difficulty,” said Mr. Trevannion. “Captain Paul, of the Chester Lass, is very ill, and not likely to be out of bed for some time; and even if he was well, I have no opinion of him in an affair of this moment. If, as Captain Irving says, he can fill the Amy, her cargo will be worth three times that of the Chester Lass; but, of course, the destination of the Sparrow Hawk must be a secret, and I do not know who to intrust her to. We require some one in whom we can put confidence.”

“I agree with you, sir,” replied I; “and, if you have no objection, I think that the best plan will be for me to go myself, I shall be back again in ten weeks at the furthest.”

“Well, as you will now have a strong interest in it, I really think so too. In fact, I don't know who else we can trust.”

“I agree with you, sir, and I will go myself, and I think the sooner the better; but I do not know whether we can obtain all the goods requisite immediately.”

“We can have them in five or six days,” replied Mr. Trevannion, “I sent Humphrey out to make inquiry.”

“At all events I must look to them myself, and there are many other things to manage, so I had better wish you a good morning now, Mr. Trevannion, and in the evening I will call again and let you know what I have done.”

“Do so,” said he, and I then took my leave.



I certainly was very much astonished as well as much pleased at Mr. Trevannion's liberality relative to ~~the~~ partnership, and I could now look forward to competency in a few years at the furthest. Certainly, if Mr. Trevannion had been hasty in his conduct towards me, he had made most noble reparation. I first returned to the lodgings and told Captain Levee and Philip what had passed; they immediately proposed that we should all go together on board the Sparrow Hawk; that I might make my arrangements, and that they might persuade some of the men to join the Arrow. I first picked out the men I wished to sail with me; and then they talked over the rest, who that evening went on shore for their wages, and the next morning joined the Arrow, as Captain Levee was anxious to get round to the Nore. The day after the men joined, the Arrow sailed, which I was not sorry for, as it left me more at leisure to expedite my own affairs. Philip promised to be my correspondent, and I bade them both farewell with regret. I called in the evening, as I had promised, upon Mr. Trevannion, and he then gave me the deed of partnership, signed and dated the day when he first made the offer, and we had quarrelled; but I did not see Miss Trevannion, much to my regret, her father said that she was ailing. The business I had to transact, and fitting out the Sparrow Hawk, so completely occupied me, that it was now three days that I had been at Liverpool without having seen her, and I was much annoyed at it, as I had called every day. My feelings towards her were now stronger than before. She was never out of my thoughts, and I hardly know how it was that I transacted business as I did. This evening I was determined, if possible, that I would see her, and find out why she avoided me, as it appeared to me that she did. When I called, therefore, I did not ask to see her father, but told Humphrey to find out where Miss Trevannion was, and say that I requested to speak with her. Humphrey returned, and said that she was in the sitting-room, to which I instantly repaired.

"I am fearful, that I have given you some unintentional cause of displeasure, Miss Trevannion," said I, as I entered, "for you have appeared to avoid me since my return."

"Indeed, Mr. Musgrave, I have not," replied she; "I was most anxious to see you, and have thought it very unpolite, I may add, unkind, on your part not to have come to me."

"I have been in the house every day, and sometimes twice a day, with your father, Miss Trevannion, and have never met you. Once I inquired for you, and your father told me you were unwell, whereas Humphrey had but five minutes before told me that you were well and in good spirits."

"Humphrey told the truth, and so did my father. I was in good health and spirits, and in five minutes afterwards I was ill and unhappy."

"I trust I was no party to it, Miss Trevannion."

"You were a party to it, but not the great offender, who was my father. He had told me that upon your return he had installed you as his partner, and had done you the justice you had deserved; and then he told me that you were going out to the coast of Africa in the Sparrow Hawk."

"It is very true, Miss Trevannion; but where is the offence?"

"The offence is this: my father no sooner does you justice than he

wants more ivory and gold-dust, having more than enough already; but I told him it was as bad as privateering, for in either case he sends people out to sacrifice their lives, that he may gain more money. I have no patience with this foolish pursuit of wealth."

"After all your father's kindness to me, Miss Trevannion, I could do no less than accept the offer."

"You would have been more wise and more just to yourself to have refused it, Mr. Musgrave. I read the letters to my father when they arrived, and you know what Captain Irving says about the unhealthiness of the climate. You have been my father's best friend, and he should not have treated you thus."

"I never did value life, Miss Trevannion; but really the kind interest you have expressed on this occasion makes me feel as if my poor life was of some value. To one who has been such a football of fortune as I have been, and who has hardly known a kind feeling towards him ever expressed, it is a gratification that I really appreciate, and coming from one whom I respect and esteem more than any other person in the world, it quite overpowers me. Indeed, Miss Trevannion, I am truly grateful."

I was correct when I said that it overpowered me, for it did completely, and I was so oppressed by my feelings that I reeled to a chair, and covered up my face with my hands. What would I have given to have dared to state what I felt!

"You are ill, Mr. Musgrave," said Miss Trevannion, coming to me. "Can I offer you any thing?"

I made no reply; I could not speak.

"Mr. Musgrave," said Miss Trevannion, taking my hand, "you frighten me. What is the matter? Shall I call Humphrey?"

I felt her hand tremble in mine, and, uncertain what to think, I came to the resolution to make the avowal.

"Miss Trevannion," said I, after a pause, and rising from my chair, "I feel that this internal conflict is too great for me, and if it lasts it must kill me. I give you my honour that I have for months tried every thing in my power to curb my desires and to persuade myself of my folly and rash ambition, but I cannot do so any longer. It were better that I knew my fate at once, even if my sentence should be my death. You will ridicule my folly, be surprised at my presumption, and, in all probability, spurn me for the avowal, but make it I must. Miss Trevannion, I have dared—to love you; I have but one excuse to offer, which is, that I have been more than a year in your company, and it is impossible for any one not to love one so pure, so beautiful, and so good. I would have postponed this avowal till I was able to resume my position in society, by the means which industry might have afforded me; but my departure upon this business, and the kind of presentiment which I have, that I may not see you again, has forced it from me. In a few days I leave you—be gentle with me for my involuntary offence—pity me while you condemn, and I will return no more."

Miss Trevannion did not reply; she breathed quick, and stood motionless. I gathered courage; I looked in her face, there was no displeasure—I approached her, she was half-fainting, and put her hand upon my shoulder to steady herself. I put my arm round her waist, and led her to the sofa, and knelt at her feet, watching every change in her beautiful countenance. I took her hand and pressed it to my lips; by degrees I

became more bold, and got by her side, and pressed her to my heart. She burst into tears, and wept with her head on my bosom.

"Do not be angry with me," said I, after a time.

"Do I appear as if I was angry with you," replied she, raising her head.

"Oh, no; but I cannot believe my happiness to be real. It must be a dream."

"What is life but a dream," replied she, mournfully. "Oh, the coast of Africa! How I dread it!"

And so I confess did I from that moment; I had a presentiment, as I had told her, that something would go wrong, and I could not get over the feeling.

I shall no longer dwell upon what took place on that delightful evening, madam; suffice to say, that Miss Trevannion and I were mutually pledged, and, after an exchange of thought and feeling, we parted, and when we did part I pressed those dear lips to mine. I went home reeling with excitement, and hastened to bed, that I might have unrestrained freedom of thought. I enacted the scene of the evening over and over again; recalled each motion, each look, every word which had passed, and, defying fever and presentiment of evil, imagined also our happy meeting to part no more. It was long before I could compose myself to sleep, and when I did, I need not say who it was who occupied my dreams. I called as soon as I could venture so to do on the following day, and had a long interview with my dear Amy. Before I went up to her father, I tried to soothe her anxiety upon my approaching voyage, and to persuade her that there was little or no danger to be apprehended in so short a stay. Willingly would I have given it up, but Mr. Trevannion had so set his mind upon it, and I had, by my consent, rendered it so impossible for him to find a substitute in time, that I could not do so, and I persuaded Miss Trevannion that I was right in acting to my promise. One question that came forward was, whether we should make known our engagement to her father at once, and this was decided in the negative. Much as he liked me, he was not yet prepared to receive me so suddenly as a son-in-law, and Amy was of opinion that the communication had better be postponed. To this, of course, I gave a willing assent. I was satisfied with the knowledge of her affection, which I felt would never change. As I was talking with her father, after my interview with Amy, he said:

"Really, Elrington, or Musgrave, I hardly know which to call you."

"Musgrave is my real name, sir," replied I.

"Musgrave—Musgrave—where did I know a Musgrave?"

"We are from the North," replied I.

"Well," said he, "I was going to say, that I really wish I could find some one else to take your place in this voyage, for I do not much like your going."

"Do, my dear father," said Miss Trevannion, who was standing by him.

"Hey! Miss Amy, what have you to do with it, I should like to know, and how can it concern you whether Mr. Musgrave goes or not?"

"I said so, sir, because I know how you will feel his loss for so long a period. You know how you did feel his loss before, and I do not wish to



see you working so hard, as you will have to do without his assistance."

"Well, that's kindly thought, Amy, at all events; but still I fear that Mr. Musgrave must go, and I must work by myself till he comes back; so it's no use saying any more about it."

Amy sighed and made no reply. On the third day after this interview, every thing was ready, and on the following morning I was to sail. Mr. Trevannion had so many directions to give, and kept me so wholly with him, that I could hardly find time to speak to his daughter. However, it was agreed that as I was to sail at daylight, that she would see me after her father had gone to bed. Our meeting took place—need I say that it was a tender one. We renewed our vows over and over again, and it was not till past midnight that I tore myself away. Old Humphrey looked very knowingly at me when he let me out of the street-door. I slipped a guinea in his hand and wished him good bye. I hastened on board of the Sparrow Hawk, and desiring to be called before daylight, went down into the cabin. There I remained sitting at the table, and thinking of Amy so long, that when the mate came down to wake me, he found that I was still sitting there, having never been to bed during the whole of the night.

I started from my reverie and hastened on deck to get the schooner under weigh. It was soon done, although we were, comparatively speaking, short-handed. There was a fine breeze, and lightened as she now was, the little vessel flew through the water. Liverpool was soon out of sight, and we were dashing down the Bristol Channel.

"She sails well now," said I to the second mate, a very clever man, and much better educated than most seamen, for he could navigate, as well as being a first-rate seaman.

"Yes, sir, she walks fast. She is not too deep now," replied he; "what a slaver she would make."

This man was not an Englishman, but a Brazilian Portuguese by birth, although he had long been out of his country. Having set her course, I went down below that I might indulge in my castle building more at my ease. The wind increased to a gale, but as it was from the northward, and bore us to our destination, it was welcomed. We soon crossed the Bay of Biscay, and were in more genial latitudes; and, after a rapid run of about four weeks, I found myself nearly in the latitude given to us of the river where the Amy was at anchor. I then hauled in for the shore, which was very low, and required being approached with caution. We saw some towering palm-trees at sunset, and then we hove to; the next day we again stood in, and having ascertained our exact latitude at noon, we found ourselves about four miles to the northward of the river's mouth. We shaped a course, and in two hours I made out the marks given for our guidance in the rough sketch of Captain Irving, and thus satisfied that I was right, ran directly for the mouth of the river. Captain Irving was correct in saying it was difficult, for it was not until we were within a mile that we could find any opening; but at last we did, and at the same time perceived the masts of two vessels at some distance up the river. We stood in, and found that there was no bar at the river mouth, which was a very unusual circumstance on this coast. The soundings were gradual, and in an hour afterwards we anchored between the Amy and a fine schooner under British colours. Captain Irving recog-

nised the Sparrow Hawk, and immediately came on board. After the usual salutations, he told me that his vessel was half laden, but that he waited for the articles he had sent for to enable him to complete his cargo. I told him that I had them on board, and he should have them as soon as he sent his boats. He stated that no vessels, except those engaged in the slave-trade, had ever come into this river, and that they only brought the cloth and other articles usual in the trade; but that his assorted cargo had astonished the people, and they were wild to possess things which they had never before seen. They had offered slaves in quantities, but finding that he would not take them in exchange, they had now brought down ivory and gold-dust. He told me how glad he was that I had come, as the river was very sickly, and was becoming more and more so every day; that out of twelve men he had already four down with fever.

I inquired of him what that vessel was on the other side of us. He replied it was a Liverpool slave-trader, and that the captain appeared to be a very good sort of man. That he never indulged in liquor, nor was given to profane language.

A few minutes afterwards the captain of the slaver came on board to pay his respects, and I asked him down in the cabin, and gave him beer and cheese, the two greatest luxuries in those climes. He appeared, as Captain Irving stated, a very quiet, well-behaved, serious person, which I was rather surprised at. When we repaired on deck, I observed, as the vessel was close to us, that there were two very large dogs on board, who, at the sight of the captain bayed furiously. He told me that they were Cuba bloodhounds, and that he never went on shore without them, as they were the most faithful and courageous animals, and he considered that he was safer with them than with half a dozen armed men. Shortly afterwards Captain Irving and he both took leave. As there were still some hours of daylight, Captain Irving sent his boats for the goods, and after that, as the evening fell, I went down below, as Captain Irving requested I would do, and by no means remain on deck after sundown, as it was extremely unhealthy.

On the following day Captain Irving went on shore with his goods and trafficked most favourably. Indeed, as we afterwards found out, he had procured in exchange more ivory than his vessel would hold, besides much gold-dust. The day after I went on shore with Captain Irving to call upon the king, as he called himself. He was seated in front of a hut made of palmetto leaves, with a lace coat on, but no other garment whatever, so that he made a curious appearance. After a little conversation, I went away, and hearing that the slaver was taking her cargo on board, about a hundred yards further up, I walked in that direction. The slaves were brought down in about twenty at a time, all of them fastened by the neck to a long bamboo pole, which confined them altogether. One string of them had been sent down and put in the boat, and another was standing ready for embarkation; when as I cast my eyes over them and commiserated their misery, I observed a female who I thought I had seen before. I looked again, and behold it was Whyna, the princess who had been so kind to me in my captivity. I went up to her and touched her on the shoulder. She turned round, as well as the lashing to the pole would permit her, and on seeing me gave a faint scream. Without ceremony I took out my knife and released her, and led her

away. She fell down at my feet and kissed them. The black man who had charge of the delivery of the slaves was very angry, and ran up to me, brandishing his long stick ; but the captain of the schooner, who was on shore, and who had witnessed what I had done, saluted him with a kick in the stomach which made him quiet enough. In few words I told the captain of the slaver that I was once in captivity, and this woman had befriended me, requesting him to name his price and I would willingly pay it.

"It's not worth mentioning, sir," replied he, "women are as cheap as dirt, take her in welcome."

"Not so," replied I, "I must pay for her ransom."

"Well then, sir," said he, "I am in great want of a telescope, you have one on board, will you let me have it?"

"Most certainly," replied I, "and many thanks into the bargain."

I lifted up the poor creature, who was sadly emaciated and weak, and led her to the boat of the *Amy* and put her in. Captain Irving came down, and we returned on board. It was with great difficulty that, after I had given the poor creature some refreshment, which she was really in need of, that I could recollect sufficient of her language to make myself understood by her, but by degrees words came to my memory, and as she spoke I recovered them. As well as I could make her out the warriors had risen against the king on account of his barbarity and had cut him to pieces ; and that all his wives and servants had been sold as slaves. I promised her that she should not be a slave, but should come to my country and be taken care of.

She kissed my hands, and as she smiled her thanks she reminded me of the Whyna of former times. I did not, however, think it advisable that she should come on board of the schooner, and I requested Captain Irving to take charge of her, and let her want for nothing, telling him that I intended that she should go home in his vessel. He willingly consented, and I hailed the schooner for a boat and went on deck. Whyna followed, but I told her I was obliged to go on board of the schooner, and that she had better go and lie down. As she probably thought that the *Amy* was my vessel, and that I was going away on a visit, she complied with my request, and went down with Captain Irving, who led her into a state-room which was not occupied.

As soon as I arrived on board the schooner, I sent the telescope which the captain of the slaver had begged for. Whyna had said to me, "I shall be your slave now," evidently expecting that she was to remain with me, but that I could not consent to. Miss Trevannion had heard from me my adventures when in captivity, and I would not on that account allow Whyna to be in the same vessel with me. The next day Captain Irving came on board to tell me that he had two more men down with the fever, and that he wished I could give them some assistance in getting his cargo on board, which I did, and before night the *Amy* was loaded up to the hatchways, and there still remained a considerable number of elephants' teeth on shore in the hut where he received them. I therefore determined, as his crew were evidently sickening fast, that he should sail immediately, and that I would take the remainder of the ivory on board of the schooner and follow him, giving him a rendezvous to wait at until I joined him, that we might proceed home in company. That night three more of his men were ill.



I was on board of the *Amy*, and had been talking with Whyna, who wanted to know why I did not sleep on board of the vessel. I told her that I could not, but that we were to go to England directly, and that I was living on board of the schooner. Captain Irving weighed at day-break, and in an hour was out of the river, and as I was as anxious to be clear of such an unhealthy spot, I manned my boats and went on shore for the ivory that was left. I found that it would take the whole of the day to embark it, as we had to go two miles further up the river than the depth of water would permit the vessel to do; for the ivory was in a hut close to the king's house. I had sent off four boat-loads, and it being then noon, I went off with the fifth myself, that I might get my dinner, leaving the second mate to attend on shore, and taking the first mate with me who messed in the cabin. As we were in the middle of the stream the boat struck against a stump of a tree, as we supposed, and knocked so large a hole in the bow that she began to fill. I immediately ordered the men to pull for the nearest point, which was on the opposite side of the river, that we might ground the boat to prevent her sinking.

The first mate, who was a very active man, finding that the elephants' teeth prevented his reaching the bow of the boat, and stuffing into it some oakum which he had found in the stern-sheets, sounded with the boat-hook, and finding that there was not more than three feet of water where we were pulling, jumped over the bows to push the oakum into the hole; but the poor fellow had not been a few seconds in the water, when he gave a shriek, and we perceived that a large shark had snapped him in two. This was a sad mishap, and the men, terrified, pulled as hard as they could, while two of them baled out the boat, to gain the shore, for we knew what fate awaited us if we sunk in the river. With great exertion we succeeded, running her up among the canes, which grew on that side of the river so thick that it was difficult to force your way through them.

We landed up to our knees in mud, and, throwing out the ivory, we found that a whole plank was rent out, and that it was impossible to repair our boat; and we were hidden by the canes from those who could have assisted us, had they known that we required their assistance, and we had no possible means of communication. At last I thought that if I could force my way through the canes to the point down the river, I could hail and make signals for assistance; and, desiring the men to remain by the boat, I set off upon my expedition. At first I got off pretty well, as there were little paths through the canes, made, as I imagined, by the natives; and, although I was often up to my knees in thick black mud, I continued to get on pretty fast; but at last the canes grew so thick that I could hardly force my way through them, and it was a work of excessive labour. Still I persevered, expecting each second that I should arrive at the banks of the river, and be rewarded for my fatigue; but the more I laboured the worse it appeared to be, and at last I became worn out with fatigue, and quite bewildered. I then tried to find my way back, and was equally unsuccessful, and I sat down with any thing but pleasant thoughts in my mind. I calculated that I had been two hours in making this attempt, and was now quite puzzled how to proceed. I bitterly lamented my rashness, now that it was too late.

Having reposed a little, I resumed my toil, and was again, after an hour's exertion, compelled, from fatigue, to sit down in the deep black

mud. Another respite from toil, and another hour or more of exertion, and I gave myself up for lost. The day was evidently fast closing in—the light overhead was not near so bright as it had been; and I knew that a night passed in the miasma of the cane was death. At last it became darker and darker. There could not be an hour of daylight remaining. I determined upon one more struggle, and, reeking as I was with perspiration and faint with fatigue, I rose again, and was forcing my way through the thickest of the canes, when I heard a deep growl, and perceived a large panther not twenty yards from me. It was on the move as well as I was, attempting to force his way through the canes, so as to come to me. I retreated from him as fast as I could, but he gained slowly on me, and my strength was fast exhausting. I thought I heard sounds at a distance, and they became more and more distinct; but what they were, my fear and my struggles probably prevented me from making out. My eyes were fixed upon the fierce animal who was in pursuit of me, and I now thanked God that the canes were so thick and impassable; still the animal evidently gained ground—until it was not more than five yards from me, dashing and springing at the canes, and tearing them aside with his teeth.

The sounds were now nearer, and I made them out to be the howling of other animals. A moment's pause, and I thought it was the baying of dogs; and I then thought that I must have arrived close to where the schooner laid, and that I heard the baying of the bloodhounds. At last I could do no more, and I dropped, exhausted and almost senseless, in the mud. I recollect hearing the crashing of the canes, and then a savage roar, and then yells, and growls, and struggles, and fierce contention—but I had fainted.

*He continued*  
 X I must now inform the reader that about an hour after I had left the boat the captain of the slaver was pulling up the river, and was hailed by our men in our long-boat. Perceiving them on shore on that side of the river, and that they were in distress, he pulled towards them, and they told him what had happened, and that an hour previous I had left the boat to force my way through the cane brakes, and they had heard nothing of me since.

“Madness!” cried he. “He is a lost man. Stay till I come back from the schooner.”

He went back to the schooner, and taking two of his crew, who were negroes, and his two bloodhounds, into the boat, he returned immediately, and as soon as he landed he put the bloodhounds on my track, and sent the negroes on with them. They had followed me in all my windings, for it appeared that I had travelled in every direction, and had come up with me just as I had sunk with exhaustion, and the panther was so close upon me. The bloodhounds had attacked the panther, and this was the noise which sounded in my ears, as I laid stupified and at the mercy of the wild beast. The panther was not easily, although eventually, overcome, and the black men coming up, had found me and borne me in a state of insensibility on board of the Sparrow Hawk. The fever had come on me, and it was not till three weeks afterwards that I recovered my senses, when I learnt what I have now told to the reader, and much more, which I am about to make him acquainted with.

When I recovered my senses, I found myself in the cabin of the Sparrow Hawk. For some hours I was confused and wandering, but I

rallied from time to time, till I could at last recognise the beams and carlines over my head. I was too weak to move, and I continued to lie on my back till I again fell asleep ; how long I do not know, but it must have been for many hours, and then when I awoke I found myself much stronger.

I could now turn on my bed, and doing so I perceived a young man of the name of Ingram by my side in a doze, with his eyes shut. I called him in a faint voice, and he started up.

"I have been very ill," said I, "have I not?"

"Yes, sir, indeed you have."

"I have been trying to recollect all about it, but I cannot as yet."

"It's not worth remembering, sir," replied he. "Do you wish any thing to drink?"

"No," replied I.

"Then you had better go to sleep again."

"I cannot do that. I feel as if I should like to get up. Where is Mr. Thompson? I must see him."

"Mr. Thompson, sir," replied he, "don't you recollect?"

"What?"

"Why, sir, he was bitten in two by a shark."

"Shark!" this was the key-note required, and my memory returned.

"Yes, yes, I recollect now all, all. I recollect the panther and the cane brakes. How was I preserved?"

"The bloodhounds killed the panther, and you were brought on board insensible, and have been in a raging fever ever since."

"It must be so," replied I, collecting my senses after a few moments of thought. "It must be so. How long have I been ill?"

"This is the twenty-first day."

"The twenty-first day," cried I. "Is it possible? Are none of the men ill?"

"No, sir, they are all well."

"But I hear the water against the bends. Are we not still at anchor?"

"No, sir, the second mate got the schooner under weigh as he found you were so ill."

"And I have been ill twenty-one days. Why we must be near home?"

"We expect to make the land in a few days," sir, replied Ingram.

"Thank Heaven for all its mercies," said I. "I never expected to see old England again. But what a bad smell there is. What can it be?"

"I suppose it is the bilge water, sir," replied Ingram. "People who are ill and weak always are annoyed by it; but I think, sir, if you would take a little gruel, and then go to sleep again, it would be better."

"Well, I fear I am not very strong, and talking so much has done me no good. I think I could take a little gruel."

"Then, sir, I'll go and get some made, and be back very soon."

"Do, Ingram, and tell Mr. Olivarez, that I would speak to him."

"Yes, I will," replied the man, and he left the state-room.

I waited some time listening for the arrival of the second mate, and then I thought that I heard odd noises in the hold before the bulk-head of the state-room in which I was lying, but I was still very weak, and



my head swam. . After a time Ingram came down with the gruel, into which he put some sugar and a spoonful of rum to flavour it as he said. He offered it to me, and I drank it all, for I had an appetite ; but whether it was that I was very weak, or the rum he put in was more than he said, it is certain that I had hardly given him back the bason than I felt so drowsy that I turned away from him, and was soon again in forgetfulness.

This Ingram was a young man who had been apprenticed to an apothecary, and had taken to the sea. He was well educated, and a very merry fellow, and I had chosen him as one who could attend upon me in the cabin, and at the same time be otherwise useful if required, as he was a very good seaman, and very active. When I awoke again I felt convinced that I must have slept through the night, as it was broad daylight, as before, but Ingram was not by my bed side. There was no bell in the state-room, and I was obliged to await his coming. I felt much stronger than the day before, and now proposed getting out of bed as soon as Ingram should come down into the cabin. I now remembered that the second mate had not come down to me, and heard noises and murmurings in the hold as I had the day before, which surprised me, and I became more anxious for the return of Ingram. At last he came, and I told him that I had been awake more than an hour.

"How do you feel yourself, sir?" said he.

"Quite strong. I should like to get up and dress. Perhaps I may be able to get on deck for a quarter of an hour."

"I think," replied he, "that you had better wait, and hear what I have to tell you, sir. I would not tell you yesterday, because I thought it would be too much for you ; but as I see you are really better to-day, I must say that I have strange things to tell you."

"Indeed!" cried I, with surprise. "Strange things. By the by, why did not Olivarez come to me yesterday?"

"I will explain all to you, sir, if you will lie down and listen to what I have to say, and take the news quietly."

"Very well, Ingram, I will do so. Now pray go on."

"You were brought on board in a state of fever and insensibility by the captain of the slaver. He said as he lifted you over the side that you were a dead man. We all thought the same, and you were taken down into the cabin with that persuasion on the part of the whole crew. Your delirium and fever increased, and every hour it was expected that you would give up the ghost. Now, sir, two days afterwards the slaver sailed with his cargo, and we were left alone in the river. Olivarez, who of course commanded, talked to the men. He said that you were as good as dead already, and that he thought that this was a fair opportunity for their making money. He proposed that the ivory still on shore should be changed for slaves, which he said the negroes would gladly do, and that we should run with our cargo to the Brazils. He said that it was useless our remaining in the river, as we should all lose our lives in the same way that you had done, and that he thought as commanding the schooner he knew what would best please the owner, who had long employed vessels in the slave-trade, and would not be sorry to find that we had run a cargo, and would reward them all liberally. That this would be an excuse to leave the river immediately, where as otherwise they would have to wait till you recovered or died, and by that

time they might half of them be dead themselves. Do you understand me, sir?"

"Yes, perfectly. Go on, Ingram."

"Well, sir, the men did not perceive what he was about, and replied that so long as they left the river they did not care how soon, and that it was better that we should take a cargo of slaves at all events, for Olivarez was in command now, and they should do as he ordered them. I made no reply, indeed Olivarez never put the question to me. Well, sir, the ivory was soon exchanged for slaves, who are now on board, and it is the slaves whom you have smelt and complained of. We received on board 140, and provisions sufficient with what we had, and having taken in all the water we could below and on deck, we made sail out of the river, and have since steered for the Brazils."

"But Olivarez has taken a most unwarrantable responsibility," said I; and one that he shall answer for."

"Stop, sir," replied Ingram, "you have only heard the first part of the story. When we had been three days at sea, Olivarez, who had been talking to the men, one by one and apart, called them together, and said, it was an opportunity not to be lost, that they had possession of the vessel, and the owner would never have a clue to where she had gone, and that now was the time to take possession of her for themselves, and employ her in the slave-trade on their own account. That sailing so fast, nothing could overhaul her or board her, and, therefore, they were free from danger. He then proposed that he should command and navigate, and receive one-half of the profits, and that the other half should be divided among the crew—the expense of the provisions, &c., being paid out of it previous to their sharing and making a calculation, he showed them that every voyage would be worth about 100*l.* a man after all expenses were paid. The crew consented at once to the terms—all but me; and when he asked me, my answer was, that I would consent to nothing while you were yet alive. I said that, because I was afraid that they would murder me, or throw me overboard."

"Go on, Ingram; go on, and let me hear it all at once."

"Then you will soon be freed from your difficulty," said Olivarez.

"I do not know that, sir," I replied, "for I think Mr. Musgrave may get over it."

"Indeed," he returned, "well, then, so much the worse for him."

"As he, Olivarez, said this, the whole of the crew, to do them justice, cried out, that there should be no murder, for if there was, they not only would have nothing to do with the affair, but would make it known at the first port to which they came. That you had always been a kind, good officer, and were too brave a man to die in that way."

"Well, my men," said Olivarez, "I never had an idea of the kind, and I promise you, if he lives through it, there shall be no murder; I will put him on shore at the first port we arrive at, but in such a way as to secure our safety—that we must look to."

"The men said, that that was all right, and then they all agreed to join him."

"And you, Ingram," said Olivarez, "what do you say?"

"What I said before," I replied; "that as long as Mr. Musgrave lives I will come to no agreement whatever."

"Well," said Olivarez, "it is but postponing your decision; I know that

you will join us. So now, my lads, as we're all agreed, we may as well go to dinner."

"The scoundrel shall pay for this," cried I.

"Hush, sir, hush, I pray; say nothing, but wait patiently and see what turns up. We are not yet at Rio, and when we are, we may be able to do something, but every thing depends upon keeping quiet, for if the men become alarmed, they may be persuaded to kill you to save themselves."

"That is very true, Ingram," replied I. "Leave me now for half an hour, I want to be alone."

You may imagine, my dear madam, my agitation at hearing this intelligence. I who had thought that I was within a few days' sail of Liverpool to be there received by my cherished Amy, to find myself in the hands of pirates, and close to the Brazils with a cargo of slaves; which they, or rather Olivarez, had taken in the vessel to Rio that he might not be discovered; for he might have found a better mart for his live cargo. And then what would be the anxiety of Amy and her father when I was not heard of? It would be supposed that the schooner was upset in a squall, and all hands had perished. Excited and angry as I was, I felt the truth of what Ingram said, and that it was necessary to be quiet. Perhaps I might by that means not only preserve my life, but again find myself in my own country. When Ingram returned, I asked him if Olivarez knew that I was better, and had recovered my reason. He replied that he did, but that he had told him I was so weak that I could hardly recover.

"That is well," said I; "keep him in that belief as long as you can."

He now offered me more gruel, which I took, and I believe that he put an opiate in it, for shortly after I had taken it, I again felt drowsy, and was soon fast asleep. I awoke sooner than before, for it was night, and I heard the voice of Olivarez on deck; from what I gathered land was in sight, and I heard him order the schooner to be hove to. In the morning Ingram came down in the cabin, bringing me some breakfast, which I ate heartily, for I was recovering fast, and had become quite ravenous.

"Land is in sight," said I.

"Yes, sir, it is; but we are many miles to the northward of Rio, I understand, for Olivarez knows the coast well. We shall not be in to-day, if we are to-morrow."

"I feel quite strong now," replied I, "and I want to get up."

"Do so, sir," said he; "but if you hear any one coming down the ladder, get into bed again."

With Ingram's assistance I dressed myself, and went into the cabin. I reeled as I walked, but as soon as I felt the full breeze from the stern ports, I was revived, and in an hour I could walk quite strong.

"Have you heard any more," inquired I of Ingram.

"Olivarez asked me this morning how you were. I replied that you were recovering fast."

"Very well," said he, "you will share his fate whatever it may be, since you have been so careful of him, and have put us in such a dilemma; but I'll contrive to dispose of you both."

"I made no reply, sir, as I knew that would only irritate him."

"You did right, Ingram; a few days will decide our fate. I do not think that he dares to murder us."



"Nor do I think he wishes it, if he can be clear of us with safety to himself," replied Ingram.

Two days more passed away, and then Ingram told me that we were a few miles from the town, and should soon be at an anchor.

"Go softly," replied I, "and tell me what is going on."

He went up the ladder, but soon came down again, saying, "We are locked in, sir."

I was very much annoyed at this, but it could not be helped—our only remedy was patience—but I must confess that I was in a state of great anxiety. We heard the anchor let go, and boats came on board, after which all was silent for the night. The next morning we heard them open the hatches, and the slaves ordered upon deck. The day was passed in landing them. I was ravenously hungry, and asked Ingram whether they intended to starve us. He went up the ladder to call for victuals, when he found on the upper step of the ladder a large vessel full of water and some cooked provisions, which had probably been put there during the night. There was enough to last two or three days. The next day passed and no one came near us, and I had some thoughts of dropping out of the stern ports and attempting to swim on shore; but Ingram, who had put his head out of them as far as he could, told me that we must be at some distance from the shore, and that there were several sharks playing round the stern, as is always the case with vessels laden with slaves.

The next morning, however, put an end to our suspense, for the companion was unlocked, and Olivarez, accompanied by four Portuguese, came down into the cabin. He spoke to them in Portuguese, and they advanced, and seizing Ingram and me by the collar, led us up the ladder. I would have expostulated, but of course could not make myself understood. Olivarez, however, said,

"Resistance is useless, Mr. Musgrave; all you have to do is to go quietly with these men. As soon as the schooner has sailed, you will be released."

"Well," replied I, "it may be so, Olivarez; but mark my words, you will repent this, and I shall see you on a gibbet."

"I trust the wood is not yet out of the ground," replied he; "but I cannot waste any more words with you."

"He then spoke to the Portuguese, who appeared to be government officers of some kind, and they led us to the gangway; we went into the boat, and they pulled to the shore.

"Were can they be taking us, Ingram?" said I.

"Heaven knows, sir, but we shall find out."

I attempted to speak to the officers, but they cried "*Silentio*," which word I fully understood to mean "silence," and finding that I could not induce them to hear me, I said no more. We landed at a jetty, and were then led through the streets to a large square. On one side of it was a heavy building, to which they directed their steps. The door was opened for us, and we were led in. A paper was produced by our conductors, and was apparently copied into a book, after which they went away, leaving us with the people who had received us, and who, by their appearance, I knew to be gaolers.

"Of what crime am I accused?" inquired I.

No reply was given, but two of the subordinates took us away, un-

locked a massive door, and thrust us into a large court-yard, full of men of every colour.

"Well," said I, as the door closed upon us, "we are in gaol at all events; but the question now is, shall we be released as Olivarez had stated?"

"It is hard to say," replied Ingram. "The question is, what gaol is this? Could we find any one who could speak English, we might find out."

Several of those around us had come towards us to examine us, and then left us, when, as we were conversing, a negro came up, and hearing what we said, addressed us in English.

"Massa want one to speak English—I speak English—some long while on board English vessel."

"Well, then, my good fellow," said I, "can you tell us what this gaol is, and what prisoners are confined here for?"

"Yes, massa, every body know that, suppose he live at Rio. This gaol for people that go dig diamonds."

"How do you mean?"

"Mean! massa—people sent here to work in diamond mines all life long till they die. Keep 'em here till hab plenty to send up all at one time. Then guard take them up the country, and they go dig and wash for diamond. Suppose you find very big diamond, you go free. Suppose not, den you die there."

"Merciful Heavens!" cried I to Ingram, "then we are condemned as slaves to the mines."

"Yes," replied Ingram with a sigh. "Well, it's better than working in the quicksilver mines. At all events, we shall have fresh air."

"Fresh air without liberty," cried I, clasping my hands.

"Come, sir, courage, we do not yet know our fate. Perhaps we may, as Olivarez said, be allowed to go free after the schooner sails."

I shook my head, for I was convinced otherwise.

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### THE CALM.

BY J. E. CARPENTER.

ALL day! all night! again all day,  
Upon the wave our vessel lay;  
Becalm'd upon the silent deep,  
The lazy hull seem'd hush'd in sleep;  
The gray shark bared his slimy side,  
We shudder'd as we saw him glide,  
Around our prow and on our lee,  
All noiseless in that glassy sea.

And we pray'd for the wind, for its wild alarm,  
Less terrible was than that death-like calm.

Upon the deep no wind, no wave  
To lift us in our living grave,  
For such our vessel seem'd to be  
Upon that weary, desert sea;  
We marked the helmsman's cheek grow pale,  
What sound was that?—what stirs?—a sail!  
The breeze—the breeze—we hear them now,  
The ripples on our vessel's prow.

Oh! bless'd is the wind, for its wild alarm,  
Less terrible seems than that death-like calm.

## TOWN VERSUS COUNTRY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "PETER PRIGGINS."

"Ce qu'on apprend dès le berceau, dure jusques au tombeau."—OLD PROVERB.

## CHAP. I.

"I do not see why I should, and what is more, I will not ;" said Jack Hatton, as he flung a book, which he had been endeavouring to read, from one side of his room to the other.

"Will not do what?" asked his friend, Percy Bolton, looking up at him, and holding in suspense a pack of cards on which he had been practising some ingenious manœuvres.

"Risk being plucked, merely for the sake of having A. B. tacked to my name in the *Cambridge Calendar*. How I do hate Euclid ! and, moreover, of what possible service to me will a degree be?"

"*Cela depend*," answered his friend, resuming his manœuvres with the cards. "How do you mean to play the great game of life?—Tell me that, and I will resolve your problem. There are not many moves on the cards that I am unacquainted with, as you know."

"If you mean to ask me what profession I intend to follow, I answer you at once—none. I have been used to a quiet country life from my cradle ; and as I am my own master, and have the means for pursuing it to my grave, I do not see why I should not do so."

"What may be the amount of those means?" asked Percy.

"I have three hundred a year, clear of all incumbrances ; a snug cottage, and as neat a little farm as is to be found in Wiltshire, or any other county," said Jack.

Percy smiled, as he shook his head and declared the amount to be a pretty little stake to begin with ; but far too inconsiderable to justify him in giving up the game upon it.

"Your habits and mine are so essentially different, that you cannot understand my position," said Jack Hatton ; "one hundred pounds in my hands would go further than a thousand in yours."

"I should not be inclined to agree with you, did I not detest arguing a point ; but as I have a strong belief in fate or destiny, whichever you please to term it, I will settle the question for you by an appeal to these fortune-tellers," said Percy Bolton, as he shuffled the pack and placed it before his friend. "Now cut these cards. If a red one turns up, you have my permission to cut college, and bury yourself in the county of Wilts, and be as dull therein as Old Sarum itself."

Jack Hatton lifted a card and showed it. "*Rouge gagne*," said Percy Bolton ; and, in the course of the day, the young man, who had set his fortune on the cut, took his name off the books of his college, his leave of his tutor and friends, and his place on the box of the mail-coach.

Percy Bolton went to the inn with him to see him off, and, in spite of his professed reliance on fate or destiny, confessed to himself that he regarded his friend in the light of a fool, who was throwing away a good chance in the great game of life.



Jack Hatton—for, like most good-natured men, he had always been called by his nickname—was just twenty-two when he quitted Cambridge. He was a fair scholar, as far as classic lore was concerned, but he detested mathematics, and, from having been educated at a public school, where the preliminary step, arithmetic, was despised as necessary for commercial pursuits only, believed himself to be incapable of conquering the difficulties of the *ars mathematica*. That he tried to do it, is true, and, had he been compelled to persevere in the trial, he might have succeeded; but being possessed of that dangerous drawback to perseverance, a small independency, as we have seen, he threw away his books, and left college, without having accomplished the object for which he had entered—the attainment of a degree.

He had formed a friendship with Percy Bolton at the school to which they had been admitted on the same day; and although their dispositions and pursuits were essentially incompatible, their intimacy continued when they became brother collegians. Hatton was a great rower, and very fond of angling, in all its branches; consequently he was always to be found on the river or the river's brink. Bolton looked upon rowing as a species of galley-slavery, and entertained much the same opinion of a stick-string-and-worm man, as the great lexicographer is reputed to have done. Jack, moreover, painted a little and loved poetry; both of which pursuits, Percy thought proofs of effeminacy, and a sad waste of that time which ought to be devoted to riding after a strong smelling animal, called a fox, driving tandem, shuffling “the books,” and rattling the dice-box, and “the bones.”

Although their pursuits were so essentially different, and they had many an argument as to which were the most pleasant and proper, still they never quarrelled on the subject, but rubbed on together as happily and as cozily—to use their own school term—as we often see gentlemen and ladies contrive to do who have married each other, though not *fac similes*, either in temper or inclination. When, then, Hatton left Cambridge so suddenly and unexpectedly, Bolton felt that he had parted with a valuable and loved companion, and resolved not to lose sight of him, but resume his intimacy with him so soon as he should have accomplished his career at the university. In this intention he was, at that time, sincere, and several letters passed between them; but upon quitting Cambridge, Bolton started for a tour on the continent, and the correspondence was suddenly broken off on his part; and, by the allurements of Paris and the other continental cities which he visited, the image of the friend of his youth was obliterated.

We must just pause to see the sort of life that Jack Hatton led at his little farm in Wilts for some years after he quitted Cambridge, which afforded as great a contrast to the life led by his former companion as can well be conceived.

The Dale Farm, as its name will suggest, was seated in one of those deep and difficult-to-be-discovered dips which intersect the lofty, wild, sheep-covered downs of the West of England. The cottage stood in the midst of a village, which boasted of some half-a-dozen small farm buildings and residences, a few labourers' huts, *the* shop, a church and parsonage, and, of course, a public-house, honoured with the name of an inn; and down from the Combè, or hollow space between two high hills, above it flowed a bright clear stream, which forced its bubbling, boiling, tortuous

way, through green banks covered here and there with stunted thorn-bushes, pollard willows, and straggling alders, and turned several miniature mill-wheels in its course, before it entered the meadows of the Dale Farm, and formed, what might be called a respectable trout-stream.

We have before alluded to Hatton's fondness for angling, and, as he had this well-stocked stream to himself—by consent of the villagers, who hated fishing, although they did not hate the fish when presented to them by the fisherman—it is not to be wondered at, that he passed much of his time on its banks. Trout-fishing, however, does not last all the year round, so Jack, although he was not much of a shot, nor much of a Nimrod, took out a licence to kill partridges, and hunted with a neighbouring pack of beagles. Thus, with his in-door pursuits and a round of visits limited to a circuit of some fifteen miles, and a due reciprocation of them at his own hospitable but frugal table, he contrived to make out his time in a way highly satisfactory to himself.

The Dale Farm did not own a mistress. Jack was a bachelor, and by choice. He could have married had he pleased; for more than one lady had looked kindly on him. He thought, however, that his income was, like the goose, of which the reader may have heard, "sufficient for one, but not enough for two." Moreover, he was waited upon by an aged couple who had lived with him and his parents for the greater portion of their lives, and although they suited *him* very well, he thought that if a lady took upon herself the management of his affairs, as Mistress Hatton, she might wish to pension them off, and replace them by a pair of younger and smarter domestics. It is possible that he might have had a vision, and dreamed of receiving hints about the rheumatic tendency of fly-fishing, the danger of guns bursting, or of a fall from his horse, but, especially, of the unpleasant odour arising from painting in oils—certain it is, however, that he eschewed matrimony, and was regarded as a confirmed bachelor.

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## CHAP. II.

"HERE'S a 'pistle wi' a dab o' black wax on un, and framed in black like an old pictur! Wonder who'ts from!" said Samuel Digby, the groom, gardener, and *garçon* of the Dale Farm, as he turned and twisted about a letter which bore evident marks of being the messenger of bad tidings,

"And what is't to thee who'ts from, Mister Curious?" asked his wife, snatching it out of his hand, and examining it as well as she could.

"Give it to me," said Jack Hatton—for this dialogue between his servants took place in his parlour—"and rely upon it, Mary, if its contents at all concern you or your husband, you shall know them."

"There, do go along, Mister Inquisitive; the pony wants his oats nearly as bad as you wants to know who ter letter's from," said Mary, giving Master Digby a push towards the door, for which he looked pitchforks at her, but obeyed her slowly and reluctantly.

Mrs. Digby, having thus got rid of her husband, pretended to be very busy in placing the breakfast things on the tray previously to their removal, but although "the things" consisted merely of one cup and saucer, one plate, and one of every other necessary; the job occupied her until her master had finished reading the letter which had excited her curiosity.

"Who's dead?" said Mary to her master, as he carefully refolded the letter, and threw himself back in his arm-chair. "Some one is, I know, but, Lord! What's the use of looking glum about it? We mun all die, some day or other. Cheer up, do 'e now."

"Put a few things in my portmanteau, and tell your husband to put the horse to the gig; I must go to London for a few days," said Hatton.

"Who's dead?" replied Mary.

"Make haste, if you please, Mary; or I shall not be in time to meet the coach," said the master.

"Half-a-dozen shirts'll be enough, I suppose; but—who is dead?" said the maid, or rather the waiting-woman.

"Plenty," said Jack, "but do not forget to include a suit of black."

"And a white neckercher in course; for, if you're agoing to the funeral of Mr. or Mrs.—but who is dead?" said Mary, and so earnestly, that Jack Hatton, who, upon such occasions, was in the habit of punishing the old lady by not gratifying her curiosity, could not help telling her that the letter he had just received, informed him of the death of an aged woman who was distantly related to him.

"What was her name?" said Mary.

Jack had a great mind to be in a passion and decline telling her the name of the defunct female; but, upon second thoughts, he did not deem it worth his while, so he disclosed the secret. •

"And where did she live, and how old was she?" asked Mary.

Jack thought it best to give a short statement of all he knew of the departed, and then Mary, as if satisfied with the success of her perseverance, lifted the tray, and seemed as if she was about to execute her master's orders, and forward his departure; but before she had closed the door behind her, she turned round, and popping her head into the room, inquired—"Has she left 'e any thing?"

"Confound it!" said Jack, "but I must, I suppose—well—yes."

"And how much is it?" asked Mary.

"Oh, no money—only a mourning-ring as a memorial of her," groaned out her master.

"Then I'd never go to the expense of seeing of her buried, I'm sure," said Mary. "Was she rich?—Who's to have her money?—Was it in the per cents?"

Jack Hatton, good-tempered as he was and all-accustomed to his housekeeper's humour, could not stand this. He stamped upon the floor, uttered a very naughty word, and bade her leave the room immediately.

Mary was so surprised at hearing her master swear, and at seeing him in a passion, that she dropped the tray and smashed its contents.

Jack was delighted; for he knew that the mishap would annoy the careful and frugal old woman; so, telling her to "pick up the pieces," he made his way past her, and ordered his gig to be got ready, and packed up his clothes himself.

But Jack's annoyances were not yet ended. No sooner had he taken the reins and commenced his drive to the Devizes, where he was to meet the Bath coach "up," than Master Samuel Digby, who had not had time to communicate with his wife upon the subject, began to question his master about "the dear departed." It was impossible to escape—as twelve miles of bad roads were before him; so, knowing that it must be done, Jack gave the old man all the information that he required.



"An old screw!" said Digby, "What's the good of a ring? Blowed if I shuts the shutters or draws down the blinds for such as she!"

Jack, however, who had omitted, through hurry, to give the orders necessary upon such melancholy occasions, insisted that the moment Sam returned home, he should cause his wife to do every thing that propriety demanded. Digby did not *say* that he would not obey the orders, but he made up his mind not to do so, and kept his resolution.

"If," said he—to himself; "if the old cat had left master—who's a capital chap—a few hundreds, I'd ha' done every thing proper; but as it is—if I shows her any respect—blow me!"

Jack Hatton mounted the coach, and though he did not do the journey so quickly as it is now done by *mail*, still, as the coaches on the Bath road were admirably conducted, he arrived in town in a few hours, and took up his quarters at "the Tavistock," in Covent-Garden, a house, and a very comfortable one, too, to which he had been in the habit of resorting in his undergraduate days at Cambridge.

It was about "nine by the clock," when Jack Hatton arrived at his hotel, and he did not feel inclined to go to bed. He knew no one in town upon whom he could call at so unseasonable an hour, so he resolved to take a stroll as far as the offices of the solicitor, from whom he had received the letter announcing the death of his distant relative. He certainly did not carry out his resolution, for on passing under the colonnade of Covent-Garden Theatre, a dense crowd stopped his further progress. Half-price was about commencing, and just as Jack had fought his way into the middle of the crowd that was waiting for the event, the doors of the theatre were thrown open, and he found himself hurried with the crush, amidst screams, groans, and cries of "take care of your pockets," into the pit entrance.

"Well, I do not see why I should not," said Jack to himself, "no one knows me, and I know nobody; and if I did, what does it matter? The old lady was nothing to me. Why, should I feign a grief I do not feel? I may as well sit in a theatre as an hotel."

Thus soliloquising, Jack passed in with the throng, and paid his money.

In one thing he was mistaken. He could not *sit* in the theatre, for the pit was crammed; so he worked his way out and got an exchange ticket to the boxes, by paying the difference.

"Put me into a seat near the stage," said Jack to the boxkeeper.

"Do you want a bill?" replied the official.

"No, I thank you," said Jack.

"Then there aint a place to be had. Try t'other tier," answered the man.

Jack saw his error in a moment, and said that he *did* want a bill.

"Then there's a nice seat in the second row of the stage-box, sir," said the keeper, holding out a bill and pocketing the shilling which he received in exchange for it. "This way, sir; make room there—there's room for one in the second seat."

Jack did not think that there was, and so the party that occupied it seemed to think, for they did not move to make the room which the official asserted was there. He was pushed down, however, over three benches, and, amidst the grumbling of several gentlemen, and the rather loud expostulations of some ladies, found himself standing above the spot which the boxkeeper had assured him was his place. With the

politeness peculiar to our nation, not a soul moved to accommodate him. He did not like to thrust himself in rudely, so he remained standing for a few seconds, not doubting but that he should be accommodated after a time; but the party behind him assailed him with "Down, down in the front—sit down." The gallery caught the cry and responded to it, by a request to the company to "throw him over."

"May I beg of you," said Jack, touching the shoulder of a gentleman who was immediately below him, "to make room for me."

"There is no room for you, sir, and you should never tap a man on the shoulder; it is a very improper proceeding, except you're a bailiff," replied the gentleman, who looked up smilingly as he said so.

"What? Percy Bolton! Don't you remember—"

"Jack Hatton, as I live! Sit closer, if you please—now slip in, Jack, we shall soon shake in comfortably," said Percy.

"Silence there in the boxes—throw them over," shouted the gallery; but as soon as Jack was seated the noise subsided, and the play went on, though Jack saw and heard but little of it, for he was busily conversing with his recovered friend, to whom he explained the reason of his being in town, and from whom he received an invitation to take up his quarters in a spare room which he had at his lodgings in St. James's Street.

Jack declined the offer, but promised to take his breakfast with him on the following day. He did so, about two o'clock in the afternoon, and over the very *recherché* meal talked about old times, and listened to his friend's account of his travels and his present mode of life, which seemed very dull and stupid to Jack, as there was nothing in it but balls, and routs, and theatres, and a little—a very little—intriguing, and a good deal of gambling. Percy Bolton was, or appeared to be, highly delighted to meet his old schoolfellow and college chum, and gave him a very pressing invitation to stop a month or two in town with him, and rub off the rust of the country.

"No; I thank you, old fellow, for the invitation, but I must say no to it. I hate town, and love the country, and as soon as I have—"

"Turfed the old woman," said Percy.

"Seen the remains of my relation committed to the earth, I shall return to my quiet home," said Hatton. "I have an humble but a very snug cottage, and if you will, as we used to say at Cambridge, 'put the boot upon the other leg,' come and see me instead of my remaining with you, I shall be delighted to receive you."

"Well, I don't mind telling you, old fellow," said Percy, "that I am rather hard up just now, and should not object to be out of the way for a week or so until I can raise the needful. I will drive quietly down as soon as you return. You can find room for my phaeton and nags, I presume?"

Jack had plenty of room for both—in a barn—but he did not tell his friend so, for he resolved to turn his own nag and gig into the said barn, and let Percy have the stable and gig-house for his horses and phaeton.

"I shall expect you, then," said Jack, "on Monday next. My unpleasant business will be over to-morrow, and I shall return on the following day."

"I will be with you," said Percy. "The day before Monday will be a very convenient one for me to start upon, and I shall enjoy a quiet

dinner and a snooze at the Pelican in Speenhamland, which will divide the journey, and make it easy for the prads."

Having made this arrangement, the friends parted. Hatton wrote home to his housekeeper, and then made preparations for attending the funeral of his relative.

### CHAP. III.

WE change the scene to the Dale Cottage. Mr. and Mrs. Digby are sitting over their "nuncheon," as they call it. Not a shutter is closed—not a blind drawn down, for Samuel had made up his mind that an old woman who had left his master nothing but a three-guinea ring, was unworthy of the respect usually shown to the departed.

"Here's Posty wi' a letter or summut," said Samuel. "Wonder who'ts from?"

"Master, in course," said Mary. "Why don't you go and take it in?"

"'Cos it's your place to answer ter door, not mine," said Samuel, quietly cutting away at the bacon.

The postman, however, who knew his customers, did not wait at the door, but "lifted the latch" and walked in. He gave the letter into the hands of Mrs. Digby, took a long pull at the mug of beer which was put into his hands by Mr. Digby, and left them to make out the contents of the 'pistle, as the pair called it.

Although the letter contained but five lines, it took ten minutes at least before they could understand that Sam was to meet his master with the gig on Saturday, and Mary to prepare the spare room for the reception of a friend on the Monday following.

"A friend?" said Sam, "'Wonder who 'tis. Is it a man or a 'oman?"

His wife shook her head, and then turned the letter round and round, and read it over again, in hopes by those means of solving the question.

"Bet a guinea I've got it," said Sam, slapping his thigh. "The spare room is a double-bedded un—that is, I means, has got a bed as holds double—carries two inside, like our buggy, don't it?"

"In course it does, and what of that?" asked his wife.

"Then my 'pinion is, that master's been and swapped the mourning-ring for a wedding one, and means to occupy the double bed—that's all," said Sam.

"What! been and got married?" exclaimed Mary.

"Yes, got cotched by one of them Lunnuners. They're a rummy lot they tells I. If a man once gets into their clutches, he's no more chance of getting away than a mouse has out of one of my pea-traps."

"I'll never believe it," said Mary; "it's not at all like un, and he hasn't had time to do it in."

"That's all owing to your ignorance," replied Sam. "Them Lunnun ladies pounces upon the men and picks 'em up as quick as a hawk does a sparrow; but you'll see—that's all."

"Then I shan't get the room ready till I do see. I've been mistress here too long to submit to another, and her a Lunnun miss," said Mary; and having formed this determination, she adhered to it. Not a broom



or duster was carried into the spare room until her master, on his return, had assured her that the expected guest was a *man* and an old college friend. Then Mary set to work willingly to prepare for his reception, little dreaming of the additional trouble, and the annoyances that were in store for her.

Mr. Samuel Digby was inclined to be rebellious when he was ordered to turn *his* nag and *his* buggy into a temporary stall and coach-house in the barn, to make room for the stranger's equipage, but, upon second thoughts, he kindly consented to obey his master's orders, for he entertained a hope that his condescension would be duly rewarded by a *tip* of a guinea at least.

The Monday arrived, and with it, about six in the evening—dinner having been ordered at five o'clock, and of course spoilt—Percy Bolton, a pair of splendid prads, and Timkins, his impudent but very efficient groom and valet. Bolton apologised to his friend for being rather late, and pretended to eat of the overdone haunch of South Down as if he relished it. He certainly enjoyed the pudding that followed it, and made a most decided attack on the cream-cheese that wound up the humble meal.

Jack did not pretend to give any thing but humble port and sherry, but both were the best that he could procure, and in pure hospitable earnestness, he not only pressed them upon his friend, but set him a good example by partaking of them largely and frequently himself. Still Percy did not drink, as it appeared to his host, with the same relish as he had been used to do in former days, at Cambridge, when the wine was wont to be rather doubtful in character. Jack remarked upon his abstemiousness, and Percy pleaded guilty to the accusation, simply adding, that he rarely drank any thing but claret.

"You shall have some to-morrow, old fellow," said Jack, "I have asked a few men to meet you."

"Don't *get* any on my account. I assure you I can put up with heavy wine—if mixed with a little water—for a day or two," said Percy.

"Do you smoke? Will you try a weed and a little toddy? I have some capital whiskey and a few magnificent Havannahs," said Jack.

"I never smoke, and what is toddy?" asked Percy.

Jack was "taken aback," as the sailors say, but he was resolved that his friend should know what toddy was, so he ordered Mary, who was a capital compounder, to make a jug instant. It was made. Her master smacked his lips, and pronounced it excellent. His friend held his glass beneath his nose, and declared that the smell so closely resembled burning hay or straw, and put him so much in mind of incendiarism, that he could not venture to taste it.

"Well, I really am very sorry that I have nothing better to give you," said Jack, "but it shall be better arranged to-morrow. We are a very primitive set here, and—"

"Oh, my dear fellow, don't apologise—don't mind me. I shall do very well as far as the living goes—but how do you propose making out the evening?" asked Bolton, yawning most frightfully.

"I thought of having a little cozy chat over old times," said Jack.

"That will not last us till one or two in the morning, and I never

retire before ; I cannot sleep if I do. Let us have a quiet game at *écarté*, *picquet*, or even *cribbage*, if you prefer it," said Percy.

"Why, really, it's very unfortunate," said Jack, stammering, "I certainly can play at *cribbage*—a little ; but I have no cards in the house. It shall be remedied to-morrow.

"Send to the hotel," said Percy, "I am sure they keep cards at so respectable a place."

Digby was summoned, and ordered to apply to the landlord for the loan of a pack of cards. He looked very much surprised, but condescended to obey the order, and in the course of ten minutes returned with a very dingy something which the landlord assured him was the only thing in the shape of a pack of cards that he had.

Percy Bolton looked at them, took up the tongs, and coolly put them behind the fire.

"You have a rick-yard handy, I presume," said he, addressing Samuel Digby, who was gazing, in a bewildered way, at the perishing pack ; "Go there, sirrah, and pull out some wheat-straws, and bring them here."

Sam did as he was ordered to do, wondering what in the world the Lunnun chap could want with them. He lingered in the room to discover the secret, and when he saw them cut up into bits of unequal length, and heard a proposal that they should draw for the longest at a guinea a chance, he turned up his hands and eyes, and rushed out of the room to tell his wife of the shameful prodigality of their guest.

Jack declined the offer of "pulling straws" for a guinea, and as nothing else could be done for his amusement, Percy threw himself on the sofa, and fell asleep.

Jack was dreadfully annoyed, and did not know what to do with himself or his guest when he should arouse himself from his slumbers. He took up a book ; but, just as he had commenced reading it, Mister Digby opened the door, and in a most mysterious way beckoned to his master to come out of the room.

"What is the matter ?" asked Jack.

"Matter enow and some to spare," said Sam, "That chap's servant wants split-beyans for his horses, and because there's none to be had in the village, wants I to get upon ter nag that's racked up for the night, and ride down to mill for some."

"And that's not all," said Mary ; "he says he shant sleep in a bed without curtains, and with calico sheets—wont drink table-beer, and expects my husband to clean his boots for him."

"Well, never mind—it will be only for a few days—get him some split-beans, and do what he requires—just to oblige *me*," said Jack Hutton ; but neither Mary or her husband seemed at all inclined to comply with his wishes. Fortunately for him and his peace and comfort, Mr. Timkins consented to give his horses some oats, and requested permission to take up his head-quarters at the public-house in the village, which was not above fifty yards from the Dale Cottage. Of course, he was indulged in his wishes, and Digby and his wife were satisfied. Percy Bolton was rather amused when his host told him of the circumstance, and having worn away a most tedious evening, went to bed about ten o'clock, pleading, as an excuse for his early retirement, the fatigue occasioned by travelling some twenty miles.

Jack Hatton was very miserable, because he saw that his invitation was a dead failure, as far as the first evening had gone. "On hospitable thoughts intent," he rose early and despatched his man, Digby, to procure a hamper of the best claret that could be bought in the country—two packs of Hunt's best cards, and a bushel of split-beans. He had invited a small party to dinner, which was, in fact, the largest he could procure. There was the rector, the apothecary, the gentleman who kept the harriers, and a couple of men who farmed their own land, and were guardians of their respective parishes.

Dinner was ordered at five o'clock, and Percy Bolton, who had had a cup of tea in bed, managed to "get valeted" and made his appearance a little before three. Jack had anticipated a pleasant morning with his friend, a walk round the grounds, or a drive about the country; but to every proposal he made, Bolton gave a negative nod and a shrug of the shoulders, and decided on staying in-doors and teaching Jack *écarté*. As Digby had returned with the cards, he could not excuse himself on the plea which had availed him on the previous night. Down they sat, and when the dinner guests arrived, they found their entertainer deep in the mysteries of the game, ten pounds out of pocket, the table-cloth not laid, and Mrs. Digby and her husband in a very bad humour.

Jack's friends were introduced in form, and Percy Bolton received them most civilly. He then retired to dress, although his friend declared that such a proceeding was quite unnecessary—"it was only a bachelor's party." Percy, however, persevered, and Mr. Timkins having been found, with some difficulty—for he was at skittles—managed to make his master presentable at about a quarter past six. The dinner, of course, was spoiled. The fish was boiled to rags, the beef roasted to cinders, and the limbs of the chickens refused to remain in their respective sockets. Jack could not apologise to his country friends, for fear of offending his London guest, so he let them make it out in the best way they could; although it was clear to him that they enjoyed nothing but the bread and cheese with which the meal finished.

Percy took it very coolly; seemed quite unconscious of having been the cause of the failures before him, and begged that he might have a couple of poached eggs, as he really could not venture upon overdone meat or poultry.

"Never mind," said Jack to himself, "When the claret comes, it will be all right."

But it was not. Percy tasted it, and declared that "it was *loaded*—tasted so strongly of *Frontignac*, that he could not drink it."

Then Jack was in despair. He passed a most miserable evening, and when he dismissed his country friends, who thought his London friend a puppy and a fool—for he neither talked, drank, nor smoked—he heartily regretted having invited them to meet him.

"I never had the luck to meet such a set of men before, and I hope I never shall again," said Percy, when Jack returned from seeing his company mounted; "but come; get out the books, and I will give you your revenge."

The cards were produced, and, to the horror of Mrs. Digby, her master played until four in the morning, and lost nearly thirty pounds. Nor was that the worst of the business; he did not go to bed before he had promised Percy to return with him to London on the following day, and spend a week with him "in return for the very agreeable visit he had made at the Dale Cottage."



## CHAP. IV.

THIS, our concluding chapter, is, of necessity, a very short one; but it reveals important secrets.

Jack Hatton went up to town with Percy Bolton, and was introduced into what he termed "the best set." He was initiated into the mysteries of hazard, rouge-et-noir, and roulette. He was also taught how to make up a book for the Derby, Oaks, or any other turf event; and although any thing but a gambler by inclination, he was in a very fair way of being "completely cleaned out," had not a friend—an humble one it is true—namely, Samuel Digby, saved him, and just in the nick of time.

Two very nice young men, with moustaches and curly whiskers, had been invited at eight precisely to dine at Bolton's lodgings in St. James's Street. At ten minutes before eight Jack was disturbed at his toilet by Sam, who rushed into the room pale as death, and too much agitated to speak. He tried, but could not articulate—so he put a dingy-looking wafered letter into his master's hand, and sat himself down on the nearest chair.

Jack was amazed, and thought that some sad event had occurred in Wiltshire, but a glimpse at the note showed him it was from Mr. Timkins, to the landlord of the hotel in his parish, with whom the aforesaid Timkins had formed an amicable alliance in the skittle-ground of the hostelry. It was fortunate that the worthy landlord could not read, and that Samuel Digby happened to drop in for a drop of something just as Posty brought the "'pistle." He good-naturedly consented to decipher it for the ignoramus, but long before he had gone over two lines of it, he discovered its importance, and brazenly asserted that it was directed to himself, and had been delivered by mistake. The exact contents were never known to any one but himself and his master; for he read it over, told his wife he must go up to town to meet his master, drove over to the Devizes, got on the Bath coach "up," and, as we have seen, arrived in town just before his master was going down to dinner.

At that dinner was a fourth seat, like the celebrated Banquo's, unoccupied. Percy Bolton wondered where his friend could be. Timkins went up into the spare room to look for him, but found, not the man, but a note, which ran thus:

"Percy Bolton,

"You are a villain. I thank my good luck that your plans for ruining me have been discovered in time. To what I have lost to you, you are welcome. What I have left, I shall enjoy in the country.

"Your's,

"JOHN HATTON."

The Bath mail had two vacant places, and Sam and his master got home about two in the morning. Mrs. Digby was dreadfully annoyed to hear a loud cry at the gates of Dale Cottage, and asserted to herself that her husband was very tipsy when she heard him scream out, as he threw his hat up into the air, "Hurray! country for ever! we've been and beat the Lunnuners!"

Had Jack Hatton remained and dined at that party, his doom would have been sealed. As it was, he had to "pinch for it" for many years to come; long after he read of his friend Percy's exclusion from society, as a man suspected of availing himself of his talents for "jumping the cut."

## THE TRAVELS AND OPINIONS OF MR. JOLLY GREEN.

## CHAP. VI.

FOLLOWING my gloomy janitor—for such I felt he was—I retraced my steps through the gardens of the Tuileries : how changed were they now ! But a few minutes before I stood within their precincts free as “the wild gazelle on Judah’s hills,” and now, like a second Caligula, led through the streets of Rome, I was a state prisoner, the victim, I doubted not, of a base conspiracy, with all but manacled limbs, though still untamed in spirit.

For purposes of his own, or probably fearing a popular tumult, the Sbirro avoided the Place du Carrousel, and issuing from the gardens on the opposite side, led me furtively along the obscure quays which border the darkly-flowing river, that moist refuge of the blighted heart in the last throes of its agony. We passed along a range of buildings which I afterwards understood was the winter palace of the tyrant, and is called the Louvre, and continuing our course straight on, at length reached the Pont Neuf, so fatally known in history as the Bridge of Sighs, where, had not my mind been pre-occupied with the bitter sense of my wrongs, I saw many things which might have given it materials for deep-seated and intense thought. As it was, there only flitted before my eyes visions of hapless animals of the poodle race awaiting the inexorable shears of the *tondeur*, in my ears there rang only the cries of the vendors of lemonade, and in my nostrils rose but the smell of the savoury kabaub, cooked in the open air, of which the Parisian has always been so fond since the day when his ancestors first learnt its value beneath the banners of St. Louis, on the parched plains of America. Oppression had not yet entirely dimmed my every faculty, nor injustice dulled my sense of hunger,—for I had set out that morning without my breakfast ; but still, like Othello’s villany, my perceptions were “yet confused,”—a condition of mind which possibly was increased by the effects of the deleterious Havannahs of Monsieur Moïse. But for this I might have taken some note of the grim discourse of the slavish tool of tyranny who had dogged my footsteps to perdition’s verge. I have mentioned the general proneness of the French nation for conversation ;—I can add, from my own experience, that it is indulged in under the most harrowing circumstances. This man—this delegate of a corrupt government—dared to address to me words of inquiry or observation, I knew not which. I turned a deaf ear to them, for I had not read the romances of Mrs. Radcliffe for nothing, and the scared familiar of the Inquisition, who had sought with wily tongue to lure me to confession, shrunk abashed before my firm silence. When he perceived my impassibility, he pointed to the ornament which I had purchased that morning, and which hung proudly glittering on my breast, a gilded bauble, “which Jews might kiss, and infidels adore,”—but against this also I was proof. It was clear that he wished me to offer him a bribe that I might regain my liberty, for venality finds no such mart as among the *employés* of the French government ; but conscious in my right, and glorying in the name of a British prisoner, I strode unregardless on. I could hear the deep muttering of disap-

pointed cupidity, but it fell on my ear like the withered leaf before the autumnal blast.

We crossed the Pont Neuf about halfway, till we stood beneath the statue of the warrior-king whose name is immortalised in the national anthem of France, the "Marseillaise" of monarchy, if I may be allowed the expression. Here we bid adieu to modern civilisation, and turning our faces from the sun, plunged into the dark obscure of that part of Paris which is called the city. I knew that they were leading me to prison, nor was I wrong, for a few minutes brought us to the "Palais de Justice," an edifice of which it may be truly said with Lafontaine, "that he who enters there leaves hope behind."

We ascended a lofty flight of steps, and traversing an immense hall, the ceiling of which is carved with Doric sculpture, and the pillars which support it are of the vaulted order, my truculent guide beckoned me to approach a low-browed portal which frowned mysteriously on one side of the hall. To disobey was madness, surrounded as I was by myrmidons who, I could observe, noted my minutest action, and I followed on. The "familiar" led the way, and we entered a dark chamber, filled with a gaping multitude, whose heavy masses formed an impenetrable background to the gloomy *tableau*. In this chamber several functionaries were seated, arrayed in sweeping robes, and wearing on their features the imperturbable expression with which the law invariably chisels its votaries. I was led into a small box and motioned to a seat—the French absurdly call it a bank—which I accepted with a dignified air, while a buzz of curiosity arose in the court. It is not often, I apprehend, that such a prisoner had been seen as the unflinching Jolly Green!

I turned my eyes towards the judgment-seat, and gazed hardily upon the arbiter of my destiny. He was a man of sallow complexion, in whose veins the warm life-blood of humanity was chilled beneath the icy fangs of time; no genial smile irradiated his countenance, no sympathy glistened in his eye; hard as the hickory of his native plain, he sat the dumb image of inexorable fate.

After a few trifling cases had been rapidly disposed of, for there was a manifest eagerness in all present to see me put on my trial, my accuser stepped forth and harangued the judge, with a degree of volubility which I found extremely difficult to follow. From certain significant words, however, I gathered the substance of the accusation. I distinctly noted, that he spoke of the king—of my reading the opposition journal (for such, I presume, is Galignani's newspaper) in the gardens of the palace; and of the apostrophe which I made beneath the column of Napoleon, which, doubtless, he distorted into treason; and while he dwelt upon this latter circumstance, he pointed significantly to my person, tapping himself on the breast at the same time. To give weight to his assertions, I plainly heard him utter the well-known expression, "*La Legion d'Honneur*,"—an oath to which a Frenchman invariably appeals on all occasions of great solemnity.

The judge frowned, and a loud whisper spread through the court; it was plain that I was about to be interrogated—perhaps, be submitted to the question.

I was ordered to rise. I did so.

Then followed the sickening formalities to which the innocent prisoner is always subjected. As clearly as I could make out, I was asked my



name, my country, and my profession. To these I answered, briefly and emphatically :

“ Jolly Green :—Anglais:—gentleman.”

“ Où sont vos papiers ?” demanded the judge.

I knew what “ papier” meant in English, and shook my head.

He repeated the question, on which I felt in my pockets, and pulled out the only bit of paper I possessed, which I held up between my finger and thumb ; it was the little bill for the ornament I had purchased in the Palais Royal.

The judge put out his hand for it, and it was passed over to him by one of the hussars of the court.

The sight of it seemed to excite his anger, for he struck it violently against the table behind which he sat, and then showed it to two or three of the griffons,\* as they are called, who make notes of the proceedings in the French courts of justice. They stared and shrugged their shoulders, and one of them smiled satirically, as he said a few words in reply to the observation of the judge.

“ C’est un vrai original,” was all I overheard.

The judge again asked me for more paper, and I returned for answer that I had not got any.

He seemed perplexed, till some one near him uttered the word “ passeport,” which he eagerly caught at, and then said, “ Avez-vous un passeport ?”

This I perfectly understood, and could now perceive the drift of the ignorant man, unworthy to sit on the bench, who did not even know his own language. It seems, he wanted to know if I had a passport.

“ Oui,” I replied, in excellent French.

“ Montrez le, monsieur,” exclaimed the judge.

I saw that he wished to see it, and I regretted that I had it not about me, for had such been the case, the manner in which I was spoken of in it by the French ambassador, would, I am sure, have at once procured my liberation.

I once more shook my head, a course which I recommend every one to adopt in cases of like emergency.

“ Montrez-moi votre passeport ?” thundered the judge.

“ Je non pas,” I then said, seeing that he had not comprehended my gesture ; and I added, “ Si je aller à mon portmanteau vous aurez celà.”

“ Où est-ce-que vous demeurez ?” demanded the bench.

I guessed that he wanted to know who I lived with, and I hastily answered, “ Ventrebleu !”

The name of my host seemed to act like an electric spark on the poles of an enemy’s battery. He rose in a passion, and poured forth a volley of words, evidently of an abusive kind. Again, I heard the asseveration of “ Legion d’Honneur,” accompanied by the words, “ infraction de la loi,” “ Napoleon,” “ privilège chéri de la bravoure,” “ Grands de l’état,” “ sans autorisation,” and a number of other unmeaning phrases—unmeaning, I say, because, though accused of treason, I felt that I was perfectly innocent. This burst of eloquence in the magistrate, indulged at my expense, ended in the words “ amende,” and “ vingt-cinq francs.”

I comprehended that I was fined—a singular punishment, I thought, for the crime imputed to me ; but, presuming that this was the way the

\* The word “ griffonage” is evidently derived from the peculiar handwriting of these officials.

government made money, by trumping up charges against Englishmen, I put my hand in my pocket for the money. To my astonishment my purse was gone. A "coupe gorge" had stolen it from me, perhaps, as I passed through the crowd into the presence of justice. I intimated that I had no money.

"Dans ce cas-là !" exclaimed the judge, knitting his eyebrows, "on va vous conduire en prison."

I heard the fatal word, and at the same moment two agents of despotism stepped out from the throng, and one of them rudely stripped me of the ornament I wore, while the other took me by the arm and led me outside the court, where stood a file of mousquetaires, between whom I was placed; a fierce-looking corporal, with bright yellow moustaches, like a hyena, gave the word of command, and I was marched to the prison of the Conciergerie. An officer of the court followed, who, after a short parley at the gate, handed me over to the gaoler—the bars of the prison fell behind me, the rusty key grated in the lock, and a solitary cell received the inanimate form of the hapless Jolly Green!

When I awoke to consciousness, I found myself stretched on the floor of a small chamber, about eight feet long by six feet wide, and, with the exception of a small square table and a single chair, entirely devoid of furniture. The only light that penetrated this gloomy den came from a high, narrow window, at the end opposite the door. It was protected by heavy iron stanchions, thus at once cutting off all hope of escape in that direction. By the aid of the chair and standing on tiptoe, I was enabled to gaze upon the outer air, as it played in mockery against the barred casement. The space beyond appeared to be an extensive courtyard; what there might be in the dizzy depth below, I shuddered to think.

I descended from the chair, and sat down upon it to muse upon the terrors of my situation. I was a prisoner—it might be for life; for the crime of which I was accused was shrouded in darkness. A single accusation had sufficed "to cut me off," as the late Charles Matthews used to say, "in the prime of life and every thing in the world." Who was there to come to my rescue in the heart of a hostile capital? Who would weep over my untimely lot, if to-morrow I were borne a corse from out these dungeon walls—or, worse, if I were left for ages to pine in unregarded misery? How were my friends in England to learn my fate? Who would bear to Peckham the tidings of my captivity? These thoughts engendered in my mind a strong sympathy for my own position, which, arranging itself in poetical form, gave birth to the following lines, hastily noted down on the tablets of which my gaoler had neglected to deprive me. I called them,

#### THE LAY OF THE CAPTIVE.

My native land! and can it be  
Thy JOLLY breathes apart from thee!  
Here, where the snow-white oriflamme  
Waves on Mont Martyr's height,  
Where great Saint Denis fed his lamb  
By Seine's blue waters bright;  
Ay, here—thy JOLLY's eyes are wet—  
He groans within an *oubliette*!

My native land!—blest *Angleterre*!  
 Still to my memory art thou *chère*!  
 And in a clime remote—afar—  
 Adown my manly cheek a *larme*  
 Falls dewily—*hélas*!—*Comme ça*!  
 I feel it on my waistcoat warm:  
 But 'neath that waistcoat quivers yet  
 A heart that never can forget  
 Altho' I pine in *oubliette*!

I've learnt the language of the Gaul,  
 Their *ouis* and *nons*, I know them all!  
 But constant to my backest bone,  
 Spite of their *comment*? and *plait-il*?  
 I'll use no language but my own  
 While I demand my liberty.  
 For Freedom's cause—for Britain's Queen—  
 Throbs the bold soul of JOLLY GREEN;—  
 The British lion rallies yet,  
 Tho' crushed within an *oubliette*!

I may observe here, that after I recovered my liberty, I sent this poem to my devoted friend Jawley,\* to be inserted in that distinguished emporium (the *Brompton Budget*), of which he is the editor, into which none but the most “feelingesque” lines (his own happy phrase) are ever admitted. I have good reason to know that they have since been copied into a country newspaper, *without acknowledgment*!

When I had completed this effusion my mind became calmer, and I was able to consider my position, free from the jaundice of despair. I resolved to address a letter to the British ambassador, and throw myself on the Law of Nations. But where was I to find a messenger? I determined to try the experiment of tampering with my gaoler. Though basely deprived of my money, I was not without resources: I had not yet been plundered of a valuable gold watch and chain, and still wore a valuable ring on my little finger. Perceiving a bell-rope, which had previously escaped my notice, I pulled it violently, and in a few minutes the prison-door yielded to the pressure from without, and the turnkey stood before me.

“Qu'est ce que vous désirez, monsieur?” he asked, in a tone less harsh and brutal than I had expected.

“Moi besoin un plume et papier; j'écrire mon ambassadeur.”

“Vous êtes Anglais, monsieur, n'est-ce-pas?”

I answered coldly in the affirmative.

“Alors, monsieur, vous aurez de l'argent. Il vaut mieux payer l'amende qu'écrire des lettres à je ne sais qui!”

“Pourquoi moi paie amende, je fais ne rien pas de tout. Je suis arrêté et conducté ici et volé mon bourse par un larron dans votre Old Bailey.”

“Qu'est ce que ça veut dire?” said the turnkey, shaking his head; “Ole Baily—sont ils foux donc, ces Anglais! Dans—quel—hôtel—êtes—vous—logé,” he added, in a loud voice, very slowly.

I began to perceive his meaning.

“Regardy,” I exclaimed, taking out my pocket-book, and drawing from it the card which had been given to me at the diligence office; “Moi



endormy là," I said, pointing to the words "*Boule d'Or*;" "mon argent est dans mon desque dans mon portmanteau,"

"Désirez-vous un commissionaire?"

My point was gained; I had won over this rough character: I resolved to confirm my hold upon him by flattering his vanity.

"Oui, *mon bravo*," I replied.

"Dans ce cas-là," returned the turnkey, "je vais vous en chercher un. J'ai un petit garçon qui aimera bien gagner une pièce de vingt sous."

He retired and closed the door, but shortly reappeared, accompanied by a sharp-looking boy of about twelve years of age.

Having inquired my name, the turnkey turned to his son, and gave him the following instructions, of which I took a copy.

"Tu connais la Rue Coq-héron? et bin, vas-y de suite, et dis à Monsieur Ventrebleu, qui tient l'hôtel de la Boule d'Or, qu'il y a un Monsieur Anglais ici, qui s'appelle Grin; *ecroué*, tu comprends? Il lui en faut de l'argent pour payer une amende de vingt-cinq francs, à part les frais de prison et la petite gratification que monsieur va te donner. Allons, ne perds pas du temps, faut courir vite."

The little fellow took the card on which I had written my name, and was off like a shot. The gaoler laughed, and said to me as he once more closed the door,

"Vous aurez bientôt de ses nouvelles."

I again gave myself up to contemplation; but my thoughts now were less bitter than before. The Trenck-like imaginings which had haunted my soul, gave place to a faint ray of hope, and I ceased to fear that I should

Spend I knew not what of life, remote  
From all communion with existence.

Yet it is singular how readily the mind accommodates itself to circumstances, and shapes out objects of association. Like my fellow-prisoner, he of Chillon, I could exclaim,

My very chains and I grew friends.

For though I was not actually chained, I was, in fact, incarcerated; and I had already conceived an affection for the table on which I pensively leant, and the chair on which I reclined. Inanimate as they were, I had leant upon them in my hour of adversity; I had trusted them, and they had not deceived me. Ye who confide in man, can ye say as much?

I know not exactly what length of time elapsed while I thus communed with myself; it might have been an hour, perhaps less, but, however this may be, I was roused from my meditations by the sound of voices outside my donjon keep. The massive bars that guarded the entrance were thrown down, the portal expanded, and the outlines of three figures might clearly be discerned coming out in bright relief against the sombre passage wall.

"I knew them all and each I guess."

The gaoler came first, and closely following were Messieurs Ventrebleu and Paradis. Like Cato amid the ruins of Persepolis, I rose with dignity, and majestically waving my hand, kept back the enthusiastic rush which

the new-comers were getting up for the occasion. Liberty was dear to me, but personal honour was dearer still.

"Gentlemen," I said, "your intentions are, without doubt, most friendly, but before I welcome your proffered aid—which, I dare say," I added, with a slight touch of sarcasm, "I shall be able to recompense—I would fain know why a British subject is thus immured with the bare mockery of a trial. 'What ignorant sin,' as Hamlet says, 'have I committed?'"

Monsieur Paradis was the spokesman; Monsieur Ventrebleu, for reasons of his own, declining to reply; but in his silence he looked unutterable things, especially with his left eye, which had the most decided cast of the two.

"My dear fren'," cried Paradis, "what Monsieur Amlet say is noting to nobody. You wish for to know what you here for? I vill tell you: you have committed a great infraction of de law; you have carried on your shest de gran' cross of de Legion of Honour, widout de autorisation of de government. In France, nobody have de right to decorate his limbs with ribbons and crosses, but by de permission of de king. Dere is nobody what can say de Legion is greatly refused, particularly to de gentlemen of de shambers. Bot de stranger shall not be allowed to carry him."

"So then!" I exclaimed, as the truth suddenly flashed upon me, explaining many things which I had deemed incongruous; "so then, for the sake of an idle gewgaw, the impregnable liberties of the Briton are to be sacrificed! But it is well. Pray tell me," I continued, with forced calmness; "what is the amount of the penalty I have incurred, I am rich enough, I trust, to pay it—though I have fallen amongst thieves."

The terse eloquence of my language appeared to produce a strong effect on my auditory. Monsieur Paradis conferred for a moment with the gaolor, and then resumed:

"You shall pay," he said, "five-and-twenty franc for wearing de decoration; dis gentlemen vill 'ave ten franc for de use of his apartment; his littel boy will get some ting for his-self, and—quant à moi—for me—I am your fren', and will be content with noting at all but de pleasure of coming to your assistance so soon as I hear of your infortune."

I could not deny that he *had* come, though a thought might arise as to the disinterestedness of his motives in doing so, for in the school of adversity I had learnt to doubt; but, disguising this feeling, I observed,

"How are these payments to be effected? You see I am without money."

"Aha, sare! dat shall soon be settle. Monsieur Ventrebleu, bring wiz him a small bag full of what you call de 'browns.' Tenez—mon ami," he said, turning to the host of the Boule d'Or, "Monsieur Grin désire avoir cinquante francs—donnez les—je vais vous arranger celà. Wiz dis I pay every body—de amende, dis personnage, his littel boy, et cetera; et tout le monde sera content."

I noted the proceedings of Monsieur Paradis with a watchful eye, and from a calculation which I afterwards made, it was plain to me that he gained fourteen francs by the transaction. I suspected the fact at the time, and made up my mind accordingly.

The formality of my release was soon gone through, and once more I inhaled the air of freedom, if the breeze that blows across the arid plains of France comes charged with that invigorating essence. I had no desire

to make a parade of my wrongs through the streets of Paris, so we all went back to the Boule d'Or in a fiacre; I ordered a substantial breakfast, at which Ventrebleu and Paradis "assisted"—and by no means inefficiently—and then, pleading the effect of recent excitement, I requested to be left alone. There was a strong desire manifest on the part of Paradis to fix himself on me for the day, but when he saw that I resolutely refused his offer, he desisted, and I went up to my chamber.

My first movement was to send down the fifty francs advanced by Monsieur Ventrebleu; my next to order a cabriolet, into which I got, directing the driver to take me to the address I had written down in my pocket-book: "Madame de Vaudet, Boulevard Italien, au coin de la Rue Louis le Grand." A quarter of an hour afterwards I was at the *porte cochère* of that lady's establishment, and in five minutes more in the presence of the lady herself.

Madame de Vaudet was an individual of highly engaging manners and of attractive person. A *rejeton* of the emigration, as she described herself, she was a perfect mistress of the English language, and so far admirably qualified to carry out the design of her prospectus. The courtliness of her air and the fascination of her smile, convinced me that she was what the French call a "*personnage*," and I doubted not that she was of high rank. The mere fact of her receiving boarders did not militate against this supposition, for, I have it from good authority, that his p—s—nt M—jes—y L—is Ph—ll—ppe himself, at one period of his life, not only took boarders, but *day-scholars*!

Madame de Vaudet received me very kindly, and, being probably taken by my appearance, though I should be sorry to be thought vain, entered with an air of maternal anxiety into the circumstances of my position. I answered her with becoming frankness, reserving to myself the little incident of the morning; she heard me to the end, and then said,

"My dear Mr. Green, you have *debuté* by an imprudence, it is true, but the consequences of your false step are not irreparable. The people into whose society you have fallen, are—excuse the word—what we of the aristocracy term '*canaille*;' I was hardly aware of the existence of such a place as the Rue Coq-Héron, and as to your Boule d'Or, I positively never heard of it. Judge, then, what the persons must be who live there! Confess, however, that there was some latent attraction that lured you there—some fair but doubtful—"

"Upon my honour, madam," I cried, blushing up to the eyes, like Susannah and the Elders, "I assure you, except Madame Ventrebleu, I have not spoken to a single female in Paris."

"Oh, that dreadful name," exclaimed Madame de Vaudet; "I can scarcely forgive you, Mr. Green, for having uttered it; but come, I will not be too severe," she added, coquettishly, "I believe you, in spite of your heightened colour. You must forget the events of the last four-and-twenty hours, as you will speedily do when once you are *lancé* into society under my patronage. I think you said, Mr. Green, that you reside near London. Ah, la chère ville," cried Madame de Vaudet, raising her eyes to the ceiling, "I have a great respect for English gentlemen who live on their own estates; and now and then pay a visit to Paris. You have an independent fortune, I presume, Mr. Green? You English gentlemen are so independent."



I replied with modesty, not, however, concealing the fact, that besides a nice little patrimony bequeathed to me while I was still a boy, I was entitled, on the death of my mother, to a very handsome reversion."

Madame de Vaudet listened to me with great attention.

"How extremely interesting, my dear Mr. Green, is the account you give me of your position in life. Ah, that dear mother of yours! How much I should rejoice to see her, and offer her the hospitality of my poor establishment! Is your family a large one, may I ask?"

"The Greens, madam, are numerous in England, and there are a great many settled in and about London; but I am an only son, and have no very near relations. If I should ever marry—"

"What then, monsieur, you are *not* married! This is indeed a surprise! For a person of your appearance it is a thing almost incredible. Angelique, *ma chère*, you will wear that sweet voice of yours to shreds, I insist upon it there must be no more practising to-day."

This last observation was addressed to some unknown person in a room adjoining the *salon* where we were seated, and who, quite unconscious of being overheard, was chanting a delicious barcarolle in a low voice, plaintive, but full of melody. The folding-doors being but imperfectly closed, had betrayed the efforts of the fair warbler.

Madame de Vaudet turned towards me:

"Pardon the warmth of a mother's feelings," she said, "I was surprised into the exclamation. If you could but be aware of the ceaseless devotion of that amiable girl you would at once sympathise with me. Angelique, I pray! Ecoutez donc, il y a un Monsieur Anglais avec moi."

"Might I be permitted," I said, hesitatingly, "to pay my respects to the lady whom you have named, and who I presume to be your daughter?"

"Impossible, monsieur," was Madame de Vaudet's reply. "I regret—sincerely regret—that the *convenances* of society in France do not permit a *young unmarried lady*—especially if she be considered handsome—to present herself until the evening, when, in the bosom of her family, and surrounded by her natural protectors, she is enabled to develop those graces of mind without reserve with which nature has endowed her, and refined culture brought to perfection."

The artlessness and simplicity of this explanation produced a contrary effect, I have no doubt, to that which Madame de Vaudet intended. I felt the strongest desire possible to become one of the privileged few who enjoyed the society of the charming Angelique, and I determined at once to become an inmate of the establishment; my original intention indeed was only by this means accidentally strengthened.

The terms of Madame de Vaudet's establishment were, abstractedly, rather high, but when the advantages which it offered were taken into consideration, they ceased to be an object, and I willingly consented to become an inmate at the rate of a thousand francs a month, the payment of that sum—in advance—being, as Madame de Vaudet observed, "All I need trouble myself about."

"As you are still new to Paris, Mr. Green," said that lady, "it will be desirable that a confidential person from my establishment should return with you to the hotel of that person in the Rue Coq-Héron to assist in removing your things, and prevent any imposition from being prac-

tised. There is nothing a stranger in Paris should guard against so much as imposition. The clear-sightedness which caused you to address yourself to me is a remarkable proof of your knowledge of the world, but even your sagacity might be at fault before a host of sharpers, and I therefore think it better that Antoine, my *caissier*, should accompany you."

I was profuse in acknowledgments of thankfulness, while Madame de Vaudet summoned her man of business. He probably imagined that his mistress was alone when she called him, for he presented himself at the door in rather a singular costume for a cashier—being in his shirt-sleeves, with a carpet skull-cup on his head, a white apron round his waist, and a pair of brushes, with the hair downwards, on his feet, curiously fastened with straps over the instep, like a pair of skates, as if, like King Lear, he was practising a stratagem for stealing from his son-in-law. Madame de Vaudet spoke a few hasty words in French, and he rapidly withdrew, while she observed with the most winning smile possible,

"That admirable creature! Would you believe it, Mr. Green—so attached is Antoine to the fortunes of our house—of which his forefathers have been dependants since the time of Hugh Capet—that, when he has made up his books, no persuasion can induce him to remain idle. He actually, as you have seen, takes upon him the office of *frotteur*, though without the slightest occasion, and influenced by nothing but pure devotedness."

"What an excellent person," thought I, "must the mistress of this house be, to inspire such feelings."

Madame de Vaudet's brief eulogy was hardly uttered, before Antoine reappeared in a short coat, a red waistcoat, a seal-skin cap with a gold band, and boots—not brushes—on his nether extremities.

He received his instructions, a fiacre was called, and we set out for the Boule d'Or.

Madame Ventrebleu was in consternation when she heard of my intended removal; but luckily her husband and Paradis were absent, nor did I see any thing of the other guests. The bill—no trifle, for Chambertin is not very cheap in Paris—was called for and paid, my baggage was removed to the fiacre, I squeezed the hand of Madame Ventrebleu, who made a movement of an endearing nature, which I did not resist, and, suppressing the emotion which gallant hearts must feel when they part with the softer sex, I buried my face in my *mouchoir*, and drove hastily away from the Rue Coq Héron.

The events which befel while I resided beneath the roof of Madame de Vaudet have so coloured the web of my existence, that I must be permitted to pause before I enter on them.

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## B E A U C H A M P ;

OR,

## THE ERROR.

BY G. P. R. JAMES, ESQ.

## CHAP. XIX.

## THE STRUGGLE NEAR THE RIVER.

Nobody could perceive at the breakfast-table that Sir John Slingsby had suffered from the strong emotions by which we have seen him influenced on the preceding night. No one could have conceived that his state and fortune were in the tottering condition which Ned Hayward had represented. He was as gay, as happy, as full of jest and merriment as a schoolboy of seventeen. And as his sister was peculiarly cheerful, it seemed to excite in him even a more merry and jocund liveliness. To say the truth, Mrs. Clifford felt that her bond was broken ; that her visit to her brother's house, and her stay with him, had unlinked one of the chains of cold and formal proprieties which had been wound round her for so many years. Heaven knows, she never wished to see, hear, or do, think, or countenance any thing that was evil ; but yet her heart felt freer and lighter—it had more room to expand. In fact the sunshine of early days seemed to be reflected upon it, and it opened out to the light like a flower. She was gayer than her daughter, though silent and still, except when called into conversation by some lively sally ; but she smiled, was good-humoured, and answered even merrily, when a jest passed round, and seemed to wonder at the more than wonted gravity of her Mary. Isabella was almost too gay ; as gay as the habits of the world and her own sense of propriety permitted ; but, to an observing eye this cheerfulness was rather assumed than real ; and to any one who, like Mary, had the secret of her heart, it was very evidently affected to cover a deeper and a graver current beneath.

“ Well, what's the news this morning ? ” said Sir John, as Isabella poured out the tea and coffee ; “ a quarter to nine and no tidings stirring ? This seems to promise a dull day. Nobody's mill been burnt down ? Nobody's cat killed ? Nobody's wife eloped ? Nobody's daughter gone to Gretna-green ? Nobody's house been broken open, game stolen, hen-roosts been plundered, pocket been picked, or nose been pulled ?—Faith we shall never get through the four-and-twenty hours without something to enliven us. All the objects of country life are gone. It seems to me that the world has turned as dead as a horse-pond, and men and women nothing but the weeds at the top, waiting coolly in green indifference for the ducks to come and gobble them up. Lack-a-day ! lack-a-day ! if we had but Ned Hayward here to cheer us up ! What can have become of him ? ”

“ Oh, he has come back, my dear uncle,” replied Mary ; “ I saw him up on the terrace as I was taking my morning's walk.”

“ Then why is he not here ? ” exclaimed Sir John Slingsby, “ why is he absent from his post ? What business has he at Tarningham-park, unless it be like a ray of the summer sunshine to make every thing gay around him ? ”



"He told me that he was going down to catch a trout," replied Miss Clifford; "he has some bet with you, my dear uncle, it seems?"

"The boy is mad! irretrievably gone! Bedlam or Saint Luke's, or some of those places they call a *private asylum*, is the only place for him now," exclaimed Sir John Slingsby; "what, gone down to catch a trout, without pausing to take either rest or breakfast, with his hands burnt and a shot in his arm—so that fellow Gimlet said, they tell me."

"He seemed very well," answered Miss Clifford; "and he said he had his breakfast before he left the inn."

"I don't believe a word of it," answered her uncle; "that's just one of his old tricks, Mary; if there was any thing to be done, he used never to mind breakfast, or dinner, or supper, or any thing else; the matter was always done first, and then he did not mind a good dinner and a bottle of claret, or even two, as the case might be. I never saw such a fellow! We used to call him 'thoughtless Ned Hayward;' but the fact is, he used to think more in five minutes than the rest of us altogether in four-and-twenty hours, and then he was free for the whole day—but here come the letters, and papers; we shall have some news now, and we shall have something to laugh at, with, or because of."

Thus saying, Sir John took the bag which was brought to him by the butler, opened it with a key attached to his watch-chain, and drew forth the articles it contained one by one. First came a newspaper in its cover—it was, I suppose, the *Times*, by its bulk—then another and another. All these were laid down beside him; and next came the small packet of letters, and then, oh! how eager all were to devour the contents. Strange and mysterious mixture of old rags and size, what a world of emotions have you conveyed about this earth! Not the most terrible stage that has ever represented to the eyes of admiring thousands the works of the poet, or displayed the skill of the actor, has produced such deep tragedy as you. How often has the sight of the thin folded sheet, with its strange, crooked black hieroglyphics, overwhelmed the lightest and the gayest heart with heaviness and mourning! how often changed the smile into the tear! how often swept away the gay pageants of imagination, and memory, and hope, and left the past all darkness, and the future all despair! But, on the contrary, how often have ye been the unexpected messengers of happiness and joy! how often have ye brought sunshine and light into the benighted breast! how often dispelled in a moment the dark thunder-clouds of the world's blackest storms,—aye, and sometimes, too, have closed as with a lightning-flash, the black tempestuous day of a long sorrowful life, with a gleam of ecstasy, too intense and potent to survive!

All eyes turned eagerly to Sir John Slingsby, while he looked over the letters. The first was in a stiff and clerk-like hand, which he put down beside him with a low chuckle, which probably indicated an intention of not reading it at all. The next displayed a scrawl, written as if with a butcher's skewer, thin, straggling, and irregular, like the scratching of a hen in the last agony. That met the fate of the former one. Then came an address in a good, bold, dashing hand, with a name written in the corner.

"Ah, ah!" cried he, "from Tom South, about the borough of Twistandskin. Before I stand, I'll see him—Lord bless me, what was I going to say?" and putting his hand to his mouth, he looked to his

sister with a low laugh; but that letter was put at a little distance from the two others. "Ah! Mr. Beauchamp, here is one for you," continued the baronet, "sent up with the postmaster's compliments!—damn his compliments! who wants his compliments?" and he gave the letter over to Beauchamp, who was sitting at the opposite side of the table next his daughter. "My dear Harriet, do try that pasty, it is excellent; or take something, in the name of Heliogabalus; this is not a fast-day, is it? There's the best ham that ever came out of Yorkshire, on the side-board. There, Isabella, there's an epistle for you, from one of your sweet, maudlin, blond and satin friends in London, as soft and insipid as a glass of orgeate, I'll answer for it; full of loves, and dears, and sweet friends, and languishing for your darling society, and wondering what you can be doing in the country, spending your beauty on the desert air. Don't let me hear a word of it; I hate them all; and, if I had my will, would smother them all to death under eider-down quilts. Pray read your letter, Mr. Beauchamp. Every body in this world is anxious to read their letters but me; and as yours may very likely require an answer, you had better look at it at once; for one post here goes out at eleven."

Now, Sir John Slingsby, in the latter part of his speech, showed himself considerate; for Mr. Beauchamp, during the first part of breakfast, had borne a very grave and business-like air. He had given himself up, it is true, to a more cheerful spirit on the day before; he had been calmly cheerful at dinner; gay in the evening; especially when he was near Miss Slingsby. But who is not gay in the evening hours, when the whole nervous fluid seems to have accumulated about the brain and the heart, when the anticipated, or actual labours of the day are over, the apportioned task of care and anxiety are done? The load of the four-and-twenty hours is thrown off, and we snatch at the brief portion that remains between labour and repose for enjoyment. Who is not gay, when beauty and cheerfulness pour their mingled rays upon us, flooding our feelings and our thoughts with a bright, happy, and congenial stream? Take a glass of iced-water, dear reader—as cold as you will, so that it be not actually frozen—and pour into it a merry glass of warm champagne; see how it will sparkle and dance up to the brim; and, unless the heart of man is a mass of ice indeed, such will be the effect upon it of mere association with youth, beauty, and innocent gaiety.

But since then, Beauchamp had slept upon the matter. The night before he had gone on with the current; and now time had been afforded him to ask himself how far that current had carried him. He was doubtful whether he had not been borne too far; there were doubts, hesitations, apprehensions in his mind; and he was grave—very grave indeed. He had wished Miss Slingsby good-morning, he had expressed a hope she had rested well, he had been most gracefully courteous—too courteous; for very polished surfaces are generally cold; and Isabella, who had come down with the intention of speaking to him frankly and freely upon matters that interested her deeply, had shrunk into herself more than was her wont.

Beauchamp opened the letter, however, with rather a languid and unexpectant air, but the first words seemed to rivet his attention. The eye of Isabella, without her will, or rather against it, fixed upon him.

She saw his cheek turn pale, then glow again warmly, and then a glad and well-satisfied smile curled his lip. He ended the letter, and, looking towards the ceiling, his lips moved for an instant, and, folding up the paper, he put it in his pocket, giving way for a few seconds to thought, which did not seem unsatisfactory.

Isabella Slingsby was the most straight-forward girl in the world, by nature; and she had but one class of experimental teaching in regard to concealing her feelings. She could hide, occasionally, how much she disliked some of her father's guests; she could conceal from him how painful to her was much that she saw under his own roof. In every thing else, however, she was as frank as the day; and, seeing Mr. Beauchamp receive a letter, and look not discontented with it, she said, somewhat inconsiderately:

"You seem to have had pleasant intelligence, Mr. Beauchamp?"

That gentleman turned his eyes suddenly upon her, and very fine and lustrous eyes they were, and he gazed at her for an instant with a smile so blended with many emotions, that Isabella, she knew not why, cast down her eyes, and coloured. After a brief pause, he replied:

"Not unpleasant, Miss Slingsby; for so strange a thing is the heart of man, or, rather I should say, so strange a thing is his fate, that, in the course of years and with the change of circumstances, there will be pleasure even in the total ending of what were once bright hopes. The things we coveted and obtained, in the world's variation become burdensome to us; as, at the end of a long day's journey, we lay down with relief the weight which, at the outset, we carried with joy or pride."

"That is because men are so fickle, I suppose," answered Isabella. "The only constant beings on earth are women and Newfoundland dogs, Mr. Beauchamp—it is so, I assure you, whatever you may think of it. I know the wicked world takes a different view of the subject; but the world is man's; and women might very well say a different picture would be produced, 'if we lions were painters!'"

"Nay," answered Beauchamp, laughing, "I am not one of those evil speakers and slanderers. I have had time to observe in the world where I have been these many years as a mere spectator, watching the characters of men and women; and I can justly say, that there are, at least, ten good women for one good man. Circumstances may have something to do with it; education, opportunity for good or evil; but still there must be a fine and pure spirit at the heart, teaching to avoid evil and to seek good."

"I believe, in truth, there is," answered Mrs. Clifford, joining in the conversation; "and that the bent of almost every woman's mind is towards that which is right. But if you are the creatures of circumstances, Mr. Beauchamp, we are, in many respects, the creatures of your hands; you give the bent and the direction of somewhat more than half our thoughts, I am afraid, and are—"

"To be blamed, if you go wrong," exclaimed Sir John Slingsby, with a loud laugh; "to be sure, to be sure; that is a woman's philosophy, my dear Harriet; all that she does good is her own, all that she does wrong is man's; but let me tell you, my dear sister, that there is no little doubt, in the minds of the best informed, which has the most influence; man over woman, or woman over man. I am of the last opinion;



and I see it every day in my case and that of others ; here this girl, Isabella, rules me with a rod of iron—does any thing she likes with me ; but, by my faith, for this day I shall abstract myself from her authority ; for I have some business to settle during the morning ; and she must entertain her guests as she can. Mr. Beauchamp, if you leave my house during the next four-and-twenty-hours, it will be a clear proof that Miss Slingsby does not entertain you properly ; and I shall be very angry with her inhospitality, if I do not find you at lunch and dinner, tea and supper, and breakfast to-morrow morning ; for I shall be quite sure she has not made my house agreeable.”

“ An imputation that I should be the last to bring upon Miss Slingsby,” said Mr. Beauchamp ; and in truth he seemed to feel what he said ; for when they rose from the breakfast-table, and the party sauntered to the window, in that pleasant indolence which generally succeeds the first meal of the day—that five minutes that succeeds to breakfast, in short, before we put on the armour of active exertion—he attached himself closely to Miss Slingsby’s side, engaged her in conversation so light and cheerful, that the whole character of the man seemed changed. Not that what he said was without thought ; for there was a deep under-current of reflection running all the time, which gave it quite a different tone from what is called small-talk. It was sparkling, brilliant, even playful ; but its principal effect on the minds of those who heard was to set them thinking. There was a marked attention in his manner towards Isabella Slingsby, which flattered her a little. She might have perceived before that he was struck with her beauty, that he admired her, that he liked her society, when he had twice or thrice met her at Dr. Miles’s. She had thought him exceedingly agreeable, and had fancied that he thought her so too ; but there had been nothing said or done—not one word, one look, one gesture, that could set imagination flying any further ; and she had rested satisfied with letting things take their course, without any other feeling than a slight degree of regret that her father had not made the acquaintance of one so superior in manners and in mind to the generality of those around. During the preceding evening, Beauchamp had appeared in no other character than that of the calm, dignified, quiet, and well-informed gentleman. But after breakfast his attentions were more pointed ; and Isabella felt a little agitated, and doubtful of what all this would come to. She was not fond of any thing that agitated her : and therefore, somewhat more abruptly than was necessary, she broke through the conversation that was going on saying :

“ Mr. Beauchamp, Mary and I have entered into a compact to go down and see Captain Hayward win his bet.”

“ What bet ?” asked Beauchamp, who had forgotten all about it.

“ To catch the largest trout in the river before twelve o’clock,” replied Isabella ; “ will you escort us ? My dear aunt, won’t you come too ?”

“ No, my dear,” answered Mrs. Clifford ; “ I have letters to write, too, like your father.”

“ I have no letters to write,” exclaimed Sir John Slingsby, somewhat petulantly ; “ I wish I had nothing less pleasant to do ; but I have to see the steward and a damned lawyer about business—the greatest bores on earth. I wish to Heaven Peter the Great had been but autocrat of England for a bare month. Heaven and earth ! how he would have thinned

the roll of attorneys!—or if we could but bring them under the cutting and maiming act, what hanging and transporting we should have. I am sure they cut up our time and our comforts, maim our property, and cripple our resources. But the devil never abandons his own; and so they slip out of every noose that is made to catch them. There's that fellow, Stephen Gimlet, can make, they say, springes that will catch woodcocks and snipes, hares, pheasants, partridges, ruffs, and rees; hang me, if I don't ask him if he has not got any trap that will strangle an attorney."

"If he fails, ask Ned Hayward," said Isabella, half jokingly, half earnestly; "I have no doubt he would furnish you with what you want."

"Perhaps he would, perhaps he would," answered Sir John; "not a bad thought, Bella; but hang it, I must go and see the steward before that fellow Wharton comes. So good bye, good bye, for the present. Mind the luncheon time; and if Ned loses and does not bring me home a trout of at least three pounds, we'll drink his health in a bottle of the old hermitage—get your shawls and bonnets, get your shawls and bonnets; and now, Harriet, if you want to send over to your place, be quick with your letters, for I have got a man going to Tarningham at twelve."

Mrs. Clifford left the room with her brother, and was followed immediately by her daughter and niece. Beauchamp walked out into the hall, and got his hat, gave some directions to one of the servants in regard to sending up some of his clothes from the inn at Tarningham, when any body was sent down to the town; and then returned to the window of the breakfast-room. There he paused and looked out, revolving various things in his mind, and coming to the half-muttered conclusion, at length: "It must be so, it is quite clear—it is certain." But when any one determines that a thing is quite clear, is certain, before we agree with him in opinion, we should know what other trains of thought are going on in his mind at the moment, jostling this idea and that out of their right places, leaving others far behind, and stimulating others again to run at lightning speed, the Lord knows whither, to win their race. It is not at all impossible, that if you or I, dear reader, could see into Mr. Beauchamp's mind at this moment, we might come to a very different conclusion on the premises, and think that the proposition was any thing but *quite* clear, the result not at all *certain*.

However that might be, there he stood with his hat in his hand, in very good spirits, when Miss Slingsby and her cousin appeared.

Isabella was rather fluttered, as we have said, about something or another; she felt a timidity that was not usual with her, and she got her cousin between herself and Mr. Beauchamp before they reached the door, as if she intended that he should offer Mary Clifford his arm. Beauchamp manœuvred so skilfully, however, that before they were through the door and down the steps, he was by Isabella's side again, and, as she had two sides, one of which was certain to be unprotected, while that side was almost certain to be the point of attack to a dexterous enemy, she gave up the battle at once, and let things take their course.

The walk, as Isabella managed it, was an exceedingly pleasant one. In the first place, there were the beauties of nature. To what heart, under what circumstances, do the beauties of nature fail to bring sweet feelings? There is something in the universe, of which we have no definite conception; perhaps, it is too universal, too wide, too vast, to submit itself to any thing like demonstration. We all feel it, we all know it, we



all enjoy it. The ancients and some of the moderns have deified it and called it Pan. It is, in fact, the universal adaptation of one thing to another: the harmony of all God's works; the infinite music of an infinite variety. It is figured in music—faintly figured; for music is only the image of the whole by a part; the sequence of bright things is the melody of creation; their synchronous existence, the harmony of God's Almighty will. But in this, as in all else, woe be unto those who have worshipped the creature for the Creator, and who have mistaken this grand harmony in the infinity of created things, for the Godhead itself. It is but one of the expressions of Almighty love, and those expressions are as infinite as the love from which they emanate. It is our finite, our contracted, our exceedingly minute view of all things, that constantly keeps us down from the contemplation and the conception of the immeasurable to that which is within the ken of our own microscopic vision. If creation itself is infinite, the infinite harmony thereof is but a part of creation, and is in itself a proof of that intelligent Providence, which man denies, because he does not see.

The walk was an exceedingly pleasant one, coming in varied scenes upon the mind, each contrasted with the other, yet each harmonising beautifully. After about a hundred and fifty or two hundred yards of short turf they entered a glade, where tall trees, backed by deep shrubs, cut off the sunbeams, except where here and there they struggled through an open spot. Tall beeches, more than a century old, crossed their arms above to give shade to the ground below, and though the walk, nearly fifty feet in breadth from bole to bole of the old trees, was mown along its whole extent, yet a little to one side and the other the wild flowers appeared gemming the earth like stars upon a firmament of green. There was the purple columbine and the blue periwinkle, and the yellow primrose, and the pale bending anemone; the hyacinth and the violet; and if art had had any share therein, the arrangement of the flowers was so skilfully managed, that all seemed owing but to nature's hand. The deep branches of the beech, and the green shade that they cast through the air, gave a solemn and elevating tone to the whole. The flowers and the occasional bursts of sunshine, the rich colours of the moss, yellow and brown, and green, enlivened the scene, and made the solemn stillness of the long avenue seem like a thoughtful countenance brightened by a smile. Then suddenly, when they had walked on for about a quarter of a mile, they turned to the left through a wide break in the alley, and all was wonderfully changed. Shade and melancholy was gone; and they stood upon the edge of a round sloping descent of some three or four hundred feet covered with green short turf, and marked out, at short distances, by chumps of birches and hawthorns. On the right was the woody crest of the hill, concealing in its bosom the continuation of the avenue, which they had just quitted; but on the left, wide over the tree tops and waving ground beyond, stretched out an extensive prospect in the sunshine, all light and loveliness. It was one of the bright days of early summer. Scarcely a cloud was in the sky, and yet there was a softening effect in the atmosphere, which mellowed the lights and shades into each other, and suffered the sight to pass softly and gently from each line of the distance to that which succeeded with a sort of dreamy pleasure, vague and indefinite, but very sweet, like the sounds that sometimes come upon our sleeping ears in the visions of the morning.



Skirting along the hill with a gradual descent, the broad gravel-walk plunged into the valley, and there all was altered once more. A wide and uncultivated wood swept round, a small sparkling rivulet dashing on towards the broader stream amidst bushes and shrubs and water-plants; a willow here and there bending down its long pliant branches over the glittering stream, and a patch of tall bulrushes raising their long green stems, where any occasional interruption occasioned the water to spread out. The trees were far apart, though the ground was broken and uneven, and the flapping wing of a heron, with his gray shadowy form rising up at some fifty or sixty yards' distance, added to the saddening and sombering effect. It was like a discord in a fine piece of music: just protracted long enough to make what had gone before and what followed after more delightful, and the next minute they issued forth upon the warm green meadows, gilded with buttercups, that lay by the side of the wider river.

Heaven only knows what Isabella meant in bringing Beauchamp by that path, if she did not intend him to make love to her. She could have taken him round by the other side of the house, and the straight horse-road to the bridge, or down over the turf through the open parts of the park, amongst the deer and fern to the farther end of the river, where it issued out of the grounds. But no, whether from something that was going on in her own bosom, which made her instinctively choose the scenes that most assimilated with her feelings, or from accident, caprice, or design, she led him through a path, full of the sense of love. There was one too many for a declaration, it is true; and she knew she was so far guarded; but yet it was a very dangerous walk for any two people, whose hearts had no better security than the simple presence of another, to stray along upon such a day as that.

The letter, which Beauchamp had received at breakfast, had evidently either pleased, or entertained, or relieved him; but the effect was, that he was infinitely gayer when he set out than he had ever been since we have first met with him. He crossed the open ground by Isabella's side with a firmer and more elastic step, with his head high and his shoulders back, he gazed over the wide-spread park scenery around, and seemed to snuff the air like a horse about to start upon a race. He commented upon the loveliness of such views, remarked how very English they were—how very seldom one ever saw any thing similar in any other land—and seemed to enjoy the whole so highly, as to leave an impression that the pleasure of the walk was heightened by the society in which it was taken. When he came under the shade of the tall trees his tone was somewhat changed, it became softer, more serious, more earnest; and so he went on, his thoughts seeming to receive a colouring from the scenery through which he passed, without losing their general character, or particular train at the moment. It was evident through all that he was thinking of Isabella Slingsby; and though, with finished courtesy, he divided his conversation very equally—not quite—between her and her cousin, yet even when he was speaking to Mary Clifford, it was very evident that his words, or at all events, his thoughts, were addressed to Isabella.

Mary said little, except just to keep up the conversation and deprive it of any thing like awkwardness; but she felt, and indeed nobody could help feeling, that Mr. Beauchamp's manner towards her cousin was too

marked and particular to be mistaken. Isabella, on her part, gave way to all the gaiety of her heart, sometimes with bright and laughing sallies playing round Beauchamp's more earnest and deep-toned thoughts, sometimes yielding to the impulse which she imparted, and venturing into the deep waters of feeling and reflection, whither he led her, till startled at herself she took fright and retreated. She was very happy, too ; secure in Mary's presence from any thing that might agitate or alarm, she felt that she could give way to the pleasure of the moment ; and even the knowledge of her father's situation and of the dangers and difficulties that beset him acted but as a softening and subduing power, which brought down her spirits from their habitual gaiety, and rendered her heart more susceptible of tenderer and deeper impressions.

Beauchamp felt that he was listened to, that he pleased, that he might be beloved. He had seen nothing coquettish about Isabella ; he had heard a high character of her ; he had been told by one, who had known her from childhood, that she seemed lighter than she really was ; that if there was any thing assumed, it was the gaiety ; that all the more profound things, that occasionally appeared in her character, might be trusted and relied upon ; and that the seemingly high spirits were but as the breeze, that ruffles the tree tops without touching the depth of the forest. He felt sure, therefore, that she would not sport with him, if she believed he was in earnest, and he took care, that upon that subject she should have little doubt.

Thus passed away their walk ; and though Mary Clifford would have given a great deal, had she dared to venture, to make Mr. Beauchamp a sharer in the secret of Sir John Slingsby's affairs, and asked the advice and assistance of one who had evidently gained much experience of the world, without being spoiled by the world, yet she knew not how to begin ; a feeling of timidity came over her that stopped her ; and the course of the conversation—its sparkling rapidity at some times, its deep and intense feelings at others—gave no opportunity of introducing a subject entirely discordant, without forcing it in a manner both harsh and discourteous. She determined, therefore, as they approached the river, to leave the matter to Captain Hayward, whose frank straightforwardness, she thought, would soon either find or make an opportunity.

When they reached the bank, however, Captain Hayward was not to be seen ; but Isabella pointed to an elbow of the wood, which concealed a turn in the stream, saying that he was most likely higher up, and accordingly they walked on. As they were passing through the little path that cut through an angle of the woodland, they heard suddenly a loud exclamation, then a very ungentlemanly oath, and the next moment, as they issued forth, they saw Ned Hayward grappling with a tall, powerful man, in what may be called a semi-military dress. The two were, apparently, well matched, though few, either in strength, activity, or skill, could match our friend. But the stranger, whoever he was, practised a trick, which he thought likely to free himself from his adversary, even at the risk of his own life. He struggled hard, and in the struggle drew towards the brink. Ned Hayward made a violent effort to resist the impulse, and most likely would have been successful ; for, if any thing, he was the stronger man of the two. But a part of the green turf gave way, undermined by the course of the current, and both plunged in together into a deep pool, and disappeared for an instant in the water.

## LIGHTS AND SHADES

IN THE LIFE OF A

GENTLEMAN ON HALF-PAY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "STORIES OF WATERLOO."

No. XX.

THE ABDUCTION—NO FAITH IN IRISH JAUNTING-CARS—CONSEQUENCES  
OF A BREAK-DOWN—THE VICTIM OF VILLANY.

Oh! weep for the hour,  
 When to Eveleen's bower,  
 The lord of the valley with false vows came;  
 The moon hid her light,  
 From the heaven that night,  
 And wept behind her clouds o'er the maiden's shame.  
 The clouds passed soon  
 From the chaste cold moon,  
 And Heaven smiled again with her vestal flame,  
 But none will see the day,  
 When the clouds shall pass away,  
 Which that dark hour left upon Eveleen's fame.

MOORE.

"I HAD a sister's son—a clane, nice lad he was, and I was proud of him. In the seven towns\* there wasn't a better hurler, and it would do yer heart good to see him dance the *patter-o-pee*. Unfortunately for himself and me, he took to night-walkin; and the Ribbon-men—curse of God upon the same! hooked him in, and med a captain of him. He and Morteeine were sworn brothers, and well they might; for af Captain Starlight was the terror of the country, Captain Firethatch wasn't much behind him."

"Stop, Ulick—and who is Captain Starlight?" I ejaculated, interrupting the driver's narrative.

An Irish peasant will never answer a dangerous question directly.

"Did yer honour ivir drink *doch an durris* wid a rought-fatured red man!"

"Ha! Ulick—I have, with Morteeine Crassaugh."

"Then," returned the car-driver, "I need say no more—' *Tiggum Tigue Tigeeine!* ' "

"Hell and furies!" I exclaimed. "And is this Crassaugh, as ye call him, Captain Star—"

"Af he's not, there's many in the country that belie him."

"Well, Ulick, go on with your story."

"Where did I lave off?" inquired the old man. "Och! about my nephew."

"But what has you nephew's story to do with that of Morteeine's wife?"

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\* Town lands.



"Why, yer honour, that's jist what I'm commin to."

"Oh, go on at your own pace, Ulick."

"I'll make the story as short as I can. My nephew was informed against—taken when asleep—tried at the assizes. His counsel got him through the murder charge cleverly; but for robbery of arms he was convicted, and sentenced to be transported for life. I went, the night before he was sent off to Cork, into the gaol, and took lave of him; and thin his heart softened, and he tould me what things laid to his charge were true, and what were not. 'Uncle,' says he, 'I'm goin' for ivir acrass the saas; and of all the acts I done, there's one that sits heaviest on my conscience.'—'And what's that one, avich?' says I.—'Oh! murder!' says he; 'it's the part I took in hoisting away poor Mary Handley.' That's Morteetine's wife, yer honour. 'Well,' says I, 'Phil, jewel! make a clane breast to your uncle, and tell it all.' "

Dispensing with the numerous interrogatories and replies with which an Irish narrative is always surcharged, the confession of the unfortunate transport was to this effect.—

As a member of the Ribbon association, he had received a secret notice to meet a number of this mischievous fraternity at their accustomed rendezvous—the house of Morteetine Crassaugh—and, on reaching the lonely inn, the young leader found eleven men already assembled, carousing in the inner room, and, as he was informed, awaiting his arrival. All were liberally plied with whiskey; and, when they were considered sufficiently excited to undertake the intended task, the host hinted that, unless a pledge was given that they would effect the business with determination, he would not disclose the nature of it. Would it involve the loss of life? was asked, and a distinct negative was returned. On this assurance, the party unanimously consented. A cross and missal were introduced, and a solemn oath administered, that whatever the business was, it should be executed. The test once taken, Morteetine announced the purpose for which the secret meeting had been called—the object was the abduction of the heiress of the murdered quartermaster—the loveliest girl in the barony.

The driver's nephew was a ruffian of milder mood than his fellow-captain, and he ventured to remonstrate. He pleaded the poor girl's orphanage—reminded Morteetine that his wife was but a few days under earth—and pointed out the gross disparity, in point of years, between the intended victim and the abductor. A savage and sarcastic laugh was all that Morteetine deigned to return. To reason with a cold-blooded scoundrel was to waste words in vain; the young man was reminded of his oath: and, with desperate fidelity in keeping a pledge, more honoured in the breach than in the observance, Ulick's nephew most reluctantly accompanied the ruffian band on their villanous enterprise.

No difficulty occurred in effecting the commission of the crime. A treacherous servant undid the fastenings of the back door, and gave admission to the gang. The farmer's family, completely taken by surprise, were easily overpowered and secured; the poor orphan was torn from her bed; placed half-dressed before a mounted ruffian; and, leaving the inmates of the house locked up under a guard, the party, with their prize, rode into the interior of the mountains, and secured, in a secluded cabin, the beautiful girl they had ravished from her home. To execute

the work of villany with success, Morteeine Crassaugh had made deliberate preparation. In vain military and police scoured the country in all directions; no traces of the lost one could be found; nor a clue be discovered by which to find the place of her concealment.

When the cause which had occasioned this outrage on her liberty was announced to the victim, and Morteeine named himself as her future lord, reckless ruffian as he was, he quailed before the burst of female indignation with which Mary Handley spurned the addresses of a man she loathed. Her spirit rose superior to her fears; and the young and beautiful orphan evinced such fixed determination to resist a union she detested, that it called forth the astonishment of all concerned, and elicited the admiration of several less obdurate than their savage chief.

But, alas! that nobleness of spirit which, from another, would have commanded respect and change of ruffian purpose, only stimulated the abductor to attain the object of his crime, and effect his most unholy marriage with his victim. A week passed: attempts to recover the lost heiress were considered hopeless, and given over. The villanous associates of the red innkeeper quitted the mountains, one by one, and returned to their homes, leaving the desolate girl in the custody of two or three savages in female form, and a monster to whom the word pity was unknown.

What followed may be fancied, not described. Another week passed: the ruin of female loveliness was brought at midnight to Morteeine's dwelling, and a degraded friar performed the mockery of a marriage. Through the semblance of a hallowed ceremony, the unhappy girl went, neither assenting nor resisting. The flower was crushed—villany had already done its worst—she felt as if her degradation had left nothing on earth to be hoped for or to be feared—her fate was sealed.

A month or two of silent grief gradually wore away, and a change came over the spirit of the injured orphan. Reckless, hopeless, fearless, her mood became that of one too desperate to even think of consequences—and a name that carried fear with it had lost its terror to her. Morteeine, for the first time, found himself over-matched. His threats were laughed to scorn—his blandishments rejected with contempt. Until his victim attained her majority, the object of his villany could not be reached; for, on her father's murder, she had been put under charge of the chancellor; and, of course, her fortune, for the present, was secured. From whatever cause he bore it, she bearded the lion with impunity; and, strange as it may appear, a felon spirit, unscrupulous as to means employed, and hackneyed in deeds of violence, cowered before the over-excited *hardiesse* of a beautiful girl of nineteen. "Wait only till he grabs her money, sir," observed the car-driver, winding up his tale, "As sure as yer honour and myself are safe and snug upon this jaunting-car, Morteeine Crassaugh will be hanged for Mary Handley's murder yet."

The words had scarcely passed his lips, until his assertions respecting our safety and snugness were falsified—for off went the off-side wheel; a shaft snapped by the sudden jerk; Ulick was shot into an adjacent bog-hole; and I performed a sort of back somerset, without, however, sustaining the slightest personal inconvenience. When he had evolved from the turf-pit, Ulick proceeded to examine the cause and extent of the calamity; and on a slight inspection, he commenced crossing himself most devoutly, and imploring the especial protection of the Virgin.

"Oh, holy Moses! we were niver fairly murdered until now. The wheel aff, the shaft smashed, and us at the back of God speed into the bargain. Oh, my heavy curse upon you, *Morteeine beg!*\* and may ye want luck ivry day ye see a pavin'-stone, and ivry day that ye don't!"

"Who are you cursing so liberally, Ulick?"

"Arrah! who but that gallows-bird, old Morteeine's son! Troth; the same youth will dance upon nothing, and spoil a market before he's twenty. But I might have mistrusted things when his father sent for me to drink; as I know that he loves me about as well as the divil likes holy water."

"But what did the boy do, Ulick?"

"Feakes! he jist did quite enough," replied the driver. "He slipped the litch-pin out, and here we are, nine miles from the next town, and snug and warm at the side of a bog-hole. Och! af I had but a rope wid me at self——"

"If that is all you want, uncord these portmanteaus."

"God bliss yer honor for that same; but, *mona sin diaoul*; the arm of the axle-tree is bint wid the shock, and sorra a use to do any thing widout Christy Lyons the smith, and he's a good four mile from this."

"Well, Ulick, what's to be done?"

"Why there's nothing for it, but for yer honor to return to Morteeine's—send a man off for Christy—and I'll stick to the car and baggage till help comes."

Ulick had proposed the only alternative to my remaining on the highway, and mounting guard over my effects; and, as despatch was most desirable, I countermarched the mile we had driven, and once more entered Red Martin's hostelry.

Never was a reception more different than that which I experienced from the host and his handsome helpmate.

"Arragh! *ceade millia felteagh!*" exclaimed Morteeine. "Yer welcome as the flowers in May. Give me a grip of yer honour's fist."

"His wife, on the contrary, changed colour; and, in any terms but those which hospitality would use, asked what had caused me to come back.

I explained to her the accident that had occurred; and, while her brows contracted at the statement, I fancied that a smile was interchanged between the owner of the hostelry, and the amiable youth, who no doubt, would inherit Morteeine's virtues and estates.

"And wherefore did you not push on?" inquired the hostess, brusquely; "Are you a soldier, and regard a walk of ten miles, even though the evening lowers a little?"

"Certainly not," I replied; "but the truth is, I should not like to abandon my arms and baggage in these wild mountains."

"Better lose them than life, however," said the lady.

"Bah! nonsense, Mary," returned her liege lord, in a voice that betrayed rage suppressed with difficulty. "I'll insure the captain safe to town for a glass of poteeine, and that's not much. If you take my advice, sir, you'll keep yourself where you are, get your car repaired at day-

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\* Little Martin.



light, and start as early afterwards as you please. See, was that a flash of lightning?" By Saint Patrick! the storm is about to burst!"

"And if you take my advice," rejoined Morteeine's fair helpmate, "you will proceed without delay; and though you should be drenched to the skin, leave these mountains behind you."

Halting between two opinions—and so contradictory too—necessity obliged me to decide at once. A loud and sustained crash, as if the roar of a numerous artillery was heard booming through the mountains; big drops smote the casement heavily; and then, as if the sluices of the heavens had been suddenly unclosed, down came the rain in torrents. In a few minutes every rill and water-course was filled with discoloured water, that came rushing to the low grounds, and the river, not ankle-deep ten minutes since, now tumbled down a dark volume of inky fluid, intermingled with masses of turf and heather, disrupted from its banks. Fortunately, and just as the tempest broke, Ulick, who had taken alarm at the threatening aspect of the sky, arrived with two or three passing peasants, whom he had judiciously pressed into the service, carrying my whole *matériel*, and leaving nothing to the despoiler but a broken jaunting-car, about as portable a prize as a six-pounder with the trunnions off.

I seized an opportunity, when Morteeine was engaged with a couple of horsemen who had taken shelter from the storm, to join Ulick in the stable. After a hurried lament over our misfortune, the car-driver hinted that "may be every thing was for the best." The bridge at Keil was broken; and, no doubt, as the storm broke in that direction, the river would have been far too high to allow the car to pass.

"It's the will of the Lord," added the old man. "For God's sake, sir, join in no talk with any body, nor take offence at any thing ye see. In his own house, Morteeine will hardly venture on any villany. Return boldly to the kitchen, and go to bed as early as you can."

I obeyed this Mentor of the whip, re-entered the kitchen of Morteeine's caravanserai, and advanced to the fire, where the hostess was engaged in some culinary preparation. My reception was any thing but civil.

"We shall be crowded to-night," she said, "and I wish you had taken your custom to the next inn. This kitchen is small enough for what it has to do; and I pray you, sir, to retire into the inner-room. It has inconvenienced me to give it up, but—"

"No matter, jewel," exclaimed the worthy host, who had entered the kitchen from some nook into which he had inducted the horsemen. "No matter, *Moleeine astore*,\* ye'll make him snug, and I'll have him on the road at daylight. Fetch the candle, and show his honor in; Lord! what a thunder-clap! The storm is not yet at the worst."

The hostess produced a rude taper, made from goat's tallow, and which, while affording excellent light, did not, I must admit, exude an odour of "Araby the blest;" and, while she inducted me to the great room of the establishment, Morteeine revisited the horsemen to determine the state of the weather over a fresh supply of mountain dew. The moment that the pretty hostess and I were left together, the look so discourteous and repulsive before, gave place to one of kindness and compassion, and she inquired,

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\* Mary dear.

"Why had I been rash enough to return?"

I explained the nature of the accident.

"Oh! yes, I comprehend it. Imperfectly as I understand Irish, I overheard enough pass between that ruffian, to whom the destiny of Heaven has sacrificed me, and the ill-featured boy he is preparing for the hangman, not to feel assured that your journey would be interrupted. I know not exactly what his designs are, but you exhibit sufficient temptation in the valuables you imprudently carry on your person, and the fire-arms you are provided with, to induce Morteeine to plunder you through other agencies than his own. To-night's delay here will enable him to arrange a safe plan for having you stopped and robbed in the mountains. Fear nothing while you remain; I can protect you, and I will."

"Strange that one so young can exercise the power you do on a savage spirit such as Red Morteeine's," I replied. "With the brave and the noble-minded, loveliness reigns paramount: but what influence beauty could obtain over a sordid, drunken, truculent scoundrel like the wretch who has blighted your fortunes almost in infancy, I cannot even guess."

"*I can*," she said: "my power arises from *his* cupidity and *my* madness."

"Madness!" I exclaimed.

"Yes, madness. Mad I am, although the mood is such as conceals it from the world. What brain could bear what I have endured during the long, long year I have been the victim of that vulgar and ferocious scoundrel? And, oh, God! how little was I prepared for the deep misery that was impending. Hear, sir, and judge. I loved—this young heart was bestowed upon one who well deserved it, and, in turn, I was faithfully beloved. William Adderley was the vicar's only son, and the gentlest and most amiable of beings; circumstances brought us constantly together. The parsonage was near the farm-house where I boarded; the vicar took a lively interest in my fate; he was a good man, but a proud one; and, while my unprotected orphanage secured his warmest sympathy, and I was constantly a visiter at his house, the thought that I should ever hold a nearer claim upon him than that of compassion for a desolate girl, would have wounded him to the soul. Pride yields to love; and William flung every consideration, touching the superiority that birth and position gave him, to the winds, and wooed and won me. Our vows were plighted in the sight of Heaven; and, on reaching his majority, in three months I was to have been made a bride. The night I was carried off by the ruffian band, I had met him in a neighbouring glen. We had talked as lovers talk, until the rising moon warned us to separate. He brought me to the garden-gate, he held me to his bosom, pressed kisses on my lips, and invoked Heaven to bless and shield me. Alas! that prayer was unheard and unheeded; and, when in my dreams I was seated on the heather-bank beside him, my head resting on his bosom, his arms around me, his lips touching mine, I was torn from the dreamy embraces of first love, to fill the arms of the truculent monster who made me the wretch I am—lowered to receive the cold pity of the world; and, in my own estimation, degraded below the veriest wretch who cumber the earth with an existence, which the last prayer she breathes to Heaven, ere sleep seals her aching eyes, is that no morrow's sun shall rise upon a living mass of misery. Why then should I not be mad?—why do I beard the lion?—why mar his schemes?—why frown defiance

when he threatens?—why express contempt and disgust when he would conciliate one who regards him with the intensity of undying hatred? Because the only wish I have on earth is to perish by his hand, and my prayers are that the wretch who robbed me of my honour, should also deprive me of that existence which his villany has rendered too miserable for endurance. Hark! was not that the sound of wheels? Yes; I hear voices without rise in the pauses of storm. How chilly the evening feels! Come to the fire in the outer room, until I have one lighted in this chamber," she said, led the way out, and I followed her.

Before a minute had elapsed the door opened; and the travellers, whose carriage-wheels had already announced their advent, entered the kitchen of the hostelry.

Never did two guests present themselves more unexpectedly on a tempestuous evening, to claim wayfaring hospitality at the establishment of Morteine Crassaugh than the strangers. The elder traveller was a man well-stricken in years, whose appearance and demeanour happily described his profession. At a glance, I set him down to be a churchman of superior rank; and the mild and unassuming style of his address was in happy keeping with the vocation he had selected. Advancing to the hostess, he announced himself an Englishman, and told her that, anxious to visit the sister island, he had been for a few days a tourist in the neighbourhood. He had taken the mountain route, induced by a flattering description of its scenery; and, overtaken by an unexpected storm, he must solicit for himself, his daughter, and attendants, refreshment and shelter for the night.

Had innkeepers been even more flinty-hearted than parents are said to be, the most savage host who ever "wielded spigot" could not have refused a claim so mildly and modestly preferred. The stranger's voice seemed to have a magical effect on Morteine's helpmate, and the shrewish manner she adopted, when addressing others, underwent an instant change. She apologised for the indifferent accommodation her house afforded; from the severity of the night it was crowded; but such refreshment as could be had was freely at their service. She must remind them that they were not in an English inn, but an Irish cabin; and they must balance indifferent fare against a hearty welcome. Would not the young lady come forward to the fire? The evening was damp and chilly.

As if alarmed at finding herself among strangers, and the inmate of a wild and isolated dwelling, the old man's daughter had remained standing behind her father while he had addressed the hostess of the inn. Modestly and gracefully she bowed her thanks, and accepted the invitation; and, lifting the veil which had hitherto concealed her from observation, Holy Senanus! frigid as Tom Moore is pleased to represent you, she exhibited a face which would have made you curse the hour you ever took the oaths of celibacy.

Reader! you must be patient until next chapter, and be contented with an intimation that, in presenting to you the pretty tourist, I shall have introduced you to MRS. O'SULLIVAN!



# A SKETCH OF THE LIVES OF THE LORDS STOWELL AND ELDON.

TOGETHER WITH CORRECTIONS, AND ADDITIONS, TO MR. TWISS'S  
LIFE OF THE LATTER.

## PART VII.

*Nihil igitur afferunt, qui in re gerendâ versari senectutem negant.*

*Cicero de Senectute.*

LORD ELDON has at length ceased to be Chancellor: the protracted reign of "King John the Second," as he was sometimes called, is finally close.

Of the distribution of his patronage, though Sir Samuel Romilly has remarked that Lord Eldon, in making the higher legal appointments, would allow neither private feelings, nor even public interests, to prevail over party motives,\* yet his Masters in Chancery present two instances of promotions arising from mere personal considerations. These exceptions are afforded by Masters Francis Cross and James William Farrer; the history of whose appointments we shall now relate.

Mr. Cross, in the year 1800, was admitted a student of Lincoln's Inn, where, in 1807, he had kept a few terms only. At this period he relinquished all notion of following the legal profession, and withdrew his name from the books of his Inn of Court. He next figured in the Somersetshire militia, in which he attained the rank of captain. And then, exemplifying the French song,

On revient toujours  
A ses premiers amours,

was at the commencement of 1811, at the age of twenty-nine, re-admitted at Lincoln's Inn, in order to keep his remaining terms. During his second studentship, he was introduced to Lord Eldon at the table of one of Lady Eldon's brothers; and, having had, in the mean time, the good fortune to amuse and please both the Chancellor and his lady by the sprightly ease of a manner and address formed in the intercourse of military society, was, in 1813, called to the bar.

It will be recollected, that in the spring of 1815, during the brief interval of peace which preceded the return of Napoleon from Elba, a bill was passed, which increased the restrictions on the introduction of foreign corn. So unpopular was this measure with the poorest classes, that its progress through parliament was accompanied by riots. It happened that on the evening of the 6th of March, Mr. Cross was passing near the residence of Lord Eldon, then the centre house on the east side of Bedford-square, when the mob was beginning to attack it, under the supposition that its occupant was a supporter of the bill. Mindful of the preservation of one, whom he already regarded as his patron, Mr. Cross, with a boldness and alacrity which reflected credit upon the Somersetshire militia, determined to relieve the garrison; and, passing the

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\* *Memoirs*, Vol. iii., pp. 102—103.

lines of the besiegers, threw himself into the house. He there seized the treasures which the Chancellor most prized—Lady Eldon and the Great Seal—and conveyed them safely, one on each arm, by the back of the house into the garden of the British Museum, just before the mob broke into the very room from which they had been withdrawn.

Five or six years afterwards, when a mastership in Chancery was vacant, Lady Eldon pressed upon her husband to remember this timely service; and Mr. Cross received the appointment. We have been assured that Lord Eldon, at a later period said, “The only legal appointment which I regret having made, is that of Frank Cross; and that Bessie got from me.” Not, indeed, that we are aware that Mr. Cross proved entirely incompetent for the situation; but, chiefly, we presume, that his professional standing did not justify the appointment; and that his advancement could not be laid upon the importunity of political connexion. That the ground of the regret was no diminution of regard for Mr. Cross, there cannot be a stronger proof than the fact, that the Earl afterwards appointed him one of his executors.

With regard to the appointment of Mr. Farrer, there is a longer story to be told. The Honourable John Scott, the elder of Lord Eldon’s two sons, who arrived at manhood, married Miss Ridley, in 1804, and in the following year had issue, the present Earl of Eldon. The month, which saw the birth of the son, saw the death of the father. At the first shock, Lord Eldon was overwhelmed with an agony of grief; which, however, presently softened down to a tender sentiment of sorrow, and occasionally exhibited itself in forms which those, who knew him merely as the lawyer and the politician, would hardly have anticipated. Thus he had a seal beautifully engraved with the forms of a female and child mourning over a sepulchral urn, which he gave to his deceased son’s cousin and most intimate friend, William Villiers Surtees.

But time rolled on; and, in 1811, the widow became the wife of Mr. Farrer. Mighty was the indignation of Lord Eldon;† and for years afterwards he refused to see his daughter-in-law.

Now, let us look what story Mr. Twiss has been told about this marriage. He says that the present Earl of Eldon writes in the following terms:—“My Grandfather objected to this marriage, not on personal grounds; but stating himself to be averse to ‘*vota iterata*,’ to second marriages: curiously, perhaps, for he himself was the offspring of a second marriage.”

So, according to the present Earl, to object to the marriage of his daughter-in-law, he must virtually reflect upon that of his parents;—to gather stones to throw at the living, he must violate the graves of the dead!

\* To the amiable qualities of this gentleman we have paid a brief tribute in a note in the early part of our fourth chapter. His brother, William Henry John Scott, died unmarried, in 1832, at the age of thirty-seven.

† In justice to the late Lord Eldon, as well as to Mr. and Mrs. Farrer, we must quote from Mr. Twiss’s work (Vol. ii., p. 178). that “after the event, however, the lapse of time, and the unexceptionable conduct of the parties, gradually obliterated these impressions.” We will here repeat, that we always quote from the first edition of Mr. Twiss’s biography of the Chancellor.

‡ Twiss, Vol. ii., p. 178.

But we are enabled to afford the present Lord Eldon the gratification of learning that this is unnecessary. And, as he—the son of Mrs. Farrer—was the last person in the whole world with whom his grandfather was likely to talk over such subjects, we will just tell him the sentiments of his grandfather, as we received them many years ago from one most intimately acquainted with his private opinions.

The late Lord Eldon maintained (and Lady Eldon agreed with him) that a woman (and they applied the rule to a woman only) ought not to submit herself to a second marriage. So high was the standard entertained by that couple, so long and so happily united, of the modesty and constancy of the softer sex!

The argument so eloquently addressed to the widowed Queen of Carthage, though it have less of romance, may have more of philosophy:—

Solane perpetuâ mœrens carpere juventâ ;  
Nec dulces natos, Veneris nec præmia noris ?  
Id cineres aut manes credis curare sepultos ?

But what we are now discussing is the ground of the objection, and not the soundness of it. And as the chancellor's objection related only to a woman marrying, and as his own mother was not married twice—though his father was, and he was the son of the second marriage of his father—this attempt at sarcasm fails, for want of knowing, or regarding, the difference between the sexes.

Now in 1824, many years after this marriage, when Lord Eldon's displeasure was considerably mollified, Mr. Farrer, who was at the bar, became very anxious to obtain a mastership in Chancery: he made what interest he could for it; and he did obtain it, but chiefly (for it is the first reason put forward in the letter to Mr. Farrer notifying his appointment) through Lord Eldon's "recollection of what passed, during a very interesting part of his own life, of kindness towards him on the part of his (Mr. Farrer's) father and uncle."\*

To this we would call the attention of Mr. Twiss—for we trust the last edition of his work has yet to appear—with a view of informing him what he does not seem to be aware of, that the father and uncle of Mr. Farrer were amongst the earliest solicitors in London to give Lord Eldon business in his profession; and of pressing upon him that, if from the present generation of that family he can obtain any traditions as to Lord Eldon's mode of conducting business when at the bar, he will be enabled to fill up a void in all the existing biographies of the chancellor.†

\* Twiss, Vol. ii. p. 502.

† If the books of "Messrs. Farrer and Lacy, of Bread-street-hill," are still in existence, they will probably throw an interesting light on Lord Eldon's early advances in London business. That firm were the attorneys of Lady Strathmore, wife of the notorious Bowes, whose contests for the representation of Newcastle-upon-Tyne first introduced Lord Eldon to parliamentary business. (See our second chapter.) At a later period than that of which we then spoke, Bowes again retained the services of Lord Eldon. He had carried away one of his step-daughters from the guardianship to which she had been intrusted, and, though "he employed the professional powers of the greatest lawyers of their time, Erskine, Law, Scott, afterwards Lords Erskine, Eldon, and Ellenborough," he was obliged to restore her. Mr. Twiss will find these facts in "The Lives of Andrew Robinson Bowes and the Countess of Strathmore," by the celebrated surgeon Jesse Foot; or, (if he have a difficulty in meeting with that biography) in the second series of "Howitt's Visits to Remarkable Places," (pp. 213—20), which has largely borrowed from it.



To remind a Lord Chancellor of the time when he was an unknown barrister, when a brief or two given or withheld would have been enough to keep him in London or banish him to a remote province—so evenly, at one period, hung the fatal balance—would have been a difficult, perhaps a somewhat indelicate matter, for one ambitious of a place—the son of an attorney who had given him business. The Farrer connexion, therefore, and we understood Mr. or Mrs. Farrer, with great tact, requested Lady Eldon's brother, William Surtees,\* to hint to Lord and Lady Eldon this early obligation. Mr. Surtees—good-naturedly enough, considering he was to speak for those who were indifferent to him—undertook the task: and in the end, as we have seen, Mr. Farrer was appointed.

The Chancellor had two daughters. Respecting one of these, the following statement, from the pen of the present Earl, has been presented to the public through Mr. Twiss:†

“His (Lord Eldon's) eldest daughter, Elizabeth, after some unsuccessful attempts to obtain his consent to her marriage with Mr. George Stanley Repton, made her escape from Lord Eldon's house in Bedford-square, on the morning of the 27th of November, 1817; and, the bridegroom having made all requisite preparation, they were married by licence at St. George's, Hanover-square. Although in this instance the lady had only followed the example of her father and mother, yet the head of the law would not allow the validity of his own precedent; and it was not until the year 1820 that a reconciliation took place.”

Without entering into the question, whether the public was entitled to the painful communication—a communication which we certainly should not have imposed upon them—of the displeasure of Lord Eldon at his daughter, represented by Mr. Twiss, and perhaps with some reason, as “very much over-proportioned to the offence, both in degree and duration,” we must, now that it is made, observe that the paragraph, which we have just quoted, affords another instance of that misapprehension of facts so frequently, where family matters are introduced, disgracing the volumes of “the public and private life of Lord Chancellor Eldon.” Why, after all, in that paragraph not the slightest inkling has there been given of the offence which Lord Eldon alleged that he punished. Who, on reading that paragraph, and recollecting that Lady Eldon eloped from her father's house at the age of eighteen, would not suppose that the offence committed by her daughter was that of a minor marrying without the consent of her father? But the fact was, that Miss Scott was then nearly twice the age at which her mother had become a wife; and the legal authority of her natural guardians had expired for years. The offence—as Lord Eldon stated it, and on the ground of which he endeavoured with his most intimate friends to excuse his severity—was, that his daughter had married one whom she had promised to give up.

As Lord Eldon's severe displeasure has already been proclaimed by Mr. Twiss, we will add an anecdote, singularly characteristic of the

\* The Mr. William Surtees, who is two or three times mentioned in the volumes of Mr. Twiss, is his son W. V. Surtees.

† Vol. ii., p. 298. The other daughter, Frances-Jane, the darling of her father, was afterwards married to the Rev. Edward Banks.

various conflicting elements which composed his temper and affections. In a little more than a year after the marriage, Mrs. (now Lady Elizabeth) Repton gave birth to her only child, the present member for St. Albans. Her life was long in danger—probably at one time despaired of. At this period, and by her desire, her uncle, William Surtees, entreated Lord Eldon, his contemporary and school-fellow, to be reconciled to his own daughter; and entreated in vain. Her recovery was slow: and while she was recovering, Mr. Surtees again interceded for her. As he was proceeding, Lord Eldon thus abruptly, and somewhat angrily, interrupted him: “I am not surprised at the officious interference of some persons who have spoken to me on this subject; but I am surprised that so old a friend as you should take up the cause of my daughter against me.” Mr. Surtees answered him:—“You know how ill your daughter has been. If she had died, and I had not spoken to you as I have done, what should you have thought of me?” The heart of the father was touched. He seized his brother-in-law by the hand; exclaimed, “Perhaps, I never should have forgiven you!” and burst into tears.

Henceforward Lord Eldon’s anger was partially subdued. He now soon agreed to see his daughter: at a later period he was induced to see her child; and afterwards, as the last stage of the reconciliation, received Mr. Repton.

We stated in a previous chapter,\* that it was not our intention to correct the later family mis-statements of Mr. Twiss’s work. We have contented ourselves with selecting from them two examples: for we trust, that, after what we have said, it will be unnecessary for us to expose them individually in order to insure their correction in subsequent editions.†

We are bound to add, that Mr. Twiss has acquitted himself so well in those parts, in which he appears to have been unencumbered with assistance, as even to rebut the presumption, afforded by some other parts—and far more frequently than we have chosen to point them out—that he had been selected to write the work, because his mind was an entire blank as to the history of the Eldon family, and ready, therefore, to receive,

\* In the number for last December.

† From the mistakes into which he has so often been led, we should venture to recommend Mr. Twiss to adopt the legal rule, and trust only the best evidence which is to be had. When, for instance, he is told that Lord Eldon had said this or that to his medical attendant and friend, Mr. Pennington, let him inquire of Mr. Pennington himself if it were so. It is well known that Mr. Bazell Montague was in the habit of calling on Lord Eldon, when far advanced in age, with the avowed object of collecting anecdotes, from his own mouth, as materials for writing his life: let him, then, endeavour to procure the use of Mr. Montague’s collection. The letters introduced by Mr. Twiss, have the stamp of authenticity and accuracy; but we will remark that the dates which he has assigned to them, are not always sufficiently exact. For instance, the letter, which, at vol. ii., p. 349, he has described as “probably written in 1800,” is proved, by the last paragraph, to the satisfaction of every one acquainted with the history of the negotiation for the peace of Amiens, to have been written in 1801, while that was pending. With regard to the journal of the late Miss Forster, we have no hesitation in pronouncing—after conversing with those very intimately acquainted with Lord Eldon’s phraseology—that the conversations quoted by Mr. Twiss as the conversations of Lord Eldon extracted from that journal, are not accurate reports of the conversations of Lord Eldon. Probably, therefore, these extracts were made for, and not by Mr. Twiss. Perhaps Mr. Twiss will state whether he has himself taken them from the original.

and promulgate, any impressions which the prompters of the present earl might desire.—The prompters we say ; for we entirely acquit the younger lord of any fault beyond the venial (and, with men of rank and fortune, the somewhat unusual) one, of an ingenuous credulity, supported by an absolute ignorance, respecting that one subject which, at any rate, they are presumed to know—the circumstances, rise, and characters of their own immediate ancestors. “*Invitus dico, nusquam minus Roma cognoscitur quam Romæ.*”\* And certainly never was school-boy, ignorant of his lesson, more ludicrously misprompted by the wicked wags who were tittering around him.

But it is time that we should pass from private to public matters.

Canning, the high-mettled showy racer of the political course, dashed onward to the goal, just gained it, and expired. Lord Goderich, respectable as his colonial secretary, succeeded him in the office of first minister ; but within six months, retired from a station which he was incompetent to fill. The Duke of Wellington was then called to the confidence of his sovereign ; and, in January, 1828, formed an administration, without including or consulting Lord Eldon. The Ex-chancellor was chagrined at this neglect ; and expressed little trust in the motley coalition of the old Liverpool and Canning parties, by which his cabinet was constructed.

In the spring of this year was passed the bill for removing the disabilities imposed on Dissenters by the Test and Corporation Acts. Lord Eldon, with the wizard eye of experience, “looked into the seeds of Time,” and foresaw that the next important measure of government would be one to admit Roman Catholics to Parliament—a measure which he persisted in maintaining would be the ruin of the British constitution.

As exemplifying not only the impressions at that time entertained by Lord Eldon, but the wary circumspection of his character, the following letter, addressed from his seat of Encombe, about the end of September, 1828, to his brother-in-law, William Surtees, will repay in the perusal the attention which it demands.

“ Monday Night.

“ Dear Surtees,

“ I thank you for your last Letter. I hope the Partridges proved good. They are scarce about this place, and the heavy Rain we have had will now make it difficult to find them, and walking for that purpose very wet work, and somewhat laborious.

“ I hear nothing from Town, except what I know there is no foundation whatever for, viz., that it is reported that I am to come into Office : I mean reported in Town, for, except that I learn from London Correspondence that it is so reported, I have heard nothing respecting any such Matter. Indeed, if any such Offer was made, there is much to be explained before I would give any Answer. That no such Offer will be made I am as certain as I can be of any Thing, that I do not positively know—and I am so, because I think I can’t be mistaken when I believe that the Inflexibility of my Opinions respecting the Catholic Claims was, with those who are not inflexible as to those Claims, the Reason, or at least one of the Reasons, that produced that Silence to-

\* Petrarch's Familiar Epistles.



wards me, which took place on the Change of Administration, and it remains very well known to be the fact that that Inflexibility cannot be shaken.

“ There is not a Being in London, who corresponds with me in this dead Season of the year. So that I know nothing but what I hear from the Newspapers, which, at this Season, are very dull and stupid. You have probably seen in them the Letters of Lord Kenyon and The Duke of Newcastle.\* There are not two better or [more†] well-meaning Men living—but it required great Consideration, and much good Advice, before those Letters should have been published—If as general Protestant Associations could have been hoped for in England, as there are likely to be in Ireland, the Step they have taken would have been undoubtedly right—but, sorry as I am to say it, the Truth seems to be that in England there seems to be little Anxiety among the different Ranks of Persons as to what Religion they profess, or whether there is any—and the danger is this—viz., that as now a Sort of appeal is made to the Protestants of the Nation, if the protestant part of the Nation was equally divided, the Friends of the Roman Catholics would argue that, adding to one-half of the protestants, who, in that case, would be for them, their, the Roman Catholics’ own Numbers, a large Majority of the whole of the people of the United Kingdom is for them—if such, therefore, was the Result, harm would be done—But more harm would be done, if it should happen that a Majority of the Counties in England should declare for them, or be neuter—and take no part against them, for then it would be quite impossible for the Friends of the Protestants in Parliament to say, as they have hitherto, that the Majority of the People of England are against the Catholic Claims. The County of Kent and that of Buckingham will petition ag<sup>t</sup> them—but I hear of no other Movement. Durham and Northumberland will be for them or neuter. The same as to Dorset, Devon and Cornwall. To meet and petition in Yorkshire is a Matter of vast Expense, and I suppose won’t be attempted—and I hear nothing of any other Counties. So that it seems to me that the appeal of those noble Lords to the People should not have been made, till they knew what the People would do upon that appeal. According to what the People do, the appeal will do Good, or do Mischief. And what is probable, I think, is not very pleasant to think of.

“ The famous John Wilkes used to say that, as Member for Middlesex, he always followed the Instructions of his Constituents—which he was told was unconstitutional—He admitted it to be so in general Cases—but never in his Case, for said he, I always first tell my Constituents what Instructions they are to give me—So those noble Letter-writers—most excellent Men certainly—should have been sure what their Correspondents,

\* Lord Kenyon’s first letter “On the State of the Catholic Question,” dated 30th of August, 1828, appeared in the *Morning Post* of the 2nd of September. His second letter, dated the 10th of September, appeared in the *Morning Post* of the 12th of the same month. After this, on the 18th of September, the Duke of Newcastle addressed a letter to Lord Kenyon on the same subject, which appeared in the *Morning Post* of the 23rd of the same month. These are the letters to which Lord Eldon referred.

† We have inserted this word to complete the sense; though in the original, from which we are copying, it does not occur.

the People at large, to whom, in fact, their Letters are written, would or or would not do, upon receiving their good Advice.

"Our Love to you and my Sister, Lady Eldon, is as usual. John sends his Love to you both, together with Lady E.'s, and that of

"Y<sup>r</sup> aff<sup>y</sup>,

"ELDON."

In the following spring the anticipations of Lord Eldon were verified. The Roman Catholic Relief Bill became a government measure, and was carried. His opposition during its progress through the House of Lords was uncompromising; and loud were his complaints in private that nowhere was faith inviolable. Amongst those of his old colleagues against whom he used to vent his indignation, Sir Robert Peel was most prominent; for he maintained that he had reason to think that there had existed between the home secretary and himself a general accordance in political sentiments, and an entire union of opinion respecting the particular question of the Roman Catholic claims.

The zeal, which Lord Eldon on this occasion evinced, induced his admirers to institute a subscription for an "Eldon testimonial," to commemorate how "ably and uniformly" his exertions had been directed to the "maintenance of the Protestant Constitution of his country."

The friend, to whom the last letter which we have transcribed was addressed, may be presumed to have applied to this testimonial the somewhat inaccurate description of a "national monument," for Lord Eldon thus answered him, in a letter, probably written in the summer of 1829, containing much more of his easy conversational humour than is commonly to be found in the extracts which Mr. Twiss has given from his correspondence or "anecdote book":—

"As to national monument, my dear Friend, that honor must be paid only to those who are more deserving of it. As to any other Monument, the kindness of that Being, who has given me Leisure, and a Respite from Labour between the business of Life and the Close of it, that I might not go hence too well known to others, too little known to myself, I trust will postpone, for some Time longer, the Occasion, upon which it may be considered whether I should have a Monument to my Memory, or be quietly suffered, which perhaps is best for me, to be forgotten.\*

"I own that I am not in very great hurry to take possession of that little Spot of Land, which, when possessed, must be occupied by me till Time shall be no more. Our poor Friend Keay, if you remember, thought his Mother might be in a hurry about such a business, for his Father having by will left her a Vault in some Church, he wrote her a civil Letter to tell her that he would give her possession as soon as she pleased to take it."

In June, 1830, the demise of George IV. transferred the crown to his brother the Duke of Clarence. In the autumn of this year, when the foundations of political society throughout continental Europe were convulsed, and the thrones based upon them were tottering to their fall, Lord

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\* Lord Eldon was not destined to go thus unhonoured. The dates—twenty-one in number—of the principal events of his life have been crowded into an epitaph, too brief for a history, too long for an inscription. It appears in unlucky contrast to the well-expressed narrative of Mr. Twiss, into which it has been incorporated at Vol. III., pp., 311, 312.

Eldon watched the moral earthquake and eruption with timorous curiosity and gloomy anticipation. The latter part of the following letter, addressed by Lord Eldon to his brother-in-law William Surtees, evinces his feelings at that momentous crisis. The letter is proved by internal evidence\* to have been written at the commencement of September, 1830:—

“ Dear Surtees,

“ A great many Thanks to you for your Letter. I trust that your Entrance upon your 81st year may be only the Fore-runner of your entering upon and enjoying, in many more, Health and all Blessings—and in this wish your Sister most heartily joins me—Our Love waits also upon my Sister, and we read, with much Satisfaction, your good Account of her health.

“ I am very glad to hear so good an account of the Norfolk crops—but I confess I don’t consider, (if Mr. Willis’s Letters to me are right as to fact,) that these great Crops will be as beneficial to the Landlord or Tenant, as one might, in other Circumstances, have hoped—for he assures me that they have very good Crops—but that the Corn, imported from abroad, is already in quantity so great, that our Corn cannot sell, so as to enable the Farmer to get a price, which will enable him to pay his Taxes and his Rent—As to the political Changes, which are going on abroad, and which are leading to political Changes here, it seems, by no means, improbable, that even you and I may live to see England without a Rag left of the Constitution, under which we have so long lived.

“ I don’t think we shall be able to move from Town, for, tho’ I think Lady Eldon somewhat better, she is not sufficiently better to leave Town I doubt.

“ Encombe is elected again, but there is a petition against his election.

“ Our best Love attends you and my Sister, and I am

“ Y<sup>r</sup>. old and sincere Friend

“ ELDON.”

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\* We have read many letters from Lord Eldon to his intimate friends, in the inside of which there were no dates—a fact accounted for by the consideration that the franked envelopes, containing such of his letters as were sent by post, would present the dates to those who received them. Afterwards, unluckily, the franks and letters have often been separated.



## THE PEOPLE—BY M. MICHELET.

AUTHOR OF "PRIESTS, WOMEN, AND FAMILIES."

THE word "People" has various acceptations. Its most legitimate sense is that of a nation or of persons generally, its most received in the present day, is that of the lower classes when brought into opposition with the upper. It is in this sense that M. Michelet treats of the "People," as he labours with great intelligence, and sincere and real sympathy, to develop the popular mind, by exposing its actual condition and position, and to cleanse the heart, exalt the faith, and consolidate the patriotism, of those whom he ironically terms "barbarians," by the enfranchisement of instinct, friendship, love and marriage, and religion.

These subjects may appear, in a pre-eminently utilitarian and mammon-worshipping country like Great Britain, to be vague and theoretical ; but this is so far from being the case, that the best interests of the human race are involved in their discussion, and the future prospects of nations are contained in their solution. The distinguished historian of France, the able antagonist of Jesuitism, and the protector of the wife and family against priestcraft, has entered upon his subject with the energy of one who is himself of the People.

"I have written this book," he says, in his prefatory address to M. Edgar Quinet, "of myself, of my life, and of my heart. It has sprung from my experience much more than from my study. I have drawn its materials from my observations, from my relations of friendship and of neighbourhood; I have gathered them up on the way-side; chance delights in favouring those who have always the same thought. Lastly, I have more especially derived them from the reminiscences of my youth. To understand the life of the people, their labours, and their sufferings, I have only required to interrogate my memory.

"For, I also, my friend, have worked with my hands. The true name of the modern man—that of workman—I deserve in more than one sense. Before making books, I have literally *composed* them. I gathered letters together before I collected ideas. I am not ignorant of the melancholy of the workshop, of the weariness of long hours."

M. Michelet then goes on to argue that the documents collected in works of statistics and political economy, even supposing them to be exact, do not suffice to make the People understood. He quotes, as an example not to be met with in statistical works, the immense acquisition of cotton stuffs made by poor households about 1842, although wages had been lowered. It was a progress made in cleanliness, to which so many other virtues attach themselves. The progress of economy must not, he says, be measured, as is usually the case, by the condition of the savings'-banks, nor must it be supposed that does not go there, that is eat or drank. The woman, in poor households, is economy, order, providence. Every influence that she gains is a progress made in morality. She seeks, before every thing, to render the home clean, agreeable, and desirable. He then proceeds to examine what other writers have accomplished in the same cause.

"Writers, artists, whose proceedings are directly opposed to these abstract methods, ought, it would appear, to have carried the sentiment of life into the study of the People. Many of the most eminent of this class, have grappled with this great subject, and talent did not desert them,

their success has been immense. Europe, whose invention has been long slumbering, receives with avidity the products of our literature. The English do little more than write reviews. As to the German books, who reads them, except the Germans?"

It is something to be sent to Coventry in good company. Dupin, however, another Frenchman, would tell Michelet, that while the writers alluded to above, are exalting the sentiment, the English are improving the material condition and relieving the burthens of the people with a more than Herculean energy. The French, too frequently for their own welfare, write about that which the English are silently accomplishing; hence, while with them invention or fiction is in the ascendant, the literature of fact is paramount with us.\*

But Michelet denies that even the popular French authors of the day represent the People faithfully. "It would be important," he says, "to examine if these French books, which are so popular, in Europe, truly represent France, if they have not shown certain exceptional and very unfavourable aspects, if these pictures, in which our vices and our bad points are brought into the foreground, have not done immense injury to our country among foreign nations. The talent, the good faith of the authors, their known liberality, gave to their words an overwhelming power. The world received their books as a terrible judgment upon France herself."

The danger of being thus upheld to other nations as vicious, the author goes on to show is to afford a plea to English, Russian, and German aristocracies, to keep themselves in arms against a country which they only await a favourable moment to overwhelm. Such writers, he asserts, have neglected the chief aspect of things as too well known, trivial and vulgar. They wanted effects and sought for them in that which does not appertain to ordinary life.

"The romancists conceived that art lay particularly in the ugly. They imagined that the most infallible effects of art were to be found in moral perversity. Irregular affections appeared to them to be more poetical than domesticity, robbery than work, and the prison than the workshop. If they had themselves entered by personal experience and suffering into the profound realities of life at this epoch, they would have seen that the household, the labour, the most humble life of the people possess within themselves a holy poetry. To feel it and to show it, is not a mere mechanical labour, it does not require that theatrical accidents should be multiplied. But it requires eyes trained to a mild light, eyes that see in the obscurity, the retiring, the humble; and the heart, also, must lend its aid, to enable the eye to penetrate into these recesses of the household and Rembrandt shadows of the hearth."

The People taken in this humane and sympathising light, Michelet goes on to prove, possess most of the higher virtues and all the better feelings of human nature.

"The eminent capital feature," he says, "that which always struck me most in my long study of the People, is, that among the disorders of indif-

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\* Even in the literature of fiction, if we borrow largely from the French, so they also borrow from us. We observe from the letter of the Paris correspondent to the *Literary Gazette*, that two newspapers, the *Messenger* and the *Commerce*, are simultaneously publishing translations of Mr. Ainsworth's "Miser's Daughter" and "Guy Fawkes." Mr. Dickens's "Cricket" is also made to chirp at the bottom of newspapers. Mr. D'Israeli's "Coningsby" is being published, and "Ten Thousand Year" is in preparation.

ference and the vices of misery, I always found among them a fertility of sentiment and a goodness of heart, which is very rare among the rich. All the world has had opportunities of observing this; at the time of the cholera who adopted the orphan children?—the Poor.

Michelet then gives an example of self-sacrifice, as it occurred in his own family. It is a terse, striking, but long narrative, to which we shall probably return; at present we wish to go on with the subject. The progress of the People towards ascendancy has been often, in the present day, compared to the invasion of barbarians. Michelet accepts the word in a triumphant tone: "Barbarians!" he says, "marching towards the future Rome." The barbarians, he intimates, if they have not the cultivation, have at least more vital warmth than the superior classes. He claims this vital energy of the workman for his own writings; and says that the aim of all history, which Thierry calls narration, and Guizot analysis, he first proclaimed to be resurrection.

In taking up such a subject as the People, he declares he is not influenced with a wish to enter into public life. He has not the health, nor the talent, nor the management of men. He speaks, because no one will speak in his place. Not but that there are a crowd of men capable of the undertaking, but all them of are soured—all hate. The situation of France is so serious that there is no longer time to hesitate. "I see France," he cries, "lowering from hour to hour, about to be engulfed like an Atlantis.

"Who does not see, from east to west, a shadow of death weighing upon Europe—that every day there is less sunshine—that Italy has perished—that Ireland has perished—and that Poland has perished—that Germany is resolved to perish! O Germany, Germany!

"If France was perishing by a natural death—if its time had come—I should probably resign myself. I should do like the traveller on board a ship that is about to founder. I should bow my head and leave my trust with God. . . . But its position does not at all partake of that character, and that is what rouses my indignation. Our ruin is absurd, ridiculous—it only springs from ourselves. Who has a literature which dominates the European thought? We—all weakened as we are!—Who has an army?—We alone.

"England and Russia, two weak and bloated giants, stand before Europe in a fallacious light. Great empires, and weak people! . . . Let France be for a moment one, she is as strong as the world."

Power means purpose. If a man wields a spade, it may be to plant a tree; if an hatchet, it may be to hew it down. Michelet having satisfied himself that France united is as strong as the world, would use that strength against enemies conjured up apparently by an exalted imagination, or by a strange patriotic exaltation, which cannot see France great unless engaged in destruction.

"Here," he says, "every one seeks his friends elsewhere, politics in London, philosophy in Berlin: the Socialist says, 'our brothers the Chartists.' The peasant alone has preserved the tradition of safety; a Prussian is for him a Prussian, an Englishman is an Englishman. His common sense is in the right against you all, men who profess to seek the welfare of humanity! Prussia, your friend, and England, your friend, drank the other day the toast of 'Waterloo to France.'

"Children, children, I say unto you: Ascend upon a mountain, so that it be high enough; look to the four winds, and you will see nothing but enemies.



“ Try, then, to be of one opinion. The perpetual peace that some promise to you (while the arsenals are smoking! . . . observe that black smoke over Cronstadt and over Portsmouth), let us try to begin that peace among ourselves. We are undoubtedly divided, but Europe believes us to be more so than we really are. It is that which emboldens it. That which we have to say is painful, let us say it; let us open our hearts, let us hide nothing of the evil, but let us search well for a remedy.

“ A people! a native soil! a France! . . . Let us never become two nations, I pray of you.

“ Without unity, we perish. How is it that you do not feel it? Frenchmen, of every condition, of every class, of every party, remember one thing well; you have upon this earth only one sure friend—it is France. You will always have in the eyes of the coalition of aristocracies, which still subsists, the crime of having wished fifty years ago to deliver the world. They have not pardoned it, and will not pardon it. You are always their danger. You may distinguish yourselves among one another by different party names; but you are, as French, condemned together. Before Europe, France, give good heed to it, will never have but one name, not to be expiated, which is its true and eternal name—‘ the Revolution ! ’ ”

With such an introduction, in which the calm reader will, probably, find as much of the jealousy of patriotism as of real affection for his fellow-creatures, Michelet proceeds with his subject, by exposing the different classes of servitude, bondage, or slavery, and the origin of class hatreds, which he truly traces to ignorance of one another; and upon none does he dwell with more force than upon the foolish distinction of the so-called productive and non-productive classes, as if *mind* was not as productive as body or mechanism! But there are subjects to which we must return.

The second part of the work labours in a great and noble cause, that of enfranchising the people by teaching them to love and pray—inculcating, in fact, the supremacy of the domestic affections, humanity, patriotism, and religion, over the love of riches, worldly ambition, and those political aspirations, which are more adverse to human felicity and human progress, than any of the self-inflicted evils which belong to man as an individual, or to society at large.

As to the nationality and power that would result from the enfranchisement of the French people, to bring it, when obtained, in enmity with the surrounding world, instead of holding it up as a glorious example to admire and to follow, it is, to say the least of it, a very great weakness. England can well afford to tell Michelet that he is entirely in error, when he supposes that the hatreds of by-gone prejudices are not generally extinct in this country. We can only regret to see a powerful writer like himself lending his eloquence to disseminate such prejudices in France. Free trade, and facility of communication, are issuing forth from this country, as from a great astral centre, to diffuse the genial beams of universal fellowship all over the world, and to attest to such philosophers as Michelet, that the enfranchisement of friendship, love, and faith, are not confined to any one nation, but belong to the whole family of men.

## THE RAVEN.

BY CHARLES HOOTON.

## I.

*The Raven describes his own feelings, and what he thought about his neighbour Robin, a cottager.*

ONE night in the winter I sat in a tree ;  
 All things that wear black were asleeping but " me."  
 The ground and the forest were whitened with snow,  
 And it lay on my back, as the weight let me know.  
 All was winter-night silent above and below.  
 No feathers could fall as the flakes fell that night :  
 So sleekly and slowly, so airy and light.  
 I said all was silent, but, listening deep,  
 I heard the far sound of a brooklet asleep,  
 Breathing low in lone ice-sheets where nothing might creep  
 And then came the corpse of a leaf flutt'ring down,  
 It once shone a gem in my oak-tree's old crown :  
 'Twas one of the last of a race that had made  
 All summer, in sunshine, my harbour and shade,  
 And I sigh'd when I heard in its grave it was laid.  
 But what kept me waking so strangely, I fain  
 Must admit, were the thoughts that distracted main.  
 Not far from my haunt liv'd a poor ragged man,  
 His features were haggard as death's, and as wan,  
 And his eyes look'd as bright as the *poor's alone can*.  
 I often have wish'd in this world of distress,  
 Half the people I see could but grow their own dress.  
 They look so unfledg'd, and so terribly cold :  
 The old so decrepit—the youthful so old,  
 So dejected they all—save the vicious and bold.  
 His hovel or hut—for a house it was not—  
 Was a poor dreary place—a most desolate spot.  
 It was not so good as my nest in the oak,  
 When I think—unlike me—he had never a cloak,  
 While his fire ne'er sent up but the thinnest of smoke.  
 Such a man yet will marry, whate'er else he does—  
 " If we must suffer all, let us suffer by two's."  
 So says he, and she that he says it to smiles ;  
 That man (like a lord) in *his way*, has his wiles,  
 And the hopeless of wealth, the poor handsome beguiles.  
 Ragged Robin was married—his children were five—  
 No bodies more thin, or loose clad, were alive.  
 Like fluttering spectres, the girls grim and gaunt,  
 Were used the road-sides and the ditches to haunt,  
 Yet nothing e'er finding save hunger and want.  
 They would have done work, but what work could be had ?  
 No Christian of sense could trust wretches so clad.  
 What creature of Prudence but harbours belief  
 That rags, by necessity, must make a thief,  
 And to be born poor, is God's title to grief ?

When flying the fields, better scarecrows I've seen—  
 I mean better clothed—than the boys of Robin.  
 Their heads and their feet were ne'er clad from their birth,  
 Those, weather'd all heavens—these, wet or dry earth,  
 Yet they in this wretchedness still made their mirth.  
 Nor was it that Robin from labour held back—  
 When he had it to do, he did more than a black.  
 I've heard his frame\* going from six in the morn  
 Until midnight—then off to his pallet forlorn  
 For a sleep—and to work again long before dawn.  
 But half of his time he had nothing to do,  
 And *that* made bare backs, and bare meal-tables too.  
 He strove and he struggl'd, but labour'd in vain—  
 Half-pay and half-labour bring pitiful gain:  
 Thought Robin, "Life little is worth in such pain."

## II.

*The Raven repeats Robin's complaint in the forest.*

THE morning was fine, and I took a long flight,  
 To warm and refresh myself after last night.  
 I saw on a common two gentlemen met  
 To slay one another about a vile bet.  
 There's hope in the world for the penniless yet!  
 I never lik'd shooting, so quickly return'd  
 To the wood where last night I so sadly had mourn'd.  
 I heard a crisp trampling beneath on the snow,  
 And turning my head, I saw Robin below:  
 In agony spoke he these sorrows, I trow.†

## ROBIN'S COMPLAINT IN THE FOREST.

LONG before the morning light,  
 Hours before the morning meal  
 Ere's half spent my master's night  
 To my weaving-frame I steal:—  
 How my eyes and brain do ache  
 For the rest they dare not take!  
 What are sleep and rest to me?  
 Nature's parish-dole I get  
 Far too great a luxury  
 For men whose bread is steep'd in sweat.  
 'Tis mine to wake, and work, and strive  
 Eighteen hours to keep alive.  
 Eighteen out of twenty-four!  
 Day by day, save once in seven.  
 Great God! why not have made *one* more  
 When thy Sabbath-law was given?  
 Surely, truly, thou didst see  
 What these latter times would be!  
 Days of sorrow, times of toil,  
 Human hearts all reckless grown,  
 What may hap to those that moil;  
 WEALTH the God, and wealth alone!  
 Keep and get, and get and keep,  
 What have slaves to do with sleep?

\* The machine upon which stockings are made is commonly termed "a stocking-frame."



Oh, these times! when day or night,  
 England's work is never done.  
 God's great law of Dark and Light,  
 Matter now for jest and pun.  
 How easily these Christians shirk,  
 "*Night cometh when no man can work.*"

'Twas so then. 'Tis not so now:  
 Day is day, and night is day:  
 Every moment throbs a brow,  
 While young hairs grow hourly gray.  
 Would my lot, and *mine* had been  
 In that former, happier scene!

Such is oft my morning thought,  
 When I, thankless, rise from bed  
 To the work that must be wrought  
 On and on till I am dead:  
 I would be dead, I *would* be dead,  
 But that my life's my children's bread!

Were I childless, I were blest!  
 Pretty faces now are sin.  
 The raven's young may have their nest,  
 But mine, no *nest* to shelter in.  
 No warmth, no gentle sleep comes there,  
 'Tis haggard sleep, from pain and care!

'Tis so with me, and has been long.  
 My son I never wish'd to see:  
 But *when he came*, my heart grew strong,  
 And God and Nature cried in me,  
 With voices like a trumpet-call—  
 "The world was made alike for all!"

It rak'd my soul like rolling fire.  
 I felt for once a MAN:—  
 Though poor, despis'd, I knew none higher—  
 Be higher he who can!  
 My heart burn'd fierce, and fiercely wild,  
 I dared the world to starve my child!

Oh, for the change 'tween then and now!  
 The poor weak wills of man!  
 Great God! look on this wretched brow,  
 And pity if you can.  
*Four reasons more* have I to dare  
 That world, yet shrink with coward fear.

Why should I? What is life to me?  
 I will—I'll boldly dare!  
 I'll risk myself, my babes, for thee:  
 But how—and when—and where?  
 There's law to leap for these I love;  
 But Nature stands all laws above!

How deep was my sorrow to hear him complain!  
 More pity felt I than his own fellow-men,  
 As, with passion half-wild, and unconsciously strong,  
 He stamp'd down the snow as he hurried along,  
 And dash'd like a wolf the bare thickets among.

## III

*The Raven moralises—Robin snares conies, and what followed thereupon.*

THAT winter was bitterly cold and severe ;  
The ground grew like iron, and rung in the air.  
Those ditches of water, that men call canals,  
Were hard to the bottom, and iced grew the wells ;  
While rocks split asunder, as chronicle tells.

And great grew the outcry for "blankets and coals,"  
To warm all too comfortless perishing souls.  
I heard it while perch'd underneath a rock-shelf:  
Thought I, "How much better, could every poor elf  
Have work and good wage to find such things himself."

Now, conies did congregate under that steep—  
I kill'd myself one ere I folded for sleep.  
    morning poor Robin took six in his snares—  
    k'd out, "I wish to my soul they were hares!"  
    Robin, "That bird now confirms all my fears."

    An misconception was blam'd upon me,  
    th in this half-mankind with poor Robin agree.  
    Them deepest of truths, wish them ever so well,  
    ignorant blindness your meaning can't tell—  
    denounce you a knave or consign you to hell.

And I wish'd him success in his poaching, because  
In the same way *I* fatten by cheating the laws.  
It was ever the practice, the universe through,  
To approve of, in others, what we ourselves do :  
SELF makes all wrong right, or all falsehood seem true.

Robin gather'd his game and sped o'er the white waste ;  
But footmark by footmark his pathway was traced :  
The eyes of those keepers are ever awake,  
They glisten in hedge-row and glitter in brake ;  
And man kills with venom as well as the snake.

That night in the hut I heard voices of wail,  
And paler grew cheeks that before were too pale.  
For grief with wild famine had mingl'd her crying,  
And sorrow with penury hardly was trying  
To crush out the hearts that already were dying.

The wife look'd not up in that desolate cot,  
For the man, and the husband, and father *was not*.  
And poverty's self cannot poverty spare.  
*Together* 'tis easier and better to bear,  
But who can endure when no comforter's near ?

"And when will our father come back?" ask'd a child,  
In all innocent heart, of its mother, and smil'd ;  
"Will he stay with his friends till the winter is past,  
And play on his wheel like a squirrel so fast?"  
"Oh, break not my heart, child, with sorrow at last!"

A shriek of soul-anguish rung wild on the air,  
And a woman fell senseless with grief and despair.  
And children all tatter'd and cold gather'd round,  
With sobbings and help-cries for her on the ground ;  
Echo answer'd alone through night's stillness profound.

IV.

*Robin's improvement in prison—He resorts to charity in vain.*

ONCE shut in a jail, Robin's spirit was gone ;  
Of honour and manliness now had he none.  
He skulk'd like a coward when first he went forth :  
The skies seem'd to shame him, to scorn him the earth ;  
And fled was the consciousness now of all worth.

For doing no wrong, in true justice's sight,  
They class'd him with villains to teach him the right.  
He ought to have starv'd if he could not buy bread—  
Or gone to the house where he'd been too well fed—  
What right has a pauper to hold up his head ?

Too proud for the workhouse ? What, pride in the poor ?  
Rather die in a ditch than once enter its door ?  
Whence had he such notions ? The curate, they knew,  
Who nothing e'er taught save the things that were true,  
Ever preach'd *to the poor* all false pride to eschew.

And why talk of equal and natural rights,  
When man's better sense has extinguish'd those lights ?  
The wild things of God are *not* common to all :  
To the fortunate only they're fortun'd to fall ;  
The famine-struck wretch hath no title at all.

Away to the dungeon ! That terrible school  
Where chains are the lessons, and pain is the rule :  
Where turnkeys are tutors, the morals t'improve,  
Where water and bread men's best sympathies move,  
And treadmills instruct them their fellows to love !

A beggar in soul and a bankrupt in heart,  
Robin came once again in the world to take part.  
He sought for employment, he told his sad tale,  
But no man could trust him, just freed from a jail ;  
'Tis your sanctified scamps in this world who prevail.

The mark of the demon was burn'd on his brow ;  
And he sigh'd, " I must fall upon Charity now !"  
But Charity hath so much labour to do,  
She can scarcely begin lest she never get through.  
Her hands are grown cold, and her heart is cold too.

V.

*The Raven is aroused in the night-time, and beholds a strange sight—The catastrophe attending Robin and his family.*

WHITE hair'd winter still stay'd, when one dreary bleak night,  
I was rous'd on my roost by the glimpse of a light.  
It flash'd and it flicker'd about in the wind,  
Like silver it shone on the birch-trees white rind,  
And cast a huge shade of a man far behind.

I watch'd it approaching, but when it drew near  
Aud below me was getting, I shiver'd with fear :  
The man with the shadow so monstrous and black,  
Bent under a load that he had on his back—  
'Twas a strangely-stuff'd, bloody, ill-looking old sack



He laid down his load and look'd up in my tree,  
 As suspicious lest even the raven might see.  
 He took out a mattock, a pickaxe, and spade—  
 His lantern of horn on an ant-hill he laid,  
 And carefully delving, a grave he soon made.

I saw it was Robin, but Robin so chang'd !  
 Could I weep, I had wept, for the man was derang'd.  
 From his actions eccentric and strange, it was plain  
 How sorrow, and famine, and heart-ache, and pain  
 Had shaken to ruins that once honest brain.

But it made my blood freeze when along the sharp air,  
 He sung shrilly and loudly, "*Begone to Dull Care !*"  
 He emptied his sack, and three corpses I saw,  
 Their throats were all mangl'd and frightfully raw—  
 I stiffen'd and sicken'd with horror and awe.

That moment some watch-dog bark'd out by the burn ;  
 Robin listen'd—and then bark'd aloud in return.  
 Oh, never again may I hear such a sound !  
 It was like some lone demon in darkness profound,  
 And he laugh'd in hysterics as echoes went round.

Then he rush'd from the scene in a frenzy of fright,  
 Leaving me with the dead for companions of night.  
 But just as the clock of the village struck four,  
 I saw through the woods he was coming once more,  
 And the sack on his shoulders again Robin bore.

That morning broke bright on less sorrow alive,  
 Since Robin in "mercy" had murder'd all five.  
 His wife, whom like grief made as mad as was he—  
 Walk'd on by his side that brave burial to see,  
 And ere sunrise both hung dead and stiff from my tree !

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## MILTON.

BY T. J. OUSELEY, ESQ.

A DEATHLESS name is thine, thou prophet muse,  
 Who, from thy sightless eyes beheld afar,  
 Visions of glory, that our mortal ken  
 Could never reach. Beyond Heaven's sapphire bar  
 Thou soaredst thro' the Past—ay, e'en as when  
 The legions of Abaddon clove the air  
 In bold defiance ; ere the Almighty's frown  
 Took from the rebel angel's visage fair  
 The blessed light of beauty, which outshone  
 All other round the eternal crystal throne :  
 Ere by the breath Omnipotent hurl'd down,  
 Satan had fallen. Thy PARADISE shall bloom  
 Till Time expires, and from thy mortal tomb,  
 Thou wilt arise with an immortal crown.

## THE EXPEDITION TO BORNEO.\*

AT the moment we are now writing, Great Britain has obtained a footing—and it is to be hoped a permanent one—on the third largest island in the world, and the cession of a tight little island on its coasts with a Victoria Bay of its own. The importance of this great fact can be exposed in a few words.

Borneo is, of all the great islands of the western portion of the Asiatic Archipelago, the nearest to China, and Labuan, the island ceded by the sultan to Great Britain, and its neighbourhood, the nearest point of this island. Labuan lies, also, nearly in the direct tract both of steam and sailing navigation from India to China during the north-east, the worst and severest of the two monsoons; and is as intermediate a position between Singapore and Hong-Kong as can be found, being seven hundred miles from the former, and one thousand from the latter.

The attested discovery of coal-mines, and the command of the coal-fields on the river of Borneo Proper, cause its superiority as a station to follow necessarily.

As a commercial depot, Labuan holds out, since our established relations with China, first-rate anticipations. The native trade of the vicinity would, of course, resort to it, and so would that of the north coast of Borneo, of the Sooloo islands, and of a considerable portion of the Spice islands. Even for the trade of the Philippines and China, it would have the advantage over Singapore of a voyage by seven hundred miles shorter; a matter of most material consequence to native commerce.

Labuan possesses salubrity of climate, although what may be termed a perpetually hot summer; a good harbour, first surveyed by Sir Edward Belcher, and conveniency of position for ships disabled in typhoons; it thus presents the advantage of a harbour of refuge, and the only one in a very dangerous sea.

The most striking national advantages to be expected from the possession of Labuan are, however, that its position will render it the most convenient possible for the suppression of piracy, and its use in defending our own commerce or that of our allies, and attacking that of opponents, in the event of a naval war.

The piracy of the Eastern Archipelago is entirely distinct from piracy in the western world; for, from the condition of the various governments, the facilities offered by natural situation, and the total absence of all restraint from European nations, the pirate communities have attained an importance on the coasts and islands most removed from foreign settlements. Thence they issue forth and commit depredations on the native trade, enslave the inhabitants at the entrance of rivers, and attack ill-armed or stranded European vessels; and roving from place to place, they find markets for their slaves and plunder. The blow struck by Captain Keppel, of her majesty's ship *Dido*, has already dispersed two of these piratical communities.

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\* The Expedition to Borneo of H. M. S. *Dido*, for the Suppression of Piracy: with extracts from the Journal of James Brooke, Esq., of Sarawak (now agent for the British Government in Borneo). By Captain the Hon. Henry Keppel, R. N. 2 vols., 8vo. Chapman and Hall.

The insular character and narrow limits of Labuan will make it easily *and cheaply* defensible. The extreme length of the island appears to be about six miles, and its greatest breadth about four and a half. Between the eastern extremity of the straits of Malacca and Hong-Kong, a distance of 1700 miles, there is no British harbour and no safe or accessible port of refuge. Labuan fortified, and supposing the Borneon coal to be as productive and valuable in quality as it is represented, Great Britain would possess the entire command of the China sea, and would be able to afford a positive protection against piratical or other enemies to the commerce which passes through that sea, amounting, at present, to probably not less than 300,000 tons of shipping, carrying cargoes certainly not under the value of 15,000,000*l.* sterling.

With regard to the possession of a *pied à terre* in the third island of the globe (and the second, if we consider Australia as a continent), the advantages are chiefly commercial and what accrue to general civilisation. Borneo is, above all other islands in the Archipelago, celebrated for its mineral products. Its diamond mines, its antimony ores, its gold and silver, are, however, not more important than its coal. Its vegetable products are various and abundant. The island produces wood of the finest quality, and the spices, groceries, and drugs, of tropical East in abundance; corn and rice have to be imported.

And to what are we indebted for the opening of all these advantages to the power and commerce of Great Britain?—That Great Britain, to which now more than ever, more extended outlets to its overwhelming manufacturing industry, are essential to its very vitality?—Why to the enterprise and intelligence of a private individual! The history of Mr. James Brooke's first expedition to Borneo, his settlement in that country, his progress under a thousand difficulties and adversities, present a history more like romance than sober reality, and bear comparison with nothing save the less grasping yet more familiar struggles of a Robinson Crusoe. "It is a story," says Captain Keppel, "very unlike the common course of events in modern times." And the worthy captain imparts to that story a peculiar interest, by tracing back the descent of Mr. Brooke to Sir Robert Vyner, Bart., lord mayor of London in the reign of Charles II. It is quite evident, that none but the lineal representative of the doughty London merchants of old, could have achieved what James Brooke has, by Providence, been permitted to accomplish.

Mr. Brooke first distinguished himself as a cadet in the Burmese war. On a journey to China he saw, for the first time, the islands of the Asiatic Archipelago—lands of vast importance and unparalleled beauty—lying neglected and almost unknown. He inquired, and read, and became convinced that Borneo and the eastern isles afforded an open field for enterprise and research.

He returned to England resolved to abandon his profession and all other prospects for chivalrous enterprise. For these purposes he chartered a small vessel, the *Royalist*, and trained his crew and tested his ship during a year's navigation of the Mediterranean, and after overcoming many difficulties and disappointments, he sailed on his darling project in December, 1838. The *Royalist* was attached to the Royal Yacht Squadron, which entitled her to the same privileges as a man-of-war, and after a long journey the little vessel and its twenty hands arrived safely on the 1st of August, 1839, off Borneo Proper, then ruled by the



Rajah Muda Hassim, who has ever since been the consistent friend and protector of the English adventurer.

It is to be remarked, that Mr. Brooke's intentions were by no means of an ordinary kind, to form a settlement or colony, to cultivate land, or to open new fields of commerce ; his objects embraced a far wider and more generous scope. From the hour that he first landed in Borneo to the present day, the energies of his powerful mind have been devoted to one great cause, that of carrying the blessings of civilisation to the Malay races, so long the terror of the European merchant vessel, and to suppress piracy and to extirpate the slave-trade, and it is probably for the sake of the cause that Providence has so far smiled upon his efforts.

It is evident, at once from his writings and train of thought and feeling, that Mr. Brooke is not only a gentleman, but a good man in every sense of the word. The panegyric of a friend appears in this case to be well deserved. "Of the most enlarged views ; truthful and generous ; quick to acquire and appreciate ; excelling in every manly sport and exercise ; elegant and accomplished ; ever accessible ; and, above all, prompt and determined to redress injury and relieve misfortune ; he was, of all others, the best qualified to impress the native mind with the highest opinion of English character."

How he has succeeded, the influence he has acquired, and the benefits he has conferred, his own striking narrative best declares, but as it occupies the greater portion of the work before us, it is impossible to do more than by thus introducing its merits, the strange and eventful proceedings that it unfolds, and the object and wondrous success which attended upon its author's efforts, to point out its intrinsic value and its all-important as well as deeply-interesting character.

A great change came over the scene when Mr. Brooke, a young potentate, labouring quietly but steadily at the great object he had in view, and assisted by Captain Elliot as an astronomer and engineer, was suddenly backed by the power of Great Britain, in the shape of the sloop *Dido*, under Captain the Hon. Henry Keppel. With this assistance the piratical parties of long armed boats northward of Sarawak, the seat of Rajah Brooke's infant government, were in part destroyed, and upon its return from China, the boats of the same ship made an ascent of the river Sarebus, took and burnt the towns of Paddi, Pakoo, and Rembas, so many nests of pirates and slave-dealers.

The *Dido* having, after this successful invasion of some of the piratical strongholds, returned to China, she was succeeded by the *Samarang*, Captain Sir E. Belcher. It was on this occasion that Victoria Bay was discovered, and the fact of there being coal on the island was ascertained.

Captain Keppel returned from Calcutta, whither he had proceeded from China, accompanied by the *Phlegethon* steamer, and at the especial instigation of the Rajah Muda Hassim, an expedition was undertaken against the Sakarran pirates. This expedition was attended with much hard fighting. The towns of Patusen, Seriff Muller, and Karangan were destroyed, but a gloom was cast on these successes by the death of Lieutenant Wade, who was killed at the gallant captain's side. The boats of the *Samarang* joined the expedition before the termination of the war, which was only put an end to by the capture of Macoter, the

flight of Seriff Sahib, and the deposition of Seriff Jaffer. These things accomplished, the Dido returned to England.

Since these events, the province of Sarawak has been formally ceded by the sultan in perpetuity to Mr. Brooke, who has also been appointed her Majesty's agent in Borneo. At the same time, Captain Bethune has been despatched on a special mission to report on the best locality for a settlement or station on the north-west coast, and to offer in return for the sultan's cession thereof, the assistance of the British government to effect the suppression of piracy. Thus has the seed sown by a single man, already grown into a harvest fit for a nation to reap !

Since Mr. Brooke's recognition by the British government, he has had a successful diplomatic visit to the sultan, and an expedition under Admiral Sir Thomas Cochrane has struck terror into the whole coast. It is Mr. Brooke's hope, by the assistance thus so timely and sensibly granted to him, not only to suppress piracy, but also to establish a native government that shall not oppress the country, and which, at the same time, shall cultivate the most friendly intercourse with us.

To dwell upon the importance of the possession of two such central positions as Labuan and Sarawak to this country, would be a superfluous task. It is one of the ambitions of the enterprising man to whom we have so often alluded, Mr. Brooke, to explore the whole of the Eastern Archipelago, and such an undertaking appears like a sublime dream. If we cast the eye upon the map, what do we see but thousands of unknown islands and tribes. The vast area of New Guinea, where the foot of European has scarcely ever trod ; Japan, with its exclusive and civilised people ; the northern coast of China, willing to open a boundless trade and intercourse with Europeans, spite of their arbitrary government ; the coast of America, from the region of gold-dust to the region of furs, the actual focus of heart-bickerings and jealous ambitions ; the northern coast of Australia, with its harbour at Essington, where, one day, the steamers that shall circumnavigate and enchain the whole globe, will congregate ; and lastly, but not least, the Pacific Ocean between all, and which Cook so ably declared to be a field of discovery for ages to come!—these are scenes worthy indeed of a glorious enterprise and a praiseworthy ambition. The progress of such investigations is now rendered almost inevitable : as surely as Calcutta “the city of palaces,” succeeded to Batavia, the Hollander's pride ; as surely as England gained a permanent footing on the coast of China, and the mimic continent of New Holland became colonised, the paramount interest in the Eastern Archipelago will become British. It is impossible, therefore, to look upon the details contained in this account of a Borneo expedition, of which we have endeavoured to give some brief notion, without feeling how much they interest (some of these interests have indeed been purposely kept back from the public) the future prospects of Great Britain in those distant lands and seas.

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## A GLIMPSE AT THE DECORATIONS OF THE OPERA HOUSE.

As one walking in a forest sees the sun broken into light-spangles by interesting branches and thickly-growing leaves, while here and there, where the summits stand apart, a patch of blue or a golden cloud is visible; so were we when we saw the decorations of the Opera House in the middle of February.

Nay, our simile does not go far enough. It ought not to be merely a forest, but an *elfin* forest, such as poets dream of, and ballet-makers realise. Not only ought the sun to be broken into spangles, and the bits of blue and gold to peer through the summits, but fairy forms ought to be seen, some plainly staring at us between the foliage, others dimming themselves off in the distance, till they almost identify themselves with the sky.

There — there is our simile neatly finished off and polished; and we maintain, that it is as elegant, graceful, and tasteful a simile as can be.

Tall, ugly poles (of wood—no offence to the nation of that name), crossed each other in dire confusion—here was one huge border of scaffolding—there was another. Beam, board, plank, pole, spar, met our eye in all directions. Every form of wood that lies between the natural condition of tree and the civilised condition of table, chair, &c., was presented to our sight. It was the region of the wood-demon.

So much for the forest part of our simile. Now for the charms of the interstices. From behind these ugly, threatening, perilous-looking things which stood in hideous emulation of a timber-yard, peered forth a spectacle of most marvellous beauty. In one corner was a surface of burnished gold, illumined by the setting sun—no, no, by the rising gas, just like one brick of those gold palaces that once greeted stray princes—in another was a gracefully-turning flower, out of which rose a plump urchin, feeding a preternaturally slender bird from an antique cup. Nymphs of undulating form reposed lazily on masses of cloud, old Fauns instructed juvenile shepherds to play on the sylvan pipe—in short, there was a whole population of ancient deities, Oreads, Dryads, Naiads, Satyrs, perfectly astounding from their variety.

These fantastic persons who united earth with air, the vegetable with the animal kingdom, and passed an easy existence of chariot-riding, bird-feeding, cloud-lolling, dancing, and piping—this pictorial world of heathen imaginings—these scatterings of pagan elegancies, were lured to the Opera House from the most venerable spots. We do not mean that the Dryad was lured from the oak or the Oread from the mountain-top—that had been done already. No! some were coaxed from the walls of Pompeii—others were tempted from the Vatican, for while they all acknowledge Uranus and Gé for their ancestors—their immediate parents were Raffaele, Guilio Romano, and other artists of ancient and modern times.

An early geometrician, after many years of profound thought, discovered that it was more expedient to place a pyramid on its base than on its point, and recorded the discovery in a large book which was unfortunately burned in the Alexandrian library. Also we learn from



ancient writers on cosmogony, that when Zeus formed the world out of primeval chaos, earth being the weightiest elements, sank to the bottom, while fire being the lightest, soared to the top—nay, even the slightly-educated grocer's boy will perchance tell you that the pound weight will cause the scale to descend lower than the ounce.

This beautiful principle do we discover in the decorations of the Opera House, after we have surveyed the various figures, and begin to consider their arrangement. Then do we perceive that the heavier paintings, the sturdier figures, and the darker hues, are confined to the front of what mortals call the "grand tier;" that above lighter forms arise, and that the higher we go, the nearer do the decorations become to the simple scroll. We set out from gods, and at last we come to mere "patterns;" and we are forced to reflect, that, as in the Opera House, so in antiquity, the gods were as far from patterns as possible.

All this, our readers will bear in mind, we saw through the horrible confusion of poles and bars. And we thought thus: If the lovely Chloë, on rising from her downy couch in the morning, should take in her hand a mirror cracked in one place, scratched in another, here marred by a flaw, and there deprived of its quicksilver—if the lovely Chloë, seeing now her delicately chiselled nose accompanied by only one hazel eye, now two hazel eyes without any delicately chiselled nose, or, worse still, the delicately chiselled nose twisted into a fracture by the treacherous surface—if, in spite of all these disadvantages her reflection still looked lovely—what a thing of beauty must the aforesaid Chloë be! And by the same chain of reasoning, if the Opera House, seen through so many marring obstacles, presents such a gorgeous spectacle, what intrinsic splendour it must possess.

What must be the reflection of Chloë when thrown by a proper mirror? What will be the splendour of the Opera when the scaffolding is removed? When all those Nymphs and Cupids shall bask luxuriantly beneath the rays of the chandelier, when the deities who inhabit the ceiling shall smile down upon the pit with quiet majesty, when the Aurora over the stage shall rise without a cloud.

Aye, what will be the appearance then? We dare not say;—we are historians, not prophets; and we therefore are silent. A lustrous vision rises before us, bright in its hues, while its form is dimmed in the mist of futurity; a sort of Turnerian creation the significance of which we rather guess than comprehend.

We lay down our pen, and command our readers to anticipate the utmost. They cannot exceed the reality.

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## LITERATURE.

## SIR ROGER DE COVERLEY.\*

SIR Roger de Coverley is a tale of the most popular class. It is replete with clever and characteristic sketches of historical personages, and is full of bustling incident, intermingled with as much of the mysterious as the superstitions of the times would allow. The very title is prepossessing, for few names are more interwoven with the literature of the heart than that of Sir Roger de Coverley.

Yet Sir Roger, although the nominal hero of the book, divides the interest with his father, Sir Arthur, whose character stands, probably, in bolder relief than that of the son. There is no love story connected with the rise and progress of the latter, while the amours of his father, the strange incidents of Sir Roger's birth, and the fearful and murderous revenge which it entailed, precede the history of the latter, and dwell with him and haunt him to his manhood, only relieved by the humiliating yet humorous part he is made to perform as a rustic tyro at the court of the "merry monarch."

Dark and mysterious indeed is the whole of the first volume of this strange history. There is Coverley Hall, as much a group of buildings as a hall, being a combination of fragments in the castellated, palatial, ecclesiastical, and domestic styles of architecture, set in the midst of a park, which was the pride of the county. Within this hall dwelt Sir Arthur de Coverley, a staunch Royalist; the Lady de Coverley, much his junior, and a Puritan, with the distant severity of manners characteristic of spiritual pride; her mother, the dame Margaret Sentry, "a tall, stiff, precise old lady, in black velvet and bugles—as awfully severe in her aspect as she was cold and stern in her manners." Master Habakkuk Makepeace, a Puritan chaplain during the protectorate, but a churchman at the restoration, and lastly but not least, the young and beautiful, but dark Cassandra Mildew, a *protégée*, whose father was deemed to have been a gipsy and mother a Portuguese.

The heir to the family, and our hero, Sir Roger, was born at the moment of the restoration, but not till after some years had elapsed of barren matrimony; and, shame to Sir Arthur and the lax morality of the times, the dark beauty had a baby at the same time, which infant Cassandra is induced by the dread witch of Worcestershire, Mother Hellcat, to substitute for the legitimate son of the De Coverleys, a plan however which was frustrated by fortunate circumstances. The news of the landing of King Charles II. arriving at Coverley Hall at the moment of Lady de Coverley's illness, loyalty so far overcame domesticity in the old English gentleman as to hurry him away with his followers to welcome his monarch home. Dame Margaret took advantage of these combined circumstances to induce the Lady de Coverley to quit her husband's roof. The interview is well told.

After destroying the Lady de Coverley with her own hands, the dark

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\* Sir Roger de Coverley, a Tale of the Court of Charles the Second. By the author of "Maids of Honour." 3 vols. Henry Colburn.

beauty enjoyed a comparatively more distinguished situation as house-keeper for fifteen long years in Coverley Hall. At the expiration of that period the fear of discovery led her to abet the murder of her patron, Sir Arthur, and of the unfortunate chaplain. The vengeance for these outrages taken by the Coverley followers upon the old witch, and her destruction and that of her cat by the burning of her cottage, is a well-told episode. Cassandra is tried, but acquitted, and young Sir Roger is removed from the scene of so many horrors to court, where he becomes a gentleman of his majesty's bedchamber.

The author appears in a most felicitous light when in his second volume he gets his hero to the court of Charles, of merry memory. All the notabilities of the day are introduced in full-length portraits. Queen Catherine of Braganza and her household, the Duchess of Portsmouth and her French accomplices, Nell Gwynne and her play-acting friends, "La Belle Stuart," the politicians, courtiers, wits, literateurs of the day, even to the blind Milton, appear in their turn in these versatile pages, in which, after the fashion of the day, new characters are ever fleeting by. Much that is humorous and ridiculous is afforded by the tricks played by Lord Rochester and his witty but profligate companions upon the simplicity and innocence of the young De Coverley. Their constant amusement was to place him under circumstances involved in suspicion. On one occasion he is sent to his great horror to the notorious Chiffinch, on another he is made to invade the apartment of the ladies of honour when they were at their toilet; but the most cruel trick of all, was the sole invention of Rochester, who must have taken some trouble in preparing it. But for this most diverting practical joke we must refer to the work itself.

The persecutions of Cassandra, which are of a far more serious character than those of the witty courtiers of the merry monarch, continue to the end. The evil spirits of the Tangier Tavern are employed to work out her purposes; and the denouement in regard to the substitution of children is unexpected. We feel persuaded that we have said enough, however, to prove how much amusement is to be met with in these latest memoirs of "Sir Roger de Coverley."

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#### TRADE AND TRAVEL IN THE FAR EAST.\*

THE author of this curious work upon trade and travel in the Far East, quitted England as a youngster in 1823, and between that time and the present, he lays claim to having crossed the ocean in forty different vessels, thus fully establishing himself as a curiosity in British enterprise, and in the durability of life under trying circumstances.

The reminiscences commence with Java, the decline of the trade in which renowned island of the Hollanders, and the downfall of Batavia, once the emporium of the East, Mr. Davidson attributes solely to the government monopolies—a miserable spirit only entailing loss to the

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\* Trade and Travel in the Far East; or Recollections of Twenty-One Years passed in Java, Singapore, Australia, and China. By G. F. Davidson. Madden & Malcolm.



centre from whence they emanate. No European sleeps a single night in Batavia itself, but Mr. D. speaks highly of the excellent roads and admirable posting establishments established throughout this island. From Batavia to Samarang, a distance of three hundred miles, can be posted in three days. There is nothing approaching to such admirable and cheap facilities for travelling in any part of the British Oriental possessions.

Java abounds in wild animals, including tigers, leopards, and boa-constrictors. The Javanese sultans formerly defended their harem by a ditch full of alligators. The folly of making *pets* of leopards is illustrated by the case of an English officer, who kept one at Samarang: "One morning after breakfast, the officer was sitting smoking his hookah, with a book in his right hand and the hookah-snake in his left, when he felt a slight pain in his left hand, and on attempting to raise it was checked by a low angry growl from his pet leopard; on looking down he saw that the animal had been licking the back of his hand, and had by degrees drawn a little blood. The leopard would not suffer the removal of the hand, but continued licking it with great apparent relish, which did not much please his master, who, with great presence of mind, without attempting again to disturb the pet in his proceeding, called to his servant to bring him a pistol, with which he shot the animal dead on the spot."

Mr. Davidson states, as might, indeed, have been anticipated, that the trade of Singapore (whither he next conveys the reader) has suffered from the opening of the Chinese ports, but the merchants of that fine settlement, he afterwards informs us, are taking advantage of the new position of things by also entering upon the Chinese trade. He describes a disgraceful traffic as being carried on at Sumatra by the Chinese, who bring there hundreds of human beings from the island of Nias, and who are not positively sold as slaves, but are registered at the Dutch resident's office as bond debtors, for from seven to twenty years. At the British settlement of Penang our author did not find a resident who had arrived since 1829. The Europeans of that time had all, or nearly all, been removed by death. The sugar-planting is increasing in Penang since the removal of the duty.

Arrived in Australia, our traveller is surprised at the variety of languages spoken by the natives; he would, perhaps, be still more so, were he to know that such is the rapid progress of ethnology in this country, that these languages have now for the most part been classed, and their extent determined. The author expresses himself against looking to Port Essington as the best point from whence to communicate with the mother country, and recommends the colonists to look to some other route, without saying which. For our part, our predilections are decidedly in favour of the said port; and if the great commercial crisis that has lately visited New South Wales, has for a time placed the subject in the back-ground, there is no doubt but that the Australians are still sanguinely bent upon the project of having their own overland mail. We are happy to observe that Mr. Davidson's opinion is that Australia has seen its darkest day, and that matters are likely soon to improve when the actual crisis has blown over. What we have said, however, above concerning the as yet unexplored route from the Cobourg peninsula to New South Wales, does not militate against the steam navigation of Torres Straits, which must ever be looked upon as the complement to the navigation of the Chinese seas.

Mr. Davidson, in opposition to what we have lately heard, speaks highly in favour of the new British settlement at Hong-Kong.. No one, he says, can question the prudence of the choice, and the magnificent harbour is generally crowded with the ships of England, America, and other nations. He considers its situation, as a depôt for goods intended for the Chinese market, to be unrivalled. He is not, however, prepared to say that Chusan would not have been a better situation for a military station. The superior climate of Chusan is incontrovertible. The Chinese in that island are, it appears, very anxious to remain under the free and enlightened protection of the British government; and many English merchants have erected warehouses and residences in this delightful country, in the hope that it will ultimately be retained by Great Britain, or that the Chinese authorities will not object to their remaining on the island subsequently to its restoration. Hong-Kong, on the other hand, is described as decidedly inimical in its climate to the European constitution. It is ravaged every summer by a malignant fever, which is characterised by medical men as an interesting admixture of the yellow fever of the *West*, with the bilious fever of the *East Indies*!

Notwithstanding these great disadvantages of a most insalubrious, or rather of a very fatal, climate, the progress made in Hong Kong since its occupation is astonishing, and perhaps unsurpassed in the history of civilisation. The town of Victoria already extends upwards of *four miles* along the beach. One firm alone has laid out upwards of 40,000*l.* sterling in building. The position is objected to as exposed to the north, and hence shutting out the colonist from the southerly breeze wanted to refresh his worn-out frame. If its aspect had been southerly, it would have been much more sensibly objected, that it deprived the resident of the bracing northerly breezes.

“A trade,” says Mr. Davidson, “suddenly thrown open with three hundred millions of human beings, is not likely to be completely developed in three, four, or five years; and I conceive that I am within the mark, when I hold out encouragement to my countrymen to quadruple their shipments to China.” The author also remarks, that Great Britain, which should omit no opportunity of extending her commerce, ought not to suffer the Japanese sullenly to exclude our shipping from their ports, while the Dutch enjoy the sole privilege of trading to their country. “I would tell the Emperor of Japan,” he says, “you shall either be my friend or my foe.”

It appears that the important discovery of coal in Borneo Proper, was first made by the captain of a steamer (name not given), who was sent by the Singapore government to release the captain, crew, and passengers of the ship *Sultana*, destroyed by fire on her way from Bombay to China. The importance of this discovery exceeds conception.

Upon the subject of the cession made by the Sultan of Borneo, of the tract of country around Sarawak, to Mr. Brooke, noticed elsewhere; Mr. Davidson justly remarks that “the government of this country cannot but be fully alive to the value of such a point on the north-west coast of Borneo, with reference to the protection and security of the vast trade carried on by British subjects to and from China, not to mention the intrinsic advantages of an establishment on one of the largest and most valuable islands in the world.”

There is not the slightest doubt but that government is perfectly sensible to all these advantageous prospects held out by Mr. Brooke's suc-

cesses; and there is every reason to believe that the most powerful influence will soon be brought into operation in bringing together all the elements of a rapid civilisation, amongst a people at present the prey of ignorance, superstition, and oppression. The "Sarawak Hill Rangers" will not, we suspect, be wanted to produce these desirable results.

It will be seen, from what little we have been enabled to notice of Mr. Davidson's explorations, how much interest we find in his narrative. His work is that of a single-minded, straightforward man, who writes according to the best of his judgment, and not for the sake of argument or effect. It can be cordially recommended as full of sound and valuable information upon countries towards which the commercial eye of this country is at the present moment most especially directed.

#### PEERS AND PARVENUS.\*

ANOTHER of Mrs. Gore's clever artistic novels, and as redolent as ever of her incomparable sketches of society. If it be true that the novelists of the people have maligned their clients, Mrs. Gore, as the novelist of aristocratic life, is even still more open to the charge of degrading the class from whence she draws her materials. The story of a "Royal Favourite," and "Peers and Parvenus," alone contain sufficient to damage a whole aristocracy in the estimation of the public; but it is absurd to suppose that either people or aristocrats suffer from such misrepresentations. The world at large understands perfectly well that the character sketched by the novelist, and the instances of conduct in life adduced by him, constitute the exceptions, and not the ordinary features of society, and beyond the amusement afforded, the incidental by-play of real life that gleams forth here and there, and the tacit feeling that occurrences such as are here depicted, could flow, or in some instances have actually followed, the want of moral and intellectual principle, which is established as belonging to a class; the whole passes by as innocuous and as fleeting as a joke in *Punch*, at which we laugh heartily, but never trouble ourselves to consider in the light of reality.

"Peers and Parvenus" contains the history of an unprincipled gambling nobleman and of his son, the one still in the prime of life, the other just entered upon his majority, but both involved in the deepest pecuniary embarrassments; and of a Lady Hillingdon, as inconsiderate, selfish, and extravagant, as any peer-hater could possibly desire. Opposed to these are the family of a day-labourer, out of which a son rises to be a wonder of talent and ability, although it is never made to manifest itself beyond carrying on certain archæological explorations at Portici, and writing a dissertation on the domestic life of the Romans.

As has been latterly the case with most of Mrs. Gore's novels, we are called upon to visit all the places of fashionable resort on the continent, and to winter it at Rome with the usual proportion of aristocratic ladies with husband-seeking daughters, sporting lords, gambling foreigners, ladies of doubtful reputation, with honour and true love left to the hero and heroine alone. It is but justice to the author however to acknowledge that the Countess von Adlerberg is a new character beautifully conceived and equally skilfully worked out, and had the *denouement* been more to our liking, we should have placed "Peers and Parvenus" before the "Royal Favourite" as a work of art and interest.

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\* Peers and Parvenus. A novel. By Mrs. Gore. Author of "Mothers and Daughters," &c. 3 vols. Henry Colburn.



## VELASCO.\*

"VELASCO," is a romance of the Gil Blas school, in which the leading features of that school—its graphic delineations of Spanish characters and manners, its sly humour and quaint satire—mingled up with bustling incidents and ever-recurring intrigues and amours are so well sustained, that, did we not know otherwise, we should think some musty old archives of the eighteenth century had been appealed to as often as nature, for the materials of so clever a piece of imaginary biography.

The lovers of light and amusing literature will eagerly run after such a prize, and in doing so, like urchins gathering berries, they will find themselves frequently brought-to, by a practical and homely wisdom, which is often made to tell where it is least expected.

## MR. NEWBY'S PUBLICATIONS.†

IT was our intention to have taken up the important subject treated of in the very able and spirited work, the title of which is given below, but circumstances oblige us to defer the task, till the work is more complete. We cannot, however, allow the opportunity to go by, without expressing our sense of the very great improvement that has taken place in the character of the publications which issue from the house of Mr. Newby. Some of the very best novels of the last season, probably after long previous neglect, first saw the day in Mortimer Street. Interesting narratives of travel followed in their footsteps, or appeared contemporaneously, and were themselves accompanied by a variety of works of standard literature, including history and biography, which betoken a meritorious and a prosperous career.

## LONG ENGAGEMENTS.‡

WHEN history is wanting in interest, then is it the legitimate province of fiction to re-kindle the dying embers. When reality has lost the romance which ever belongs to the new and the striking, imagination may be honourably employed in re-awakening it; and when sympathy for the brave and the suffering is about to expire, it is a triumph to genius to bring it back to life and action.

But we cannot plead, as far as concerns ourselves, any one of these failings in regard to the recent dread and fearful contest in Affghanistan. It is evident, however, that to some, the narrative of the gallantry, the endurance, and the sufferings, of our countrymen, requires to be introduced by fictitious episodes of love, and such interesting sketches of Anglo-Indian society, as are essential to the rousing their worn-out sentiment, to the tone necessary to harmonize with the *real* that was in the thing.

To such, we sincerely recommend "Long Engagements;" we do not envy them, but we should be very sorry that there were any, who had not sympathised with the warriors who fell so far away from their friends and their country.

\* Velasco. By Cyrus Redding. 3 vols. P. C. Newby.

† The Age of Pitt and Fox By the author of Ireland and its Rulers. 3 vols. Vol. 1. T. C. Newby.

‡ A Tale of the Affghan Rebellion. 1 vol. London: Chapman and Hall.

### THE BEAUTIES OF ISAAC BARROW.\*

DR. BARROW\* was a very extraordinary man. When at school he was more remarkable for fighting than for attention to his books. He became a student in theology to turn to medicine and natural history, and then studied St. Chrysostom for a whole year, in his own stronghold of Byzantium. He ultimately became a mathematician, second only to Newton; but finished, as he began, by theology. All true lovers of British literature and of old English wisdom, will rejoice at having a collection of the beauties of one whose only fault was his copiousness. Barrow's style is less poetical than that of Jeremy Taylor, from whose writings Mr. Newby has also published a volume of selections, but he is unsurpassed for depth and copiousness of thought, and nervous, though unpolished, eloquence.

### LEO THE TENTH.†

THE "Life and Pontificate of Leo X." is not William Roscoe's *chef-d'œuvre*, but it is a work which, had he not have preceeded it by the "Life of Lorenzo de Medici," would still have at once raised the author into the proud situation of one of the most able and popular writers of the day. We have previously alluded to Mr. Bohn's praiseworthy design of publishing a library of works of sound literature of this class, at the very cheapest price possible. It is very much to be regretted, that we observe there are two editions publishing at the same time. The public suffer from this injudicious competition. One edition might sell well, two cannot. Hence both publishers fail in being able to prosecute their otherwise praiseworthy and admirable designs.

### THE WORKS OF THE REV. ROBERT HALL.‡

THIS is the first of the series, by which Mr. Bohn introduces his library of standard literature to the public. Nor could the publisher have found a more popular subject than the works of Robert Hall, the most distinguished ornament of the body of English Dissenters. A man, in whom a masculine intellect and extensive acquirements were united to high rhetorical and even poetical brilliancy of imagination. So cheap a volume cannot, indeed, but be considered as a boon by the thoughtful and studious portions of the community.

### THE WIGWAM AND THE CABIN§,—TALES FROM THE GERMAN OF HEINRICH ZSCHOKKE.||

THESE works are in continuation of Wiley and Putnam's "Library of Choice Reading." We do not know whether the tales of "The Wigwam and the Cabin" are attracting that notice in this

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\* The Beauties of Isaac Barrow, D.D. Selected from all his Sermons and Devotional Writings, with a Biographical Notice of the Author. By B. S., Esq., Barrister-at-Law. T. C. Newby.

† The Life and Pontificate of Leo the Tenth. By William Roscoe. Fifth Edition. Revised by his son, Thomas Roscoe. 2 vols. Henry G. Bohn.

‡ The Miscellaneous Works and Remains of the Rev. Robert Hall, with a Memoir of his Life, by Olinthus Gregory, LL.D., F.R.A.S.; and a Critical Estimate of his Character and Writings, by John Foster. 1 vol. Henry G. Bohn.

§ The Wigwam and the Cabin. By W. Gilmore Simms. Second Series.

|| Tales from the German of Heinrich Zschokke. By Parke Godwin. Second Series.

country which they deserve. If not, they are sure to make their way. They are full of profound and startling interest. As to "Zschokke's Tales," they belong to another school, and their reputation is European, and will, no doubt, be soon trans-Atlantic.

#### ANTONIO PEREZ AND PHILIP II.\*

HAVING noticed this work at its original appearance, it is unnecessary to return to it now, except to say that it was in every respect worthy of translation, and that the translation appears to have been satisfactorily done. So many new materials have, however, fallen into M. Mignet's hands since the publication of the first French edition, which was soon exhausted, that he is, we understand, engaged in the immediate preparation of a second, which from this great accession of details, will be almost a totally new work.

#### AN ALPHABET OF ILLUSTRATED GEOGRAPHY AND HYDROGRAPHY.†

WE have not a moment's hesitation in stating that if the gallant and well-known captain has industry and perseverance to accomplish that which he promises in the prospectus received, of an alphabet of illustrated geography and hydrography, that it will be *one of the most popular and useful works extant*. Nothing of the kind has ever yet been attempted. It will require between two and three thousand sectional maps, will contain charts of all the known harbours of the world, and plans of all the cities, with an alphabetic reference to between 200,000 and 300,000 names, and this at a fourth of the expense of the existing great and cumbrous atlases, which have no references at all, except to latitudes and longitudes. It is only to be regretted that the proofs transmitted with the prospectus of the Anastatic press, are not remarkable for neat and clear printing.

#### THE LITERARY GAZETTE.

IT is with feelings of sincere satisfaction that we observe our old-established favourite, the *Literary Gazette*, has adapted itself to the pressure of the times, and qualified itself against cheap rivals, by at once lowering its price and increasing its size. The *Literary Gazette* has always enjoyed the confidence of the right-thinking and steady-going classes of the community. Its spirit of fairness and its general tone of kindness have made themselves felt everywhere. The *Literary Gazette* has loved to encourage the tyro, and sustain the oppressed. It has never sought to gain influence by pandering to the grovelling taste for detraction, or by fostering literary or artistic jealousies and animosities, and it cannot, we feel sure, fail to retain in its new form, and with its enlarged means, that ascendancy as *the* weekly journal of criticism and information, which it is entitled to by its talent, its merits, its character, and its well-earned reputation.

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\* Antonio Perez and Philip II. By M. Mignet, translated with the approbation of the author. By C. Cocks, B.L. 8vo. Longman and Co.

† An Alphabet of Illustrated Geography and Hydrography. By James Mangles Commander, R.N.



# THE NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

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## SPANISH BALLADS RELATING TO THE INFANTS OF LARA.

TRANSLATED BY JOHN OXENFORD.

ALTHOUGH Dr. Southey and Mr. Lockhart have familiarized their readers with the story of these celebrated "Infants," it may not be so generally known as to preclude the necessity of a brief argument for the understanding of the following ballads.

The seven "Infants of Lara," are supposed to have lived at the end of the tenth century. They were the sons of Don Gonzalo Bustos (or Gustios), lord of Salas, and his wife, Dona Sancha. Ruy (Rodrigo) Velasquez, the brother of Dona Sancha, married Dona Lambra, a lady of high rank, and on the occasion of the nuptials a quarrel arose between the bride and the family of Lara, which resulted in a series of mutual insults. Don Rodrigo, taking the part of his wife, contrived the ruin of his sister's family. He sent Don Gonzalo to Almanzor, King of Cordova, on the pretext of receiving certain moneys, but really that Almanzor might put him to death. The Moorish king had the magnanimity not to comply with the wish of Rodrigo, but merely imprisoned Don Gonzalo. The next step of Rodrigo was to pretend an incursion into the Moorish country, that he might lead his nephew into an ambush. They were all killed by the Moors, together with their tutor, Don Nuno Salido, but some years afterwards their death was avenged. During his captivity Don Gonzalo had a son by the Moorish king's sister. This son, who was named Mudarra, killed Rodrigo with his own hands, and carried his head to Don Gonzalo, who had been released from Cordova, and was living at Salas.

In the above argument I have merely tried to connect the ballads I have chosen; hence I have omitted all mention of the "Bloody Cucumber," and of the "Seven Heads." An admirable version of a ballad on the last subject (*No se puede llamar Re,*) will be found in Mr. Lockhart's collection. Unwilling to follow that distinguished translator, I endeavoured to find another ballad in the "Romancero," but the best was so full of tasteless *conceits*, that I deemed it better to omit the episode. The death of Rodrigo by the hands of Mudarra I could not pass over without spoiling that completeness of story which has been my aim in the choice of the ballad; and hence, against my will, I have re-translated a ballad previously translated by Mr. Lockhart. The rest of my selection he has left untouched. J. O.

## I.

## THE MARRIAGE OF DON RODRIGO, AND THE DISPUTES THAT AROSE ON THE OCCASION.

*Ay Dios, qué buen Caballero, &c.*

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| <p>1.<br/>WHAT a knight was Ruy Velasquez,<br/>Oh, how great was his renown,<br/>When his army of three hundred<br/>Cut five thousand Arabs down!</p> <p>2.<br/>On that day he should have perish'd,<br/>He had died without a stain,<br/>For his seven gallant nephews,<br/>He had never basely slain;<br/>And the seven heads of Lara,<br/>By the Moor had ne'er been ta'en.</p> <p>3.<br/>Ruy Velasquez now will marry<br/>Doña Lambra, proud and fair,<br/>And the wedding is at Burgos,<br/>There is noble feasting there.<br/>When the nuptials all are ended,<br/>Then to Salas they repair.</p> <p>4.<br/>And at Burgos and at Salas,<br/>Seven weeks in feasts were past;<br/>They began with nought but pleasure,<br/>But it changed to grief at last.</p> <p>5.<br/>Many guests are call'd to Salas,<br/>They come thronging from afar;<br/>Some from Castille are arriving,<br/>Some are hast'ning from Navarre.</p> <p>6.<br/>And so mighty is their number,<br/>That they cannot all have room,<br/>Though the seven sons of Lara<br/>Are expected yet to come.</p> <p>7.<br/>Ho, what ho, there—they are coming<br/>O'er the <i>vega</i> ev'ry one,<br/>And their mother Doña Sancha<br/>Now to welcome them has gone.</p> <p>8.<br/>"Welcome all, my brave boys, wel-<br/>come,<br/>Much I joy to see you here."<br/>"Blessing on thee, Doña Sancha,<br/>Blessings on thee, mother dear."</p> | <p>9.<br/>Ev'ry cheek in turn she kisses,<br/>And her hand in turn they kiss,<br/>"Oh, it glads my heart to see you,<br/>That not one of all I miss.</p> <p>10.<br/>"For I love thee, Gonzalvico—*<br/>Nay, I love you ev'ry one;<br/>Mount your steeds at once my chil-<br/>dren,<br/>To your lodgings straight begone.</p> <p>11.<br/>"In the Cantarranas quarter,<br/>And your weapons with you take,<br/>And remain within your lodging,<br/>I entreat, for Heaven's sake;<br/>For the spear is often hurtful,<br/>When such festivals they make."</p> <p>12.<br/>To their lodgings went the Infants,<br/>Where they found the viands laid;<br/>There right heartily they feasted,<br/>And at tables then they play'd.</p> <p>13.<br/>All, excepting Gonzalvico,<br/>Who call'd loudly for his horse;<br/>And who, leaping in his saddle,<br/>Gallop'd proudly to the course.</p> <p>14.<br/>There his uncle, Don Rodrigo,<br/>At a tour the <i>varas</i>† threw;<br/>And he flung with force so mighty,<br/>That beyond the tour they flew.</p> <p>15.<br/>This was seen by Gonzalvico,<br/>Who his youthful force would try,<br/>But the <i>varas</i> were too heavy,<br/>And they would not soar so high.</p> <p>16.<br/>Doña Lambra look'd upon him,<br/>And she said with great delight,<br/>"You will know, ye beauteous ladies,<br/>Where to sit your hearts aright.<br/>You may see, four men of Salas<br/>Cannot match my noble knight."</p> |
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\* Diminutive for Gonzalo. My version is from Ochoa's collection. There is another reading, in which the preference for Gonzalo is more openly expressed.—J.O.

† The *vara* is a sort of pole, employed in the sport above described.—J. O.

17.  
Doña Sancha overheard her,  
And she said in angry vein,  
"Nay, be silent, Doña Lambra,  
Do not speak such words again.  
If my sons should chance to hear thee,  
He would certainly be slain."

18.  
"Nay, be silent, Doña Sancha,  
Whom I liken to a swine,  
And I liken to her farrow,  
All those seven sons of thine."

19.  
This reply of Doña Lambra,  
Gonzalvico chanc'd to hear,

And he said, "Your wedding garments\*  
From yuor shoulders I will tear."

20.  
Doña Lambra fell a-weeping;  
Don Rodrigo quickly came:  
"Who has anger'd thee, fair lady?  
Pray the bold offender name."

21.  
"Be assured, when once I know him,  
That his conduct he shall rue;  
For to such a noble lady,  
Nought but honour sure is due."

II.

THE BAD OMENS THAT APPEARED TO THE INFANTS ON THEIR EXPEDITION AGAINST THE MOORS.

*Ruy Velasquez el de Lara, &c.*

1.  
RUY VELASQUEZ, he of Lara,  
On an evil work is bent;  
For the good Gonzalo Bustos  
He to Cordova has sent;  
That Almanzor there may kill him,—  
'Tis a villanous intent!

2.  
And the seven sons of Lara,  
Though his kin he has betray'd,  
And his language was deceitful,  
When with honied words he said:

3.  
"Ere my brother, dearest nephews,  
From the Moorish king comes back;  
Yonder city of Almenar,  
'Tis my purpose to attack."

4.  
"In this gallant expedition,  
If you wish to join, ye may,  
For your presence would delight me.  
If you choose to answer 'Nay,'  
I will lead it unassisted,  
While to guard the land you stay."

5.  
Then the seven Infants answer'd,  
They would gladly with him go,  
And that if at home they tarried,  
While he march'd against the foe,  
And expos'd his life to danger,  
'Twould a craven spirit show.

6.  
Ruy Velasquez then desir'd them  
For the journey to prepare,

And he bade them come to Febos,  
They would find him waiting there.

7.  
All his men he had assembled,  
And from Barbadoillo gone;  
When the Infants and their tutor,  
Hasten'd after, ev'ry one.

8.  
They proceeded on their journey,  
Till at last they reach'd a wood,  
When the omens which they saw  
there,  
Seem'd to promise them no good.

9.  
Then the trusty old Salido  
Felt his heart weigh'd down by fear,  
And he said, "Return my children,  
There are evil omens here."

10.  
"To your native town of Salas,  
Let us hasten back again—  
I have seen an eagle struggling  
With an owl that shriek'd with pain."

11.  
"I have heard the raven croaking,  
To proceed I am afraid."  
Then the youngest of the Infants,  
To the fearful tutor said:

12.  
"Nay, in truth, Nuño Salido,  
Thou art wrong in speaking thus,  
For the omen thou hast witness'd  
Is not meant to threaten us."

\* This reply is greatly altered from the original, but the reason for the alteration need not be explained to those who have perceived it.—J. O.



13.

"For the leader of the army,  
And no other it appears;  
Thou art old, Nuño Salido,  
Thou hast liv'd through many years.

14.

"Thou art no more fit for battle,  
So thy steps thou may'st retrace,  
'Tis *our* duty to go forward;  
To return were foul disgrace."

15.

"O, my sons," replied Don Nuño,  
'Ye have fill'd my heart with woe;  
That, though evil seems to lead ye,  
Ye are still resolved to go.

16.

"Oh, be certain with such omens,  
You no more Castille will see;  
I am forc'd at last to quit ye,  
Since you will not credit me."

## III.

## THE DEATH OF THE INFANTS.

*Saliedo de Canicosa, &c.*

1.

As he goes from Canicosa,  
Don Rodrigo bends his way  
To the vale of Arabiana,  
For his sister's sons to stay.

2.

On the plain of Palomares,  
Soon a mighty troop appears;  
Many helmets broadly flashing,  
Many lightly glist'ning spears,  
Many bucklers featly graven,  
Many a horse that proudly rears,  
In one company are blended,  
Which the Moorish crescent bears.

3.

And they raise the shout of Allah,  
And they call upon Mahound;  
And so mighty are their voices,  
That they make the shout rebound,  
From the plain like rolling thunder,  
There is evil in the sound.

4.

"Death to all the sons of Lara,"  
Thus with one accord they cry;  
"And revenge for Don Rodrigo,  
They have wrong'd him, let them  
die."

5.

There was good Nuño Salido,  
Who the seven Infants rear'd;  
In this manner he address'd them  
When the Moorish host appear'd:

6.

"Oh, I wish, my dearest children,  
I had perish'd long ago,  
That I had not liv'd to witness  
Such a spectacle of woe.

7.

"I have rear'd you all from childhood,  
Or this grief I could have borne;  
But I love you all so fondly,  
That my very heart is torn.

9.

"For our bodies we'll have vengeance,  
While we set our souls aright,  
For our lives they shall pay dearly,  
As right valiantly we'll fight.

10.

"As we perish thus with honour,  
Sure our grief should be but small,  
For, like good men in the battle,  
We will die together all."

11.

As the Moorish host approach'd them,  
All in turn he did embrace;  
When he came to Gonzalvico  
Then he kiss'd him on the face.

12.

"Son of Gonzalo Gonzalez,  
'There's a thought which pains me  
still,  
When I think, boy, what thy mother,  
Doña Sancha, has to feel.

13.

"Oh, thou wast her own bright mirror!  
Oh, of all she lov'd thee most!  
Now she never more will see thee,  
For thou certainly art lost."

14.

Now the Moors, to give them battle,  
With their mighty force advance,  
And the Infants all receive them,  
With the buckler and the lance.

15.

"Ho, Santiago! Ho, Santiago!"  
With their loudest voice they call,  
And they kill the Moors in numbers,  
But, at last, they perish all.

IV.

THE DEATH OF DON RODRIGO.

*Acazar va Don Rodrigo, &c.*

1.  
Don Rodrigo, he of Lara,  
Don Rodrigo hunting goes,  
And the weather is so saltry,  
By a hedge he mast repose.

2.  
He stands cursing Mudarillo,\*  
By a Spanish mother borne,  
"Could I catch him, from his body  
Should his Pagan soul be torn."

3.  
Don Rodrigo there is waiting,  
Mudarillo soon is seen,  
"God preserve thee, *Caballero*,  
Underneath the hedge so green."

4.  
"And to thee, good *escudero*,†  
Heartily I wish the same."  
"Canst thou tell me, *Caballero*,  
Canst thou tell me what's thy  
name?"

5.  
"Yes ; they call me Don Rodrigo,  
Kin to Bustos,—and no other‡  
Than Rodrigo, him of Lara,  
I am Doña Sancha's brother,  
Of the seven sons of Lara,  
Thou may'st know she was the  
mother.

6.  
"And I wait for Mudarillo,  
Of the Moorish mother born,  
If I catch him, from his body  
Shall his Pagan soul be torn."

7.  
"If they call thee Don Rodrigo,  
Don Rodrigo, him of Lara,  
Know the Moorish mother bore me,  
I'm no other than Mudarra.

8.  
"Don Gonzalo is my father,  
Doña Sancha my step-mother ;  
Of those seven boys of Lara,  
Who were sold, I am the brother.

9.  
"Who were sold at Arabiana,  
Sold by thee,—hast thou forgot ?  
But thou, traitor, if God speed me,  
Thou shalt die upon the spot."

10.  
"Nay, some respite, Don Gonzalo,  
While to fetch my arms I go.  
Yes, the same thou gav'st the Infants,  
For no more can I bestow.  
On the spot I slay thee, traitor,  
Thou art Doña Sancha's foe."

V.

THE MEETING OF MUDARRA AND HIS FATHER.

*Despues que Gonzalo Bustos, &c.*

1.  
WHEN from Cordova to Salas  
Don Gonzalo came at last,  
He dwelt sadly in his palace,  
Mid the relics of the past.

2.  
In his mem'ry all his sorrows  
As a mighty weight he bears,  
And he blames his arm as useless—  
It has lost its force by years.

3.  
"Ah, thou tree so bare and fruitless,  
On the plain thou stand'st alone,  
For an avaricious traitor  
Lopp'd thy branches ev'ry one.

4.  
"Once in sev'n good sons rejoicing,  
Now of all thou art bereft ;  
Yes, thou now would'st be too happy,  
If the feeblest one were left.

\* Diminutive for Mudarra; but observe, that when Rodrigo afterwards is terrified, he civilly calls him "Don Gonzalo."—J. O.

† Squire.

‡ An attempt is made to produce the quaint effect of—

"A mi dicen, Don Rodrigo,  
Y aun Don Rodrigo de Lara."

5.  
 " Ev'ry hour again I lose you,  
 And whene'er I try to find  
 Your dear forms, as headless spectres  
 Ye are present to my mind.

6.  
 " Oh, the blood shed by the traitor,  
 Ever fresh to me remains ;  
 And he tortures by his presence  
 That which lingers in my veins.

7.  
 " I expect, too, ev'ry moment  
 That the last drop he will spill ;  
 For revenge, perchance, he spares me,  
 Since 'twere kindness sure to kill.

8.  
 " Oh, this solitude is wretched,  
 And a grievous cause is that  
 When the enemy who wrongs us  
 Is the judge assign'd by fate.

9.  
 " Rather in the Moorish country  
 Would I live, my sons, than here ;  
 There, at least, was one to pity—  
 There was one to shed a tear."

10.  
 In the balcony Gonzalo  
 Thus his woes is mourning yet,  
 On a lowly bench reclining  
 Till his beard with tears is wet.

11.  
 When by chance his sight extending  
 O'er the plain that lies before,  
 On an Andalusian courser,  
 He perceives a gallant Moor.

12.  
 He is young—of noble stature—  
 Full of dignity and grace ;  
 There's a mingled air of earnest  
 And of mildness in his face.

13.  
 On his shield a shining crescent  
 In a clear blue sky appears,  
 In the midst an " F" in crimson,\*  
 And a motto, too, he bears,—

14.  
 Writ in gold, " I try to seek thee,  
 If I find thee, what delight !"  
 From his lance there hangs a pennant,  
 A green cross in field of white.

15.  
 On the breast-plate of his courser  
 A suspended head he bore,  
 From the locks of hair dishevell'd  
 There were falling drops of gore.

16.  
 As he came, his lance he planted  
 In the grass, and bow'd so low  
 In saluting Don Gonzalo,  
 He near kiss'd the saddle-bow.

17.  
 And he said, " From signs I carry,  
 I conclude that thou must be  
 That most noble lord of Salas  
 Who has given life to me.

18.  
 " Here's the head of Ruy Velasquez,  
 Oh, my off'ring pray receive !  
 See, the wretch that sold my brothers  
 Could in safety never live !"

19.  
 " Know, my lord, I am Mudarra,  
 And I labour'd long indeed  
 Ere the trunk of your old lineage  
 In this fashion I could bleed."

20.  
 Then the old man shouted gladly :  
 " Come, embrace me, noble son ;  
 Now my wishes all are granted,  
 And my sorrows all are gone."

\* It is supposed that this is intended as the initial letter of " Fijo," the old word for " Hijo," which signifies that Mudara is a son, whose office it is to avenge his father.—J. Oxenford.



## B E A U C H A M P ;

OR,

## THE ERROR.

BY G. P. R. JAMES, ESQ.

## CHAPTER XX.

A MAP is a very useful thing : I wonder what people did without it before it was invented. Yet there were great travellers in those days, too, both by land and water. Adam began the first, and Noah the second, and they managed very well without either chart or compass, so that it is evident those instruments are nothing but luxuries, and ought to be done away with. Nevertheless, I feel that I should be much better off, and so would the reader too, if I could give here, on this page, a map of the county of —, just to show him the relative position of the place called Buxton's Inn and the little village of Coldington-cum-Snowblast, which lay nearly north-west of Buxton's Inn, and at the distance, by the road, of about six miles. The innkeepers charge seven miles' posting, because it was the seventeenth part of a furlong beyond the six miles. However, a dreary little village it was, situated on one of the two roads to London, which was indeed somewhat shorter than the other, but so hilly, so tiresome, so bleak, and so stiff, as the post-boys termed it, that man and beast alike preferred the other road, and generally went to and from Tarningham by Buxton's Inn. Nevertheless, it was absolutely necessary that a pair or two of posters should be kept at Coldington, as that was the only direct road to several considerable towns ; and though it was only an eight-mile stage, yet the cattle, when they had got over the hills, had no inclination to go further. The post-horses had engendered a public-house, which was designated by courtesy an inn, but it was a very solitary one, with very few visitors but those who took a glass of beer or spirits at the bar, and a chance mercantile traveller, who came to supply the two shops that ornamented the village, and slept there for the night.

At a very early hour of the morning, however, on the day of which we have just been speaking, a post-chaise drew up to the door with horses from Buxton's Inn, and a fresh relay was immediately ordered to carry the travellers on towards Bristol. A tall, powerful, showily-dressed man got out with a lady closely veiled, whose costume spoke of Parisian manufacture ; and while the portmanteaux and other articles of baggage were being taken into the doorway till they could be placed upon the new chaise, the gentleman paid the postboy, and then asked if he was going back directly.

"In about an hour, sir," replied the man, touching his hat, with the look of one well satisfied with his fee.

But at this reply the traveller looked blank, and said, "Well, it does not matter. I must get some lad to run over across the moor with this note to Mr. Wittingham, Just see for some one, my good fellow. He shall have half-a crown for his pains."

But the postboy was not such a goose as to let the half-crown slip by him, and, with the most respectful air in the world, he assured the gentleman that he was quite ready to go that minute, and that he had only proposed to stay an hour because he did not know—how should he?—that the other wanted to send back.

The note and the half-crown were immediately given, the postboy got into his saddle again, resisted the soft entreaties of the ostler to take a glass of something, and trotted away. No sooner was he gone, however, in the full persuasion that ere a quarter of an hour was over his two travellers would be on their way to Bristol, than the gentleman he left behind seemed to have suddenly changed his mind. The horses were countermanded, a room upstairs looked at, some breakfast ordered, and there he and his fair companion seemed disposed to pass the day. After a short but hearty breakfast, which was crowned by a glass of brandy, upon the strength of such an early drive, the gentleman himself sallied forth, saying to the lady, “I must see that fellow Stephen, and find out if he has peached. If he has, we had better get over the water for a while, at all events ; though they can prove nothing. I am sure.”

“You will take your rash, wild ways, love,” answered the lady, in a languid tone ; “and then you are sure to get into a scrape.” But the gentleman did not wait for the end of the admonition, leaving the room and shutting the door behind him.

We will stay with the lady, however, and a very pretty woman she was, though, indeed, there had been a time when she was prettier. She was certainly not less than three or four-and-thirty, with good, small features, and a complexion which had once been exceedingly fine. It had become somewhat coarse now, however, and looked as if the process of deterioration had been assisted by a good deal of wine, or some other stimulant perhaps still more potent. Her eyes were fine dark eyes, but they had grown somewhat watery, and there was an occasional vacancy in them, a wandering uncertainty that bespoke either some intense preoccupation with other subjects than those immediately in question, or some failure of the intellect, either from temporary or permanent causes. Her figure was tall and fine, and her dress very handsome in materials and make ; but yet there was a something about it too smart. There was too much lace and ribbon, too many bright and gaudy colours, too much flutter and contrast, to be perfectly ladylike. There was also a negligence in the way of putting it on—almost a slovenliness, if one may go that length, which made things nearly new look old and dirty.

Her air and manner, too, were careless and languid ; and as she set herself down on one chair, then moved to another, and rested her feet upon a third, it seemed as if something was continually weighing upon her mind, which yet wanted vigour and solidity enough to make an effort to cast it off.

It was not that she seemed to mope at being left alone by her male companion, or that she felt or cared for his absence very much, although she evidently deemed his plans and purposes imprudent and perilous. Far from it : she was as gay, or perhaps gayer, when he was gone than before ; sang a little bit of an Italian song, took a small note-book out of her bag and wrote in it some lines, which seemed, by their regular length, to be verses ; and then, getting up again, she opened a port-manteau, brought out a book, and began to read. She had not con-

tinued long, however, when she seemed to become tired of that also, and putting back the book again, gave herself up to thought, during the course of which her face was chequered with slight smiles and slight frowns, neither of which had the most pleasant expression in the world. There was a littleness in it all, indeed, a sort of careless indolence, which perhaps bespoke a disposition hackneyed and spoiled by the pleasures, if not the pains of life. And there she sat, casting away from her everything but thought, as if there were nothing in the world valuable or important, except the little accidents, that might disturb or promote her own individual comfort. The maid who carried away the breakfast things informed the landlady that "the woman upstairs was a taking on it easy, a sitting with her feet on one of the best chears." And although the good dame did not think fit to object to this proceeding, she mentally commented on it thus: "Them quality-folks is always giving themselves airs; but if she spiles my new kivers, I'll take it out in the bill, anyhow."

After this state of things had continued for somewhat more than an hour and a half, the gentleman came back, apparently in great haste, dripping like a Newfoundland dog, and, calling to the ostler before he ran upstairs, directed him to put to the horses as soon as possible. Then, running up, he entered the room where he had left the lady, exclaiming, "Quick, Charlotte, we must be off like the devil!"

"Why, what's the matter, Moreton?" she said, without moving an inch. "You are all dripping wet; you have met with some adventure."

"And something else, too," answered the gentleman. "I have met with that devil of a fellow again, and he recognised me and tried to stop me, but I pulled him into the river, and left him there, getting to the other bank Heaven knows how. All I am sure of is, that I kept his head under water for two or three minutes; for he fell undermost. But I have not time to talk more now, for we must go as if Satan drove us, and I will tell you more as we go along."

"I hope he's drowned," said the lady, with the sweetest possible smile; "it is an easy death, they say. I think I shall drown myself one day or other."

"Pooh!" said the gentleman. "But come along, come along! I have something to tell you of Charles; so make haste."

"Of Charles!" exclaimed the lady, starting up as if suddenly roused from a sort of stupor, while a look of intense and fiery malignity came into her face. "What of him? Have you seen him? Did he see you?"

"I don't know," answered her companion. "But come along;" and taking up one of the portmanteaus as the chaise drove up to the door, he hurried down, and sent up for the other. The lady followed with a quick step, drawing her veil over her face; for she now seemed to be all life and eagerness; and while the gentleman was paying the bill, she got into the chaise and beat the bottom of the vehicle with her small foot, as if impatient for his coming.

Before he could reach the door, after having paid the bill, however, a man on horseback galloped quickly up, and, springing to the ground, caught the gentleman by the arm, exclaiming, "Why, hang it, Moreton, you have played me a scurvy trick, to go off and leave me before it was daylight."



"I could not help it, my dear Wittingham," replied the other: "I was obliged to be off; there is a d—d cousin of mine down here, whom I would not have seen for the world. You must not stop me now, by Jove; for they have found out where I am, and I expect him to pay his respects very soon."

"Devil take it! that's unfortunate," cried Wittingham, "I wanted you to go and call out that meddling scoundrel, Hayward, whom I told you of. He bolted into my room last night, and we had a regular set-to. I told him he was a blackguard, and he told me he had horsewhipped me once, and would horsewhip me again whenever he met me, if I could not get some gentleman of honour to arrange a meeting with him."

"Upon my life, I can't stay," cried the other, "though I should like to see you shoot him, too, if he is alive, which I have some doubts of—but stay," he continued, after a moment's thought, "I will find a man for you, and I will send him down without loss of time—Major Woolstapler; he has been lately in foreign service, but that's all the same, and he's a capital hand at these things; and, if you follow his advice, you will shoot your man to a certainty—he shall be down before three days are over; I am off for Bristol, and so up the Cath road to London. We shall get there to-night; and he will be down to-morrow or the next day early. He'll hear of you at Buxton's, I suppose. Good-by, good-by." And he jumped into the chaise.

A moment after, as soon as the door was shut, he seemed to recollect something, and putting his head out of the window he beckoned up young Wittingham, saying, in a low voice, "You'll need the bull-dogs, so I'll send you down mine. Tell Woolstapler to contrive that you have number one. It will do his business, if tolerably well handled—and I say, Wittingham, don't mention to any one that you have seen me either here or at Oxford. My cousin fancies I am in India still." Then turning to the postillion, he said, "Go on and brush along fast. Sixpence a mile for good going."

Never was such an intimation given to a postillion without the horses suffering for it. I actually once made a Bavarian go seven miles and a half an hour between Ulm and Augsburg by the same process. I record it as amongst the memorable events of my life, proudly satisfied that no man upon earth ever did the same, either before or since. On the present occasion, the postillion, without fear, struck his spurs into the horse's side, laid the whip over the back of the other with that peculiar kind of gentle application which intimated that if the brown-coated gentleman did not get on as hard as his four legs would carry him, the instrument of propulsion would fall more heavily the next time; and away they went, at a pace which was a canter up hill, a trot down, and a gallop over the flat. Captain Moreton leaned back in the chaise and murmured, "We've cut them, by Jove!"

"But what is to be the end of all this?" asked the lady, who seemed to be now thoroughly roused: "if that man is to go on for ever having his own way I do not see any thing that is to be gained. We cannot keep this up much longer, Moreton; and so you thought two days ago. I shall be compelled to come forward and claim the arrears of the annuity by actual want of money. You told me, when we were at the inn there, that you had but ten pounds left, and now you seem to take a

different view of the subject. You men are certainly the most vacillating creatures in the world."

"Nay," answered Moreton, bowing his head with an air of persiflage, "ladies, it must be owned, are superior to us in that, as in everything else. Two or three months ago you seemed enchanted with your plan, and declared, though it had not answered yet, it would answer in the end. I only thought it would not answer for want of means, otherwise I was as well disposed towards it as you could be. Now, on the contrary, you are eager to abandon it, while I wish to pursue it, for this simple reason: that I have got the means of carrying it on for some time at least, and see the greatest probability of success. You must recollect, my dear Charlotte, that this is not a matter where a few hundreds or a few thousand pounds are at stake, but many thousands a-year."

As usually happens—for nobody ever hears or attends to more, at the utmost, than the twentieth part of what is said to them, the lady's mind fixed upon one particular sentence, without listening to anything more, and she repeated, as if contemplating and doubting, "You have got the means! You have the means!"

"Ay, indeed, I have," answered Captain Moreton, with a smile; "I have got the means; for, while you were thinking I was doing nothing, I was shrewdly laying out my own plans, by which I have contrived to screw full five hundred pounds out of that terrible miser, Wharton. Was not that somewhat like a *coup*? With that we can live for some five or six months in Paris—economically, you know, my love—we must not have champagne and oysters every day; but we can do well enough; and before the time is out, the very event we wished to bring about will have happened; otherwise my name is not Moreton. I can see very well how matters are going. He is caught: for the first time in his life really and truly captivated; and, if we but take care to play our game well, he will be married and completely in our power within a few weeks. I know he will never be able to stand that; and there will but be one choice before him, either to buy you off at the highest possible price, or—"

"Buy me!" cried the lady; "if he had the diamond mines of Golconda, he could not buy me! If he could coin every drop of blood in his heart into a gold piece, I would see him mind them all to the very last, and then refuse them all with scorn and contempt. No, no, I will bring him to public shame and trial; I will make him a spectacle, have him condemned as a malefactor, break his proud spirit and his hard heart, and then leave him to his misery, as he has left me. For, this I have toiled and longed; for this I have saved and scraped, like the veriest miser that ever worshipped Mammon in his lowest shape; for this I saved every sixpence, and lived in self-inflicted poverty and neglect, till I met you, Moreton, in order to hoard enough to keep me, till this revenge could be accomplished; and often, very often since, I have been tempted to curse you for having, by the extravagance you taught and practised, squandered away the very means of obtaining all that I have longed and pined for."

"You speak in a very meek and Christian spirit," cried Captain Moreton, with a laugh; "but, nevertheless, I will not quarrel with it, Charlotte; for your revenge would serve my purposes too. If we could but get him to commit himself beyond recall, I am his next heir, you know, my dear;

and, therefore, the sooner he goes to heaven or Botany Bay, the better for me—don't you think that we could contrive to get up a very well authenticated report of your death in some of the newspapers, with confirmations of all kinds, so as to leave no doubts in his mind?"

"Moreton, upon my life I believe you are a fool," cried the lady, bitterly; "would he not plead that as his excuse?—no, no, if I could so manage it, and, Heaven or the devil send me wit, I care not which, to do it, I would contrive to make him fancy my death certain by small indications, such as none but himself could apply, and which, to the minds of others would seem but frivolous pretexts if brought forward in his own justification. If you can help me to such a plan, I will thank you; if not, we must trust to fortune."

"Good faith! I see no means to accomplish that," cried Moreton."

"Now then, let us talk no more about it," answered the lady; and sinking back into the chaise, she relapsed into that state of seeming apathy, from which nothing but passion had the power to rouse her.

"By the way," said Captain Moreton, after about a quarter of an hour's consideration, while the chaise rolled rapidly along, "all those things that you had in Paris, clocks and chimney ornaments, and such like things, what has become of them?"

"Oh, they are of little value, Moreton," said the lady; "a thousand franks would buy them all; the worth would not last you ten minutes at roulette."

"No," answered Captain Moreton, taking no notice whatever of the bitterness with which she spoke; "but I was thinking that they might be more serviceable at hazard."

"What do you mean?" she asked, abruptly, fixing her eyes upon him.

"I want to know where they are," answered Captain Moreton, in a cool tone.

"Why you know very well," she answered, sharply, "when I left Paris two years ago with you, I told the girl, Jeanette, to take care of them till I came back. I dare say she has pawned or sold them long ago."

"That is the very thing," cried Moreton, rubbing his hands. "We will away to Paris with all speed; you will keep quite close; I will find out Mamselle Jeanette, and give her intimation that she may sell the things to pay her own arrears of wages; for that her poor dear lady will never come back to claim them."

"I see the plan," replied the lady, "but I fear it will not answer, Moreton; I had been living, as you know, in seclusion for a year before, and the very means that I took to make him think me dead, will now frustrate your scheme for that purpose."

"I don't know that, Charlotte," answered her companion. "He has been making inquiries in Paris, I know; you were traced thither distinctly, and whether all clue was there lost of your proceedings, neither I nor you can tell. But I'll tell you a story. When I was living at my father's place, he had a particularly fine breed of pheasants, which regularly every year disappeared about the 8th or 9th of October, without the possibility of proving that any one had been into the copses. One day, however, when I was out early in the morning, I saw a fine old cock, with



his green and gold neck, walking along straight through a field towards the ground of a neighbouring farmer. Every two or three seconds down went the pheasant's head, and on he walked again. I watched him for a few minutes over a hedge, then made my way through, put up the bird, and examined the spot where he had been. There I found a regular pheasant's footpath, and nicely strewed along it a line of barleycorns leading straight on to the farmer's ground, in the first hedge of which I found another portly bird fast by the neck in a springe. Now, my dear Charlotte, we'll strew some barleycorns, and perhaps we may catch your bird in the springe; I mean, we'll throw out such pieces of information as will lead to the certainty that you were in the Rue St. Jaques two years ago; we will get Jeanette to sell things to pay her own wages, with the best reason to believe you are dead; and if what I have heard is true, all that you have so long aimed at will be accomplished before two months are over."

"I see, I see," answered the lady, and the chaise stopped to change horses.

## CHAP. XXI.

THE quiet little town of Tarningham was more quiet than ever about the hour of twelve each day; for, according to good old primeval habits, noon was the period for feeding. Men ate, beasts ate, and birds ate, and we all know that eating is a silent process. It is the greatest mistake in the world for doctors to tell you to talk while you are eating, or else it is the bitterest sarcasm. They must either mean that your digestion should be spoiled, or else that you are in the habit of talking without thinking. But we will make a sort of corollary of it "Man should not think when he is eating, man should not talk without thinking; *ergo*, man should not talk at his dinner." Therefore the people of Tarningham were wise; for never was there such a silent town at the hour of twelve o'clock, when they were eating. Doctor Miles could hear his own footfall with the most perfect distinctness, as he walked along the High-street; and a good broad foot it was, with a square-toed shoe and a buckle in it.

But Doctor Miles did not attend to the sound of his footfall; he was, indeed, busily thinking of something else, with his eyes bent down—but not his head—he rarely bent his head—holding it upright and straight, and a little stiff, by the natural effect of mind on body. His meditations were very deep, so much so, that it required an extraordinary apparition to rouse him from his reverie. The sight, however, of a human being in the streets of Tarningham a little after twelve, was quite enough to produce that effect; and at the distance of about two hundred yards from the door of the White Hart, he was startled by beholding the diminutive form and somewhat contorted person, of the poor little potboy, Billy Lamb, coming towards him with an empty jug in his hand. Nobody attended to Billy's meals. He got them how he could, where he could, and when he could. When all the rest were eating, he was sent with a jug of beer here, or a pint of gin there, and came back to feed upon the cold remnants of what the rest had eaten warm, if, indeed, they left him anything; but yet the fat landlord, ostlers, stable-boys, and barmaids, all thought that Billy was very well off. The landlord thought so, because he declared he had taken the boy in from charity; and the ostlers, and the postboys, and the

barmaids believed it. O, charity ! charity ! thou perverted and misused term. Since the first words that were uttered by Adam in his garden, down to the moment when one of the world's great men declared that language was intended to conceal men's thoughts, no word in the whole dictionary has ever been applied to cover so many sins as thou hast. Thou art the robe of vanity every day; tricking it out in subscription lists, almshouses, hospitals; thou art the cloak of pride and haughtiness, the pretext of every petty tyrant who seeks a slave, the excuse of avarice, and greed, and narrow-mindedness—ever, ever coupled with a lie ! In what human heart art thou ever found pure and unadulterated ? The foul-mouthed slanderer of a neighbour's fame, who gives a sixpence to a beggar or a pound to an infirmary, is a charitable person. The scoffing sneerer at virtue he cannot imitate, who flings away money profusely for the sole gratification of a loose habit, is called charitable. The hard-hearted man who denies others their rights, or he who cheats his followers of their due reward, or he who grinds the faces of his workmen with excessive toil, or he who is harsh and stern in his own household, fierce and censorious to others, a despot with his wife, a tyrant with his children, dies, and, in a pompous will, bequeaths a portion of his ill-gotten wealth to build an asylum, and perpetuate his name, and is praised and honoured as a charitable man.

That boy, forced to labour day and night, without consideration, without comfort, without a kind word, fed upon refuse, palleted on straw, yet doing more than the whole household altogether, was taken in from charity ! Believe it, reader, if you can. For my part, I don't believe a word of it. I am quite sure that worthy Mr. Groomer wanted somebody particularly, of an active and willing disposition, to carry out the beer, and to attend to all those little matters which Mr. Groomer could not do himself, and which his servants did not choose to do, and that in taking in Billy Lamb for his own convenience, he persuaded himself, and tried to persuade the public too, that he was doing an act of charity. It is an extraordinary thing to consider how often in the great tragic farce of the world we are our own spectators; or, in other words, how continually, when we act a part, we consider ourselves one of the audience, and strive to deceive that individual the very first.

However that might be, there was Billy Lamb, the potboy, just before Doctor Miles, with an empty tankard in his hand ; and the good doctor no sooner beheld him, than he stopped, and, in a kindly tone, asked him how the world went with him. Now Doctor Miles was a great man in the neighbourhood; he had property of his own of not very great extent, but which rendered the living that he held but an accessory to his principal means of subsistence. He did not live by the altar, but for the altar ; and there are no such keen drawers of distinctions as the lower classes. Of this thing all clergymen may be sure, that he who makes a trade of his profession, who exacts the uttermost penny which he has a right to, and something more, who increases burial fees, and makes broad the borders of all his dues, will always be held in contempt. Of the butcher, the baker, and the grocer, the lower orders expect such things. The exaction of a farthing on half-a-pound, more than is really just, they know is a part of the privileges of the knife, the oven, and the scales and weights. But with the ministers of a pure and holy religion, whose grand and fundamental principle is charity and abnegation of self, they expect

a higher and a wider sense of benevolence, a more large and disinterested view of the relations of a pastor and flock. Thick must be the veil that covers from the eyes of the humble and the needy that greedy and grasping spirit which too frequently, like the ghou! of Eastern fable, preys among the sepulchres of the dead, and takes advantage of the moment of overwhelming distress and agony of mind, to urge the coarse claims of priestly avarice; claims, but too frequently, untenable in law and always barbarous, even when not illegal—dues which should be swept away for ever, which should no longer exist as a constant source of heart-burning and complaint between pastor and people, making the one derive a portion of his living by laying a tax most onerous and hard to be borne, either upon the joys or the sorrows of his parishioners, and the others to look upon their teacher as one who sets at defiance the first principles of the Gospel that he preaches, following “avarice which is idolatry,” and forgetting charity, “which covers a multitude of sins.”

Luckily, both by position and inclination, Doctor Miles was exempt from all such reproaches. His necessities did not force him into meanesses, and his natural disposition would never have suffered him to fall into them, whatever his circumstances might have been. One heard nothing in his parish of enormous charges for a brick grave, swollen surplice-fees, that would make a cholera, a plague, or a pestilence so rich a harvest, that the minister who would pray in his desk against plague, pestilence, and famine, would be the grossest of hypocrites. He did not look upon his churchyard as the most valuable and productive part of his glebe, to be manured by the corpses of his parishioners, and bear a cent-per-cent crop in monuments and grave-stones. The consecration of the bishop he did not look upon as fertilising the land for his own enrichment, but contented himself with the bare amount of the moderate fee awarded by the law, and neither asked nor received a penny more. Many of the neighbouring clergy called him a weak and prejudiced man, and exclaimed loudly against him for neglecting the interests, or, as they called them, “the rights of the church.” But, somehow, his parishioners loved him, though he was rather an austere man, too, and never spared invective or exhortation in case of error and misconduct. The secret, perhaps, was, that they were convinced of his disinterestedness. He took from no man more than was his due; he required of no man more than he had the warrant of Scripture for requiring. His private fortune gave him the means of charity, and to that object all his private fortune was devoted. Every one in the neighbourhood knew that Doctor Miles could have a finer house, could keep a better table, could maintain a smarter equipage; but, at the same time, they were aware of two things, first, that his income was not as large as it might have been had he chosen to exact the uttermost farthing; and, secondly, that it was not for the purpose of hoarding his money that he did not spend it upon himself.

Thus Doctor Miles, as well may be conceived, was very much revered in the neighbourhood; his rebukes were listened to, and sometimes taken to heart; his advice was sought, and sometimes followed; his opinions were always respected, if his injunctions were not always obeyed; and his severity of manner was very well understood not to imply any real harshness of heart.

The cap was off Billy Lamb's head in a moment, when he approached Dr. Miles; but he did not venture to speak to him till the doctor, after



gazing at him for a moment in a fit of absence, exclaimed, "Ah, William, how goes it with you ? and how is your poor mother ?"

"Oh, quite well," replied the youth, in his peculiarly sweet, low voice ; "mother's better than she was, though she has never been so well since poor Mary's death."

"How should she ? how should she ?" exclaimed Doctor Miles ; "these things, my man, affect young people but little, old people but little ; for young people are full of their own life, and with them that consideration supersedes all thoughts connected with death ; and old people are so full of the conviction of life's brevity, that the matter of a few years more or less is to them insignificant. It is to the middle-aged that the death of the young is terrible ; it clouds the past with regrets, and the future with apprehensions. But I want to speak to your mother, Bill ; she must forgive Stephen Gimlet, and try and help him, and be a comfort to him."

"I wish she would," said the boy, looking down ; "I am sure Stephen is not so bad as people call him, and never would have taken poor Mary away, if mother had not been so strict."

"I must talk to her," answered Doctor Miles ; "but you may tell her, if you see her before I do, that Stephen is a changed man, and Sir John Slingsby has taken him for a gamekeeper.—Tell her, will you," he continued, after a moment's thought, "that the cottage on the moor has been burned down, and the poor little boy, Charley, would have been burnt in it, because there was no mother, nor other relation of any kind to help him, had it not been for a gentleman who is staying up at the hall coming by at the time and rescuing the boy from the flames."

"Ah, I am sure that was the gentleman that was down here," exclaimed the pot-boy ; "Captain Hayward they called him ; for he was a kind, good gentleman as ever lived, and gave me enough for mother to put something by against the winter."

"That is no reason why he should be walking on the moor," said Doctor Miles, quickly. "However, I must talk to her, for the boy must not be left alone any more ; and we must see what can be done. But now tell me, Bill, what wages do you get ?"

"A shilling a week and my victuals," replied the boy, in an unrepining tone ; "it is very kind of Mr. Groomer, I am sure ; and I do what I can but that's not much."

"Humph !" said Doctor Miles, with not the most affirmative tone in the world ; "well, I'll come by and by, and see your mother ; can you go down and tell her that I am coming ?"

"Oh yes, sir," replied the boy ; "they give me a quarter of an hour to eat my dinner, so I can go very well ; but I must go first to Mr. Slattery's, the doctor ; for Mrs. Billiter told me to bid him come up quietly to Mr. Wittingham, as if just for a call ; for the old gentleman came home ill last night, and has taken to his bed."

"Mr. Slattery is out," replied Doctor Miles. "I met him on the road ; but leave the message, Bill, leave the message, and I will go up and see Mr. Wittingham myself."

Thus saying, he bade the boy adieu, and walked on to the smart white gates of Mr. Wittingham's highly-cultivated place, and, passing through the garden, rang the bell at the door, which was opened to him by a servant in a straight-cut blue coat, black and yellow striped waistcoat, and black plush breeches, with drab gaiters.

In answer to Doctor Miles's inquiry, the servant informed him that Mr. Wittingham was in bed, and could see no one; but the worthy clergyman pressed for admission, saying that his business was of importance. A consultation then took place between the man-servant and the house-keeper, and, after some hesitation, Mrs. Billiter went up to her master to inform him of Doctor Miles's visit, with a particular injunction to impress upon the mind of the sick man that the clergyman's business was of moment. She came down the next minute and begged the visiter to walk up, with as low a curtesy as her long stiff stays would permit her to make; and, she leading the way, Doctor Miles followed with a slow and meditative step.

The room door was gently unclosed, and the clergyman, entering, fixed his eyes upon the figure of Mr. Wittingham as he lay in the bed, and a sad sight it was. Terrible was the effect that one night of sickness had wrought upon him. The long, thin, bony limbs were plainly visible through the bed-clothes, and so far, Mr. Wittingham well, or Mr. Wittingham ill, showed no difference; but there was the face upon the pillow, and there were to be seen traces enough, more of suffering than sickness. The features had suddenly grown sharp, and the cheeks hollow; the eye was bright and wandering, the brow furrowed, and the hue of the complexion, partly from the light-brown moreen curtain of the bed—the most detestable curtains in the world—partly from a sleepless, anxious, suffering night, had grown yellow, if not cadaverous. Patches of short-cut gray hair, usually concealed by the wig, were now suffered, by the night-cap, to show themselves upon the temples. The large front teeth, the high nose and the protuberant chin, were all more prominent than usual; and certainly Mr. Wittingham, in cotton nightcap and clean linen sheets, was not the most prepossessing person that ever the eye rested upon.

Doctor Miles, however, advanced quietly to his bedside, and, sitting down in a chair, opened the conversation in a kindly tone.

"I am sorry to find you ill, my good friend," he said; "you seemed well enough last night."

"Ay, ay, that's another thing, doctor," replied the invalid; "but I got a terrible fright after that, and that has given me quite a turn."

"As to the way you will direct that turn," answered the clergyman, "you will need some good advice, Mr. Wittingham."

"Ay, ay," said the magistrate, somewhat impatiently. "Billiter there has been boring me for an hour to send for that fellow Slattery; but I don't think he could do me any good. He is a humbug, as well as the most of those doctors."

"But not more than most," answered Doctor Miles, "which is a great thing in this part of the country. You may go, Mrs. Billiter; I wish to be alone with Mr. Wittingham."

Mrs. Billiter, who had remained upon the best, the oldest, and most invariable excuse, that of putting the room in order, for the purpose of gaining an insight into all that took place, dropped a curtesy, and withdrew unwillingly.

Mr. Wittingham eyed Doctor Miles with a shrewd, inquiring, but timid glance. It was evident that he would have dispensed with the doctor's coming, that he did not half like it, that he wished to know what he could want, why he came, what was his business, what could be

his object, and why his manner was so grave and cautious. Heaven knows that Mr. Wittingham was not an imaginative man ; that he was not subject to the sports of fancy, and seldom or ever presented to his mind any image of things, past or future, unless it were in a large parchment-covered volume, in which was inscribed in large letters, upon the last page : " Balance, in favour of Mr. Wittingham, sixty-nine thousand odd hundred pounds." Nevertheless, on this occasion the worthy gentleman's imagination ran restive ; for, as a weedy old horse, when people endeavour to whip it into any thing more than its ordinary pace, turns up its heels, and flings them into the face of its driver ; so did Mr. Wittingham's fancy at once assert its predominance over reason, by presenting to him for his choice every possible sort of business upon which Doctor Miles might, could, would, should, or ought, have come to Tarningham Lodge. He, therefore, sat in his bed with his nightcap on his head, grinning at him, like Yorick's skull, with a ghastly smile. Courtesy has its agonies, as well as other things ; and the politeness of Mr. Wittingham was agonising. Speak he could not, that was out of the question ; but, with a grim contortion of countenance, he motioned the worthy doctor to a chair, and the other took it with provoking deliberation, concealing, under an air of imperturbable coolness, a certain degree of embarrassment, and a considerable degree of feeling.

To tell the truth, he much desired that Mr. Wittingham would begin first ; but he soon saw that there was no hope of such being the case, and his profession had accustomed him to the initiative. Wherefore, after three preliminary hums, he went on to say, " My dear sir, I thought it better to come down to you to-day, to speak to you on a somewhat painful subject, but one which had better be grappled with at once ; and that rather in conversation with me, a minister of peace and goodwill towards men, than with others, who, though equally bound by the injunctions of the religion which I unworthily teach and they believe, have what they consider duties apart, which might interfere with an unlimited exercise of Christian charity."

Excellent, Doctor Miles ; you are keeping the poor man in a state of torture. Why will you preach, when you are not in the pulpit. But Doctor Miles was not a prosy man by nature ; he was short, brief, and terse in his general conversation, and only preached when he was in embarrassment. That such was evidently the case at present greatly increased the evils of Mr. Wittingham's position ; and when the doctor was talking of Christian charity, the sick magistrate was mentally sending him to a place where very little charity of any kind is supposed to be practised—not that we know any thing of the matter ; for even in the present day, with steamboats, railroads, and all the appliances of human ingenuity to boot, tourists and travellers have not pushed their researches quite as far as the place alluded to ; or, at all events, have not favoured the world with an account of their discoveries.

After the above proem, Dr. Miles stumbled for a moment or two, and then recovering himself, continued thus :

" The unfortunate affair which took place last night must doubtless give rise to legal inquiries, which will, depend upon it, be pursued with great energy and determination ; for Captain Hayward, I find, followed the unhappy young man at once ; and, if I judge rightly, he is not one to abandon his object when it is but half-attained."



"Oh, that Captain Hayward, that Captain Hayward!" cried Wittingham, angrily, "he is always meddling with other people's affairs."

"Nay, my dear sir," answered Dr. Miles; "this was his affair, and the affair of every body in the room. The ball passed within an inch of his friend Mr. Beauchamp's head, and might have been intended for him—at least, so Captain Hayward might have supposed, had not your own exclamation at the moment—"

"My exclamation!" cried Mr. Wittingham, with a look of horror, "what did I exclaim?"

Doctor Miles did not answer him directly at first, replying merely, "you said enough, Mr. Wittingham, to show who it was, in your opinion, that had fired the shot."

Mr. Wittingham clasped his hands together in an agony of despair, and sunk with his head upon the pillow, as if he would fain have hid his face in the bed-clothes, but Dr. Miles went on kindly to say,

"Moreover, my dear sir, your exclamation was sufficient to make me feel for you deeply—to feel for you with sincere compassion, and to desire anxiously to serve and assist you."

Now Mr. Wittingham was not accustomed to be compassionated; he did not like the thing and he did not like the word; he was a vain man and a proud man, and compassion was a humiliation which he did not like to undergo; but still anxiety and trouble were the strongest, and he repeated two or three times in a quick, sharp voice,

"What did I say? What did I say?"

"You said that it was your son," answered the clergyman, "and various corroborative circumstances have transpired which—"

But by this time Mr. Wittingham was in such a state of agitation that it was evident he would hear nothing further that was said to him at the moment, and therefore the good doctor stopped short. The magistrate covered his eyes; he wrung his hands hard together; he gazed forth at the sky; he even wept.

"Then it is all over, all over," he cried, at length, "it is all over," by which he meant that all his dreams of importance, his plans of rural grandeur and justice-of-the-peaceism, his "reverence" on the bench and at the quarter-sessions, his elevation as a country gentleman, and his oblivion as a small trader, were all frustrated, gone, lost, smothered and destroyed by his son's violent conduct and his own indiscreet babbling in the moment of fear and grief.

"Ah, Doctor Miles," he said, "it's a sad business, a sad business. As you know it all, there is no use of my holding my tongue. Harry did do it; and, indeed, he told me before that he would do it, or something like it; for he came here—here, down into Tarningham, and told me on the very bench, that if I pushed that business about Mrs. Clifford's carriage any further it should go worse with me. It was a threat, my dear doctor, and I was not to be deterred from doing my duty by a threat, and so I told him, and immediately took up the man they call Wolf, on suspicion—for Sir John had been down here, swearing at my door, and what could I do, you know."

Now Doctor Miles had seen a great deal of the world, and, though a good and benevolent man, and one not at all inclined to think the worst of one of his fellow-creatures, yet he could not help seeing that there was a great deal of weakness and eagerness to shuffle any burden from

himself in Mr. Wittingham's reply. There are certain sorts of knowledge which force themselves upon our understanding, whether we will or not, and amongst these is discrimination of human character. People, long accustomed to the world, find great difficulty even in believing a practised liar, however much they may wish to do so on certain points. They see through, in spite of themselves, all the little petty artifices with which *self* hides itself from *self*, and still more clearly through the mean policy by which the mean man strives to conceal his meanness from the eyes of his fellow-creatures. Whether it be the pitiful man, in any of the common walks of life, exacting more than his due, and striving to hide his greed under the veil of liberality and disinterestedness, whether it be the candidate, on the canvass or on the hustings, escaping from the explanation of his intentions upon the plea of independence and free judgment, or whether it be the minister of the crown evading the fulfilment of obligations, or shrinking from the recognition of support by all the thousand subterfuges in the vast dictionary of political dishonesty, the man learned in the world's ways, however willing to be duped, cannot believe and confide, cannot admire and respect. The case with Mr. Wittingham was a very simple one. Doctor Miles saw and understood the whole process of his mind in a moment ; but he was sorry for the man ; he felt what agony it must be to have such a son, and he hastened as far as possible to relieve him.

"I think, my dear sir," he said, "that you have made some mistakes in this matter ; I do not presume to interfere with any man's domestic arrangements, but I will candidly acknowledge that I have thought, in watching the progress of your son's education, that it was not likely to result in good to his character—nay, hear me out, for I am only making this observation as a sort of excuse, not so much for him, as for the advice I am going to give you, which can only be justified by a belief that the young man is not so depraved by nature as by circumstances."

They were hard words, very hard words, that Doctor Miles uttered, but there was a stern impressiveness in his manner which overawed Mr. Wittingham, kept down his vanity from revolting against the implied accusation, and prevented him from even writhing openly at the plain terms in which his son's conduct was stigmatised.

"Under these circumstances," continued Doctor Miles, "I think it much better that you send your son out of the country as fast as possible, afford him such means as will enable him to live in respectability, without indulging in vice ; warn him seriously of the end to which his present courses will lead him, and give him to understand that if he abandons them, and shows an inclination to become a good and useful member of society, the faults of his youth may be forgotten, and their punishment be remitted. On the latter point, I think I may say that, should he at once quit the country, no further steps against him will be taken. You know very well that Sir John Slingsby, though hot and irascible, is a kind and good-natured man at heart."

"Sir John Slingsby ! Sir John Slingsby !" exclaimed Mr. Wittingham, bustling up with an air of relief, as if something had suddenly turned a screw or opened a safety-valve, and delivered him from the high pressure of Doctor Miles's grave and weighty manner, "Sir John Slingsby, sir, dare do nothing against me or mine ; for there is a balance against him. He may talk, and he may bully and crack his jokes.—I

have submitted to all that a great deal too long, without requiring a settlement of the account ; and there's five thousand pounds against him I can tell you, which he will find it a 'difficult matter to pay, I have a notion—ah, ah, Doctor Miles, I know what I am about. Five thousand pounds are five thousand pounds, Doctor Miles, and I know all the situation of Sir John's affairs, too ; so he had better not meddle with me, he had better not enrage me ; for he will risk less in letting all this foolish business pass off quietly without inquiry, than producing inquiry into his own affairs in the county. A good jolly gentleman I don't mean to say he is not ; but I can tell you he is tottering on the verge of ruin, and I don't want to force him over unless he drives me : and so he had better not, that's all."

Doctor Miles had gazed at him as he spoke with a keen, subacid look, and in some degree even of amusement, and this calm, supercilious look greatly annoyed and embarrassed Mr. Wittingham towards the end of his tirade. It was evident that Doctor Miles was not in the least taken unprepared, that the intimation of Sir John Slingsby's position in worldly affairs neither surprised nor disappointed him in the least ; and when Mr. Wittingham at length stopped in some embarrassment, his reply tended still further to puzzle and confound the worthy magistrate, for he merely said,

"Perhaps so, Mr. Wittingham, but I do not think Sir John Slingsby's pecuniary circumstances will at all prevent him from performing his public duties. If he has reason to believe that your son is in the road to amendment, he is very likely to look over his present offences, as they are, in some degree, personal to himself and his family. If he imagines that he will go on from one crime to another, depend upon it he will think it only right to cut his career short at once. The only fear is, that if this debt which you speak of ever crosses his mind, it will only serve as a bar to his lenity ; for no man is so likely to be seized with a sudden determination to punish with the utmost rigour, if he were to suspect for one moment that his debt to you, whatever might be the amount, might be assigned as the motive by any one for his forbearance. I would not advise you to urge such a plea, Mr. Wittingham ; but, depend upon it, if this debt is considered at all, it will be considered to your disadvantage. Besides all this, you must recollect that other persons were present ; therefore Sir John has not the whole matter in his own hands. However, I have given you the best advice in my power ; you can take it, if you like ; if not, the consequences be upon your own head ; and you must not blame any one for any thing that may occur in the due course of law.

And rising from the bed-side, he was about to depart, when Mr. Wittingham stopped him."

"Stay, stay, my dear sir," said the magistrate, eagerly ; "let us discuss this question a little further ; I wish no harm to Sir John Slingsby, and I trust he wishes none to me. But are you sure there were other persons who heard the words I spoke ? Very unfortunate, very unfortunate, indeed."

Now the truth was, that Mr. Wittingham was in a state of high irritation. The comments which Doctor Miles had made, or rather the hints which he had thrown out in regard to the education of his son, had



greatly exasperated him. He never liked it to be even hinted that he was wrong ; it was a sort of accusation which he never could bear ; and the worthy doctor would have been permitted in patience to proceed with any other of Mr. Wittingham's friends or enemies without the least interruption ; but it was natural that he should take fire in regard to his son. Why natural ? it may be asked. For this reason, that the education of his son was associated intimately with Mr. Wittingham's own vanity ; and the idea of his faults being owing to education, was a direct reflection upon Mr. Wittingham himself.

Doctor Miles, however, regarded none of these things ; and though the worthy magistrate desired him to stay, he declared he had no time, saying,

“ Further discussion is out of the question. I have given you advice that I know to be kind, that I believe to be good. Take it, if you judge so ; leave it, if you judge otherwise. Pursue what course you think best in regard to Sir John Slingsby ; but, at all events, do not attempt to influence him, by pecuniary considerations ; for be assured that, although he may, by imprudence, have embarrased his property, he has not arrived at that pitch of degradation which is only brought on step by step from the pressure of narrow circumstances, and which induces men to forget great principles in order to escape from small difficulties. Good morning, Mr. Wittingham ;” and, without further pause, Doctor Miles quitted the room, and walked down stairs. In the hall he met Mr. Wharton, the attorney, going up, with a somewhat sour and discontented face ; but all that passed between the two gentleman was a cold bow, and the clergyman left the house in possession of the lawyer.

## CHAP. XXI.

It is a very unpleasant position indeed to be above your neck in the water, with another man holding fast by your collar, especially if it be by both hands. It may be a friend who has so got you, it may be an enemy ; but the operation comes to pretty nearly the same thing in both cases ; and that the result is not at all an agreeable one, I say it boldly and without fear of contradiction ; for, although drowning is said to be accompanied by no real pain, and I have heard many half-drowned persons declare that it is rather pleasant than otherwise, yet that is only a part of the process, not the result ; then again Sir Peter Laurie can witness, that there are multitudes of persons, who, after having taken one suffocating dip in Mother Thames, repeat the attempt perseveringly, as if they found it very delightful indeed ; but still I contend that they have not come to the end of the thing, and, therefore, can give no real opinion. “ To lie in cold obstruction and to rot,” to become the prey of the lean, abhorred monster death, to separate from the warm tenement in which our abode on earth has been made, to part with the companionship of all the senses and sensations, the thrills and feelings, which have been our friends, our guides, our monitors, our servants, our officers in the course of mortal existence—this is the result of that tight pressure upon the cravat or coat-collar which we shrink from, when, with our head under the water, we feel the fingers of friend or enemy approaching too near the

organs of respiration. If the gentleman grasps our legs we can kick him off; if he seizes our hands we can often shake him away; but the deadly pressure upon the chest and neck; the clinging, grasping energy of those small digits on the throat, when we find that, half a second more and life is gone, is perhaps as unpleasant a thing as often falls to the lot of mortal man to feel.

Now Ned Hayward, I have endeavoured to impress upon the reader's mind, was a brave, bold, determined fellow as ever lived. There was no danger he would not have fronted, no fate he would not have risked for a good and worthy object. He was a good swimmer, too; but when after a headlong plunge into the water he felt himself undermost in the fall, out of his depth, his feet entangled in a weed, and the fingers and thumbs of Captain Moreton tight upon his throat, he was seized with an irresistible propensity to knock him off by any means, even at the risk of losing his prisoner. The first method that suggested itself was a straightforward blow at his adversary, and that taking effect upon his chest was successful with a man half-drowned himself. His antagonist let go his hold, rose as fast as he could, dashed at the other bank, gained the ground and was off. Poor Ned Hayward, however, soon found that if he had freed himself from one enemy, he was still in the power of another. It is a terrible thing that a strong, powerful man, instinct with every energy and quality of high animal life, and, moreover, having an immortal soul, to be kept or parted with, should every now and then be completely at the mercy of a thin, pitiful, pulpy weed, which, to all appearances, might be broken or smashed in a moment. But moments are very important things, and the *vis inertiae* a tremendous power. The weed made no attempt to hold the young gentleman, it neither grasped his legs, nor clasped his knees, but it was carried by the current around the ankles of Ned Hayward, and there, somehow or other, it stuck fast, preventing him from moving; in fact, it was like many a great politician (in the world's opinion), who operate many great changes upon their neighbours by mere *vis inertiae*, waiting till the tide of circumstances brings them to action, and then holding fast to a particular point till all opposition is drowned.

Such had well-nigh been the case with Ned Hayward; for what little strength he had left was nearly expended in the blow he gave to Captain Moreton; and when he found that his feet were entangled in the weed which would not have snapped a single gut-line with a May-fly at the end of it, his powers did not suffice to tear himself away. This history, as far as he was concerned, seemed likely to come to a hasty conclusion, when suddenly he found a strong hand grasp his arm just below the shoulder, and give his whole frame a vehement impulse towards the surface of the water. The next instant he saw, heard, breathed, once more; and before he had time to do either of these things above a second, he found his right elbow leaning on the bank, and Mr. Beauchamp, who was not very well aware whether he was dead, alive, or half-drowned, endeavouring to draw him up on the bank. To use the words of the poet, in a very indecent episode of a very chaste and beautiful poem—

One stupid moment motionless he stood ;

but the next puff of the right element which went into his lungs recalled all his activity, and up he jumped on the bank with a spring which asto-

nished Beauchamp, made Isabella Slingsby draw back, and brought a faint colour into Mary Clifford's cheek. The glow was accompanied by a smile, however, which showed that this proof of Ned Hayward's still active powers was not unpleasant to her.

The first thing the young officer did, however, was to shake Mr. Beauchamp warmly by the hand, exclaiming,

"Upon my life you were just in time—it was nearly over with me—I could not have stood it half a minute longer. Every thing was turning green, and I know that's a bad sign."

The next thing was to pick up his fishing-rod and tackle, crying, as he raised them from the ground,

"He has frightened away that big old trout; I should have had him in another second; I may have to walk half an hour more before I find such another; I could see him eyeing the fly all ready for a rise."

"But who was the gentleman?"

"What was the quarrel about?"

"Why did you seize him?" demanded Isabella, Mary, and Beauchamp, all together.

Let the reader remark, that each framed his question differently.

"That is the man who fired the shot into the window last night," replied Ned Hayward, looking curiously at the fly upon his hook; and two of his companions instantly turned their eyes in the direction which Captain Moreton had taken, with a look of alarm, as if they feared he would fire another shot from the bushes amongst which he had disappeared. Beauchamp, for his part, cast down his eyes and said nothing—not a word! Nay more; he shut his teeth close and drew his lips over them, as if he were afraid he should say something; and then, after a moment's pause, he turned to Ned Hayward, saying,

"Had you not better give up this fishing, come up to the house and change your clothes?"

"Oh dear no," cried Ned Hayward, "on no account whatever; I'll catch my fish before twelve o'clock yet; and very likely have the very fellow that our plunge scared away from here. Do you know, Beauchamp, it is sometimes not a bad plan to frighten a cunning old speckled gentleman like this, if you find that he is suspicious and won't bite. I have tried it often, and found it succeed very well. He gets into a fuss, dashes up or down, does not know well where to stop, and then, out of mere irritation, bites at the first thing that is thrown in his way. Come along and we shall see. He went down, I think, for I had an eye upon him till he darted off.

"But you are very wet, too, Mr. Beauchamp," said Isabella. "If Captain Hayward is too much of an old campaigner to change his clothes, I do not see why you should neglect to do so."

"For the best reason in the world, my dear Miss Slingsby," replied Beauchamp, "because I have no clothes here with which to change these I have on."

"But there are plenty at the house," replied Isabella, eagerly.

"But I am afraid, they would not fit," replied Beauchamp, laughing; "I am in no fear, however; for I am as old a campaigner as Captain Hayward."

"Let us move about, at all events," said Mary Clifford; and following Ned Hayward down the stream, they watched his progress, as he, intent



apparently upon nothing but his sport, went flogging the water, to see what he could obtain. Three or four very large trout, skilfully hooked, artistically played, and successfully landed, soon repaid his labour; but Ned Hayward was not yet satisfied, but, at length, he paused abruptly, and held up his finger to the others as a sign not to approach too near. He was within about twenty yards of a spot where the stream, taking a slight bend, entered into sort of pass between two low copses, one on either hand, composed of thin and feathery trees, the leaves of which, slightly agitated by the wind, cast a varying and uncertain light and shade upon the water. The river, where he stood, was quite smooth; but ten steps further it fell over two or three small plates of rock, which scattered and disturbed it, as it ran, leaving a bubbling rapid beyond, and then a deep, but rippling pool, with two or three sharp whirls in it, just where the shadows of the leaves were dancing on the waters. Ned Hayward deliberately took the fly off the line and put on another, fixing his eye, from time to time, on a particular spot in the pool beyond. He then threw his line on the side of the rapid next to him, let the fly float down with a tremulous motion, kept it playing up and down on the surface of the foam, with a smile upon his lips, then suffered it to be carried rapidly on into the bubbling pool, as if carried away by the force of the water, and held it for a moment quivering there; the next moment he drew it sharply towards him, but not far. There was an instant rush in the stream, and a sharp snap, which you might almost hear. The slightest possible stroke of the rod was given, and then the wheel ran rapidly off, while the patriarch of the stream dashed away with the hook in his jaws. The instant he paused, he was wound up and drawn gently along, and then he dashed away again, floundered and splashed, and struck the shallow waters with his tail, till, at length, exhausted and half-drowned, he was drawn gradually up to the rocks; and Ned Hayward, wading in, landed him safely on the shore.

“This is the game of life, Miss Clifford,” he said, as he put the trout of more than three pounds’ weight into the basket. “Rendered cautious and prudent by some sad experiences, we shrink from every thing that seems too easy of attainment, then, when we find something that Fate’s cunning hand plays before our eyes as if to be withdrawn in a moment, we watch it with suspicious but greedy eagerness, till we think a moment more will lose it for ever, then dart at it blindly, and feel the hook in our jaws.”

Mary Clifford smiled, and then looked grave; and Isabella laughed, exclaiming,

“The moral of fly-fishing! And a good lesson, I suppose, you mean for all over-cautious mammas—or did you mean it was a part of your own history? Captain Hayward, retrospective and prophetic; or was it a general disquisition upon man?”

“I am afraid man is the trout,” said Beauchamp; “and not in one particular pursuit, but all: love, interest, ambition, every one alike. His course and end are generally the same.”

“That speech of yours, fair lady, was so like a woman,” said Ned Hayward, turning to Miss Slingsby; “if it were not that my hands were wet, I would presume upon knowing you as a child, and give you a good shake. I thought you had been brought up enough with men, to know that they

are not always thinking of love and matrimony. You women have but one paramount idea, as to this life's concerns I mean, and you never hear any thing without referring it to that. However, after all, perhaps, it is natural :

“ Man's love is of man's life a thing apart.  
'Tis woman's whole existence.”

“ Too sad a truth,” replied Mary Clifford, thoughtfully; “ perhaps it is of too little importance in man's eyes; of too much in woman's.”

“ And yet how terribly she sometimes trifles with it,” said Beauchamp, in a still gloomier tone.

“ Perhaps, you think, she trifles with every thing, Mr. Beauchamp,” rejoined Isabella; “ but men know so little of women, and see so little of women as they really are, that they judge the many from the few: and we must forgive them; nevertheless, even if it be true that they do trifle with it, it is not the least proof that they do not feel it. All beings are fond of sporting with what is bright and dangerous: the moth round the candle, the child with the penknife, and man with ambition.”

“ All mankind,” said Ned Hayward, “ men and women alike, get merrily familiar with that which is frequently presented to their thoughts. Look at the undertaker, or the sexton, how he jests with his fat corpse, and only screws his face into a grim look when he has the world's eye upon him; then jumps upon the hearse and canters back, to get drunk and joyous at the next public-house.”

“ Hush! hush! Captain Hayward,” cried Isabella, “ I declare your figures of speech are too horrible; we will have no more of such sad conversation; can we not talk of something more pleasant as we go back?”

“ I don't know,” said Ned Hayward, “ I am in a moralising mood this morning.”

And as Isabella and Mr. Beauchamp walked on a little in advance to pass the narrow path, which only admitted two abreast, he continued in a somewhat lower tone, saying to Mary Clifford,

“ I cannot get my spirits up this morning. The dangerous circumstances of my good old friend, Sir John, vex me much. Have you spoken to your cousin about them? She seems wonderfully gay?”

“ I have,” answered Miss Clifford; “ but it would need a heavy weight, Captain Hayward, to sink her light heart. She promised to mention the matter to Mr. Beauchamp, too; but I rather imagine from what has occurred, that she had not done it.”

“ Oh, she has done it, depend upon it,” replied the young officer; “ and that is what makes her so gay. But I must speak with Beauchamp myself, and make the matter sure.”

In the meantime, Beauchamp had walked on with Isabella; and there could be little or no doubt, in the minds of any one who came behind them, that he was making love. Not that they heard a word that was said, no, not a single syllable, but there is a peculiar gesture associated with the making of love, by a gentleman at least, which distinguishes it from every other process. Beauchamp, as we have described him, was above the middle height; but Isabella was not below it; and there was not the slightest occasion for him to bend down his head, in order that she might hear him distinctly, unless he had something to say which he did not wish others to hear likewise. He did bend down his head, however, and said what he had to say in a very low tone; and, although he

did not stare her rudely in the face, yet from time to time he looked into her eyes, as if he thought them the crystal windows of the heart. Isabella, on her side, did not bend her head; she held it a little on one side, indeed, so as in the least perceptible degree to turn the fine small ear to the words that were poured into it; generally, however, she looked down, with the long fringes veiling the violet of her eyes, though from time to time she raised them at something that he said; and when her look met his, they fell again. They had to cross over a little brook, and Beauchamp took her hand to help her over. He drew it through his arm when he had done, and there it rested for the remainder of the walk.

Involuntarily, and almost unconsciously as they marked this, Mary Clifford and Captain Hayward turned to each other with a smile. The impulse with each was to see if the other had remarked it—a very simple impulse—but when their looks met, it made a more compound phrase; and the anagram of the heart might read thus:

“May we not as well make love too?”

It was a sore temptation; but the next instant Ned Hayward’s countenance became exceedingly grave, and the warm healthy glow in his cheek grew a shade paler.

If there was a struggle in his breast, it was brought to an end in about five minutes; for, just as they were climbing the side of the hill again, they were met by joyous old Sir John Slingsby, whose whole face and air generally bore with it an emanation of cheerful content, which is usually supposed, but, alas! mistakenly to be the peculiar portion of the good and wise. Thoughtlessness, temperament, habit, often possess that which is the coveted possession of wisdom and virtue; and often in this world the sunshine of the heart spreads over the pathway of him who neither sees his own misfortunes lying before him, nor thinks of the sorrows of others scattered around.

“Ah, boys and girls, boys and girls!” cried the baronet, laughing, “whither have you wandered so long? I have done a world of business since you have been gone, thank Heaven; and, thank Heaven, have left a world undone; so I shall never, like Alexander, that maudling, drunken, rattle-pate of antiquity, have to weep for new worlds to conquer. Ned Hayward, Ned Hayward, I have a quarrel with you. Absent from evening drill and morning parade without leave! We will have you tried by a court-martial, boy; but what news have you brought? did you overtake the enemy? or was he too much for you? whither is he retreated? and last, though not least, who and what is he?”

“On my life, Sir John, I do not know who he is,” answered Ned Hayward. “We have had two engagements, in which, I am fain to confess, he has had the advantage, and has retreated in good order both times. I shall catch him yet, however; but at present I have not time to give full information; for—”

“Not time, not time!” cried the baronet; “what the devil have you done with all your time, not to have half an hour to spare to your old colonel?”

“In the first place, my dear sir, I am wet,” replied the young officer, “for I have been in the water, and must change my clothes; but I have won my bet, however; I promised to catch the best trout in the river before noon; and there he is; match him if you can.”

“Before noon,” exclaimed Sir John Slingsby, taking out his watch; “twenty minutes past twelve, by Jove!”



"Ay, but he has been caught twenty minutes," said Ned Hayward, "I will appeal to all persons present."

"Well, granted, granted," exclaimed the baronet, "the bet's won, the bet's won. You shall change your clothes, make yourself look like a gentleman, and then tell the reverend company your story."

"Impossible," answered Ned Hayward, shaking his head; "I have forty things to do."

"Forty things!" cried Sir John; "why I have finished two hundred and fifty, upon a moderate computation, within an hour and ten minutes."

"Ah, my dear sir," said the young gentleman, "but I have got to change my clothes, write a letter, speak two words to Beauchamp, talk for a quarter of an hour to Ste. Gimlet about his boy's education, pack up some clothes, and be down at Tarningham in time for the coach to London, as well as to induce your butler to give me some luncheon and a glass of the best old sherry in your cellar."

"Pack up some clothes!—coach to London!" cried Sir John Slingsby, in a more serious tone than he had yet used; "the boy is mad; his head is turned! Ned Hayward, Ned Hayward, what the devil do you mean, Ned Hayward?"

"Simply, my dear Sir John, that some business of importance calls me to London immediately," rejoined his young friend; "but I shall be down again to-morrow, or the next day at the furthest; and, in the meantime, I leave you horse and gun, fishing-tackle and appurtenances, which I give you free leave and licence to confiscate if I do not keep my word."

"Well, well!" exclaimed the baronet, "go along, change your clothes, and come and get some luncheon. I always thought you a great donkey, Ned, and now I think so more than ever, when I see you quit comfortable quarters for a dull stage-coach. Go along, I say, go along; there's the door, which is always better said on the outside of a house than in the in."

"Thank you, Sir John; but I must just speak a word with Beauchamp first," replied Captain Hayward; and taking his new friend's arm, he drew him a little on one side, while the baronet and the two ladies entered the house.

"I have got a favour to ask you, Beauchamp," said Captain Hayward: "matters have got into a complication between myself and this young Wittingham, which may require a pistol-shot to unravel it. The fellow, who fired through the window last night, certainly rode his horse; I walked straight into his room, thinking I might find the man there. I told him the occasion of my coming; he was insolent; and I informed him civilly what I thought of him; he demanded satisfaction; and I replied, that if there was a gentleman in the county that could be found to act as his friend, I would do him the honour of meeting him. Business, which one of the two ladies will give you a hint of, if they have not done so already, calls me immediately to London. I have written to tell him so, but that I shall be down the day after to-morrow. In the meantime, I shall tell the people at the White Hart, if any one comes from him, to refer them to you. Arrange the affair, therefore, for me, should such be the case, and, remember, the earliest possible time and the quietest possible manner—I'll bring my pistols—but we must break off, here comes Sir John Slingsby again; not a word to him on any account, there's a good fellow; and now let us talk of something else."

## FRAGMENTS OF LIFE.

By F. A. B.

A bitter cheat, and here at length it ends,  
 And thou and I, who were to one another  
 More closely knit than brother is to brother,  
 Shall not be even as two common friends. .  
 Never again, within my breast, may grow  
 The trust that has been basely lied away.  
 Sadly and sorely must my spirit go  
 Companionless through life's remaining way  
 Still by thy side, yet answering no more  
 Each thought of thine, as in those days of yore,  
 Far lonelier than they who ne'er have known  
 The fellowship of love, I dreamt I knew.  
 Unpitied by all others, to whose view  
 A seeming false over my state is thrown  
 Thus must I henceforth walk—beside thee—yet alone.

Weep'st thou to see the ruin and decay  
 Which Time doth wreak upon earth's mighty things,  
 Temples of gods and palaces of kings?  
 Weep'st thou to see them crumbling all away?  
 Oh, I could show thee such a woful ruin,  
 As doth surpass the worst of Time's undoing.  
 A goodly city, not laid waste by years,  
 But overthrown with sighs and sapp'd with tears :  
 There was a palace in which youth did dwell,  
 To which king's mansions were a lowly cell,  
 There was a glorious temple in whose shrine  
 Love had a worship ceaseless and divine,  
 Hymens from that faue, like birds' spring songs did rise,  
 And incense sweet of willing sacrifice.  
 Now all these lordly halls deserted be,  
 Unknown to Hope and shunn'd by Memory.

## III.

The fountains of my life, which flowed so free;  
 The plenteous waves which, brimming, gushed along,  
 Bright, deep, and swift, with a perpetual song,  
 Doubtless have long since seemed dried up to thee.  
 How should they not? From the shrunk narrow bed  
 Where once that glory flowed, have ebb'd away  
 Light, life, and motion, and along its way  
 The dull stream slowly creeps, a shallow thread;

Yet at the hidden source, if hands unblest,  
 Disturb the wells whence that sad stream takes birth,  
 The swollen waters once again gush forth—  
 Dark bitter floods rolling in wild unrest.

## IV.

One after one, the shield, the sword, the spear,  
 The panoply that I was wont to wear—  
 My suit of proof, my wings that kept me free—  
 These, full of trust, deliver'd I to thee.  
 When, through all time, we swore that side by side  
 We would together walk. I since have tried,  
 In hours of sadness, when my former life  
 Seem'd better than this paltry wasting strife,  
 To wield my weapons bright, and wear again  
 My shining armour and strong wings—in vain,  
 My hands have lost their strength and skill—my breast  
 Beneath my mail throbs with a faint unrest—  
 My pinions trail upon the earth—my soul  
 Fails 'neath the heavy curse of thy controul.  
 All that was living of my life has fled,  
 My mortal part alone is not yet dead.  
 But since my nobler gifts have all been thine,  
 Trophies and sacrifices for thy shrine,  
 Wound not the breast that stripped itself for thee  
 Of the fair means God gave it to be free;  
 At least have mercy, and forbear to strike  
 One without power to strive or fly alike,  
 Nor trample on that heart which now must be  
 Towards all defenceless—most of all towards thee.

## V.

I dream I see thy form, with frantic clasp  
 My longing arms are round the phantom, thrown;  
 It melts, it withers in my empty grasp.  
 I wake—I am alone, oh, Heaven, alone.

I dream I hear thy voice, I start, and rise,  
 And listen, till my soul grows sick—in vain:  
 The wind flies laughing through the starry skies,  
 And, save my throbbing heart, all's still again.

Oh, wilt thou ne'er return? can no one day  
 Bring back those blessed hours that fled so fast?  
 Dost thou not hear me moan my life away?  
 Hast thou forsaken me?—Thou hast! thou hast!



## THE LAST BALL AT THE TUILERIES.

ABOUT seven o'clock on the fourteenth of last month, my friend, the fidgetty old Countess de Popincourt, all ready flounced and beturbaned, bejewelled, pearl-powdered, and rouged, entered my drawing-room at the hotel where I was staying, and where I was quietly finishing my solitary dinner, and helping out digestion with Dumas's last novel, never dreaming that my fidgetty friend was serious in the threat which she had uttered in the morning of coming to fetch me to accompany her to the monster ball at the Tuileries.

"Now, this is too bad," she exclaimed, in a sort of comical rage, at perceiving my surprise at her appearance at this early hour; "who but a cold, phlegmatic, greedy Englishwoman could be thinking of eating and drinking at a moment like this? Up—quick—get ready, for Heaven's sake! we shall be late as it is."

"It cannot surely yet be time?" I said, in guilty alarm.

"Look, unbeliever," said the countess, as she drew aside the curtain of the window looking into the Rue de Rivoli, and disclosed to view the endless line of dazzling lamps, appended to carriages waiting *à la file* almost as far as the Champs Elysées! I was dumb-founded; but there was no time to waste in excuses, and I hastened to finish my toilet (begun, by the way, at two o'clock in the day, for the coiffeur had no other hour disengaged, which alone ought to have excited my suspicions), while the dear fidgetty old countess betook herself quietly to the walnuts and oranges on the table, and also to the last volume of "Monte Christo," which I had left upon the sofa.

I absolutely *hated* her as I withdrew, shivering, to my room, to undergo the miseries of dressing, which consisted in replacing my warm *peignoir* by a low, thin dress, with short sleeves, which made my teeth chatter as I gazed upon it. However, "needs must when —," and the sharp voice of my fidgetty friend was certainly more shrill than ever, as she called out every now and then, "Allons, dépêchons-nous!" "Allons, ne nous arrivons pas!" In less time than it would have taken me in England to put on my bonnet and shawl, did I find myself fully equipped, and in a few minutes seated side-by-side with the countess, waiting patiently at the tail of a long line of fellow-sufferers, which now seemed to have lengthened, in a straight direction, as far as the Barrière de St. Etoile, while from every cross-street flowed a tributary stream of carriages, swelling the tide, which crept onwards with tedious slowness towards the gate of the palace. This latter point once gained, however, the rest became an easy task, and we were soon set down in the grand vestibule to the left of the clock tower, from whence, disencumbered of our wraps, we entered a kind of *salle d'attente*, to which a line of business-looking desks, with spruce clerks behind, gave the air of a *cabinet d'affaires*. We presented our invitations to one of these gentlemen, who, having verified the names therein with those upon his books, allowed us to pass, and we ascended the grand staircase. The gallery, lighted by a thousand tapers (aided by five hundred lamps fed with oil, by the way), is, I think, one of the finest sights which can be presented by any palace in Europe, and I would willingly have lingered

long to admire the grandeur of the scene, but the fidgetty tormentor hurried me forward. She had no eye for the picturesque, and leaving all the splendours of the gallery to the contemplation of the crowd by which it was already filled, she passed, with nervous agitation, into the *salle des maréchaux*, where, uttering a low cry, she scudded along the polished oaken floor, swiftly and noiselessly, as though she had been borne on air, and sank upon the raised bench nearest the door of the throne-room, exclaiming,

“Heavens be praised! this seat has been in my mind’s eye the whole day long: during my nap after dinner I dreamt of it, and we have got it at last! Little did I think, when I found you at seven o’clock quietly *eating*, that we should be so fortunate as to secure it after all!”

I was not long in perceiving the justness of her fears, for scarcely had we taken our seats when the room began to fill, and I could descry many an envious glance directed towards us by the initiated, as they passed, vexed and disappointed, to seek some less favoured position.

It was nearly half-past eight before the lighting-up of the rooms was completed; and yet, by that time, had the company increased to such a dense mass, that it was impossible for those unable to procure seats to remain standing in one spot, they were compelled, like the damned souls in the “Hall of Eblis,” to wander up and down, jostled hither and thither in restless misery, or driven forward by the pressure of others miserable as themselves.

It was curious to observe the contrast afforded by the different groups as they passed before us in this Sabbath-round. Costumes of all countries, uniforms of all ranks, were there—the glittering jacket and embroidered fez of the Egyptian jostled the sober green of the academician; the Hungarian tunic and braided dolman threaded their way among whole knots of the glaring scarlet coats and gold epaulettes of English officers.

At nine o’clock there was a bustle to be observed about the throne-room, and presently an officer, by great effort and literally *à force de bras*, made a passage wide enough to admit two persons abreast (provided they were thin). Many were the fearful consequences of this imprudent measure; some of the standing gentry literally rolled upon the knees of the fair occupants of the benches, and the fat son of Ibrahim Pacha quietly sat himself down upon the lap of the countess, until the termination of the struggle, then rose, and without any apology walked away. It was in the midst of this *bazarre*, this pushing, hauling, screaming, laughing scene (for the French never lose their good-humour), that the royal family entered, looking as noble and benevolent as every royal family ought to look, and bowing and smiling graciously right and left, as, by dint of great address and patience, they managed to thread their way to the benches allotted to them. Immediately at their heels poured in the whole squadron of the ambassadors—*ma foi!* they were left to fight for it, and so they did most valiantly, until they all got seated except one; nobody could tell me from what court this little ambassador had come; but there he stood, for some time, without the pale of (his) society, far from the company of his peers, in warlike attitude, leaning against the doorway, unable to advance or recede a single step! As soon as the royal party were seated, the music struck up, and the

first quadrille was formed. The eight youthful members of the royal family composed one side of the quadrille.

It was a pleasant sight to behold the kind-hearted ease and gaiety with which the king seemed to participate in the inspiration of the scene, nodding his head in time to the music, and watching the movements of the dancers with evident delight. Every now and then he would stoop down and whisper some remark in the ear of Madame Adelaide, which she in her turn would communicate to her neighbour, and the smiles and nods would run along the whole bench in assent to the king's observation. The king may well be proud of his family—the finest royal house in Europe. Healthy and vigorous, both in mind and body, they are moreover “handsome enough to be the children of some poor lieutenant.” Even the *Bonapartiste enragée* at my elbow was forced to confess this. To me there was immense interest in watching the progress of this royal quadrille, and I was led to follow the theory of that German philosopher, who defers his judgment of a man until he has seen him DANCE! Here there was ample food for speculation, and the future government of France might be studied in the diversity of capers and *jeté-batues* of the future regency. The Duke de Nemours gliding with timid and embarrassed step—hesitating—retreating through the mazes of the unattainable pastoral, smiling good-humouredly at his own awkwardness, yet shrinking from the smiles of others, gave me the idea of a man of clever and satirical humour, yet of such strangely timid nature, that he would never dare incur *criticism*, even that of those whom he might despise. Rely upon it, the Press will be shackled during his “regency;” the Tuileries closed against the inspection of strangers—yes, the *en avant deux* so badly executed makes me fear that there will be more retrograde than advancement during his government—mind, I am speaking entirely according to the theory of the German philosopher.

The Duc d'Aumale shuffles somewhat in his short unequal steps; he hurries in the figures, and has to wait until the measure is completed. The war in Algiers will continue, but Abd el Kader will not be taken; there will be boldness in the mighty plans, but too great precipitation, and no discretion (“the better part of valour”) in the execution.

The Duc de Montpensier walks leisurely and with something like indifference through the intricate mazes of the dance, nevertheless his eyes wander right and left, seeing who is gazing at his movements, and the deep sigh when all is over, expresses plainly that he was greatly worried at this public display, and that he is inwardly thankful to the gods that it was no worse. He will be ever studious of appearances, keeping aloof from observation; caution and prudence will be the characteristics of his counsels. How angry was I that Joinville was not there! I should have loved to know by my theory whether poor England would run great risk in case of his projected attack, and whether the Gomer would ever come up the Thames. I could have told it at once had I seen him *sisol* and *balancé*.

The princesses are all, without exception, charming. The Princess Clementine, by her fair comely figure and fine open countenance, presented a striking contrast to the fairy-like form of the Duchess d'Aumale, who glided about a very sylph, scarcely seeming to touch the ground. There is a strong likeness to Louis Philippe in the Princess Clementine, every thing about her—hair, eyes, complexion, all partake of the same



rich nature. There is gaiety and good-humour in every look, and yet, when she began to *dance*, I could tell in a moment that her petticoats had no mean share in the household government.

Now come we to the pearl, the flower of princesses, the *enfant gâtée* of the family—the fair Princess de Joinville—who realises all our childhood's dreams of the king's daughters in the fairy tales! She is, indeed, lovely, and it was no wonder to see the queen and her royal spouse bend forward to catch a glimpse of her graceful form as the dance led her now and then far from where they were seated. There is an impassioned melancholy expressed in her beautiful countenance which interests the beholder, and makes him sad in spite of himself. There was a touching remembrance of her clime and country in the wreath of cactus which bound her forehead, and in the bunch of the same rich and scentless flower which adorned her bosom; there was memory of the tropics, too, in the dark braids of hair brought low upon the brow, and in the undulating carriage, the elastic tread, which can never be either lost by the daughters of her country, or acquired by Europeans. Her dancing was all in harmony with her style of beauty; and I could tell all the scorn and fire of her character by the very manner in which she gave her hand to her partner—it was a gesture worthy of Queen Cleopatra. My companion, whose acquaintance with the royal family enables her to judge with accuracy, told me that my “theory” was correct in this instance.

“The princess is quite an *originale*,” said she: “hers was a *mariage d'inclination*, and when the prince left her to go on his famous expedition, she was inconsolable, remaining for several hours each day seated under a certain tree in the park of St. Cloud, with her head and face covered according to the fashion of the widows of her country—without speech, without motion, resisting every effort made by her kind-hearted sisters to comfort her. The king laughed at the childish sorrow, and said it would soon pass away; but the queen sighed. Her exclamation I shall never forget, ‘*Hélas, la pauvre enfant! She has yet to learn that life is not one long bright holiday!*’ It was her husband's command alone which had power to rouse her from this apathy of grief. She sought occupation and diversion according to his wishes, but she would not appear in public until his return.”

*Originale!* I should think she was, indeed, in France! The other side of the quadrille presented a strange mixture; those who by dint of pushing and elbowing a passage through the crowd had succeeded in obtaining a place, were now in their turn condemned to undergo the inspection of those left to repose, and it was a curious study to observe how this scrutiny was borne—the precipitation of some, the languor and mincing gait of others. It must have been a severe trial to those engaged, for none seemed at their ease. There was but one individual upon whom neither the presence of royalty nor the tittering of the crowd, nor the heat, nor the pressure, seemed to have the least effect, M. D——, the terror of all the youthful candidates for waltz or quadrille, he who is known by the *sobriquet* of the “marquis.”

With him dancing has long ceased to be a pastime—it has become a passion, a *fureur*. Sometimes he grows pale with the frantic efforts which he is compelled to make in order to give full effect to his bold *entrechats*. His attire is that worn by the courtiers of Marie Antoinette. Upon this occasion it consisted of a violet-coloured velvet coat, richly em-

broidered in gold, a brocaded waistcoat covered with gold flowers, a lace cravat with floating ends and broad lace ruffles, white silk knee-breeches and stockings, with large paste buckles to his high-heeled shoes. It was with the greatest difficulty that the ladies could keep their serious looks, and I observed them, every now and then, retreat behind their fans to conceal the mirth to which his extraordinary antics gave rise. I pitied, with all my heart, the poor girl whose ill-fate and ignorance had led her to accept him for a partner. She seemed ready to sink into the earth with shame and vexation, and the tears were starting to her eyes while "the marquis" was making her pirouette and jump until she was quite exhausted.

The whole scene appeared greatly to divert the king, who once or twice rose from his seat to gaze at the extraordinary feats of agility performed by "the marquis," laughing heartily as he spoke to the queen, evidently giving her a description of the wonderful performance; and all this time "the marquis," enchanted to be the object of so much attention, frisked and capered yet the more. This singular individual is one of the lions of the ball-rooms of Paris, and I have seen him dance the *cachouca* with unwearied perseverance, doing honour to *seven encores* in one evening, in obedience to the well-feigned admiration of some of the merciless wags of the company. Last season he danced almost every evening a dance of his own composition in the costume of Solomon the Great, accompanying himself on the *tambour de basque*. His contortions in this *pas seul* were absolutely frightful, and I was glad to learn that he is henceforward to abandon this *chef-d'œuvre par ordonnance de médecin*. His passion for the art of dancing has lately even stood in the way of his advancement. Rich and independent, and wishing for political distinction, he stood forth as candidate at the last election. His position in the department, his wealth, his opinions, his family, all were approved of by the electors, and he was on the point of being chosen, when, in an unlucky hour, overcome by the emotion caused by the event, he breathed forth his whole soul to the deputation of farmers and *maîtres de forge*, sent to address him, and swore to them upon his honour that his only motive for getting into the Chamber was to relieve the abject state in which he found them, with regard to the holy science of *dancing*. He vowed that schools should be established, prizes should be *danced* for, professors instituted, and that this noble art should be retrieved from the neglect into which it had fallen! Judge of the surprise of the farmers and *maîtres de forge*: they walked away without uttering a word, and in the evening a *charivari* of miners announced, with uncouth capers, that his rival was elected.

When the quadrille was over, the company retreated, seeking an issue into the throne-room, where refreshments were in readiness; and that motion of the crowd, so unpleasant to the lookers-on, began before us.

The glare of light, the drowsy hum, the over-stretched attention in a ball-room, always combine to give me a feeling of melancholy which I cannot describe, and upon this occasion it was rendered more invincible still by the associations which the very place conjured up. In spite of myself, I was led back to the memory of the terrific scenes which had passed in that very spot, where now all seemed so bright and gay; and as the tears rushed to my eyes, I could not help expressing to my little friend my astonishment that people could dance and make merry in the very place where such dramas had been enacted, even in their own remembrance.

"Bah! we are not a retrospective people," returned she, rapping the lid of her snuff-box; "we neither learn nor forget; to us experience is of little value."

She paused, while her sparkling eyes wandered over the company and suddenly seizing my wrist, she exclaimed, "Besides, there are dramas as terrible and deadly now performing beneath our eyes, if we did but choose to study them. Now, look around. I would lay you a wager that out of the five thousand individuals assembled here, there is not one whose history would not furnish forth the subject of a romance if the truth, the whole truth, were known by some—would give us goodly materials for a tragedy, may be, and a deadly one, too."

Her eye glanced towards the fair lady and the elderly gentleman who were passing through into the gallery, and I was just going to ask their names, when she was accosted by a horrid old fright in shabby and antique costume, an ugly pock-marked beetle-browed *cuisire*, who, with a low bow and lamentable voice, asked news of her "*chère santé*," and then hobbled off—too late, however, for the objects of my attention were already lost to sight.

"I hope you observed the person who just now spoke to me," said the countess: "he is very remarkable."

"Yes, for ugliness."

"Just so," returned she, drily, "and for other things besides; he is the last knight of Malta now in existence."

"Indeed! but I dislike him nevertheless; he has, I am sure, prevented my hearing one of the interesting tales you were just going to tell me."

"Bah! how do you know that?" exclaimed she, looking me in the face so sharply that my eyelids winked again.

"Why, you talked of deadly tragedies, of fearful dramas, and you looked *twice* towards a fair lady and an elderly gentleman."

"Ah, true, true, M. and Madame de Versac, who passed us just now."

"What! they are not lovers, then?"

"Psha, they have been wedded these twenty years!"

"*N'importe!* I know their story is interesting, and but for that old fright, you would have told it now."

"And who tells you that the history of 'that old fright' is not just as interesting as that of the Versacs?"

"Perhaps even more so."

"At this moment, for it was here on this very spot—*tenez*, you would almost be *in love* with that 'old fright,' if you were but to learn his history."

"Oh, tell it then by all means," exclaimed I, laughing; "the age of miracles may be renewed in my favour."

"You may laugh," resumed the countess, speaking this time seriously, "but so it is, and the peace of mind of that old fright, as you are pleased to call him, might create the greatest envy in many who now seem so much more gay and happy than himself. He is the Baron de Caudys, and you must believe me, in preference to the evidence of your own eyesight, when I tell you that he was one of the handsomest cavaliers at a court where all were remarkable for personal beauty. He was, moreover, *puissamment riche*, so that you can imagine that his appearance in the household of Marie Antoinette was hailed with raptures by all who had daughter, sister, niece, aunt, or even mother—for *that* sometimes



happened—to marry. He was a great favourite with the queen, who, above all things, loved an elegant and graceful tournure (do not sneer, you will repent it), a distinction for which the Baron de Caudys was remarkable. With these advantages, you may readily imagine that the poor baron was beset on all sides with offers and propositions of marriage, and scarcely a day passed by without some new *parti* being found by officious friends more suitable, more *séduisant* than any which had been hitherto suggested. But the baron resisted all temptation of filthy lucre, and said, in answer to every offer thus held out, that ‘his time was not yet come.’ However, like many great heroes, it became one day evident that he had resisted so long but to fall at last. The fact was visible to all. The lovely widow, Madame de Linar, who just arrived from Burgundy with a poor dependent cousin, widow like herself, to prosecute a suit against her husband’s relatives, had won his heart, and caused him to spend his days in attendance upon her slightest whims and caprices; and the fair lady had many, I assure you. Look through yonder doorway: you can descry the very place where the queen was seated when the disclosure of the love of the Baron de Caudys took place—a disclosure which electrified us all. There had been, as on this night, a grand gala at court—a reception of some new ambassador in great state and ceremony. The official company had retired, and left the queen to the society of her intimates, and to the enjoyment of that ease and liberty always doubly prized by her majesty after any of these state receptions, so irksome and tedious to persons of her gay and thoughtless temper. We had been playing at all the wild games which Marie Antoinette loved so much—the *diable boiteux*, the *guerre paûrpau*, *la mer agitée*—which had been left as a legacy to the court by Madame du Barri. The queen held the forfeits, and when the games had ceased, she loved to call them over, and in badinage always managed to give some sly *coup de patte* to the courtiers in the *impossible* tasks which in ‘malice’ she allotted to them. In our manner of playing forfeits you must know that much of the mirth is caused by the fertility of fancy displayed in the invention of the penances, and the queen dearly loved to exercise her ingenuity in the imagination of the *impossible* tasks to her courtiers. They were always chosen with some sly allusion to the different foibles of the penitent, Madame Jules de Polignac always whispering the name of the person to whom the *gage touché* belonged. On the evening in question I myself heard the whisper—‘Le Baron de Caudys, the enemy of love and marriage.’ ‘Oh, then we will torment him,’ said the queen, and then called aloud, ‘*De trois choses l’une*—to take the moon with his teeth, to show me his marriage contract, or to name aloud the fairest lady in the room.’ M. de Caudys drew forward with a peculiar smile upon his countenance to claim his forfeit—the Cross of St. Louis, which he had taken from his buttonhole. A murmur of laughter ran round the room at the supposed coincidence of the sentence with the person on whom it had been pronounced, when, to the surprise of all he approached the queen, and, falling on one knee, drew from his pocket a roll of parchment which he presented to her majesty, exclaiming in a clear voice and with an irresistible grace, as he bent low over the fair hand extended towards him with gracious condescension, ‘I were indeed a truant knight did I execute, and to the very letter, but *one* of my liege lady’s royal commands; *here* is my marriage contract, which needs but the royal signature to render it complete, and as for the fairest lady in the company,

there can be but one opinion on that score.' He looked around the room, as if in doubt, and then gazed once more upon the queen while he added, firmly, 'her name is *Antoinette*.' 'The queen blushed—I never could tell with what sentiment. There was a murmur of surprise throughout the company, and the Madame de Linar, whose name was *Rosalie*, pale with vexation, pushed back her seat with such violence that she almost crushed the poor dependent cousin standing against the wall. 'You are ever in the way, Toinon,' exclaimed she, peevishly. The queen started at the name and glanced towards Madame de Linar, then downwards at the paper which she held, and, as her eye ran over its contents, said in her own sweet voice, from which had passed now all trace of agitation, 'M. de Caudys, will you permit our mutual friends to unite with me in congratulating you upon this happy prospect? And without waiting for his answer she read aloud from the paper:—'Contrat de Mariage—entre Guillaume Amadée de Germeuil, Baron de Caudys, et Dame Antoinette de Laval, veuve de Sieur Henri Comte de Rozan.' With one single movement the whole assembly turned to the poor little widow, who still stood humbly leaning against the wall behind the chair of her proud relative. At a sign from the queen M. de Caudys stepped towards her and brought her to the feet of her majesty, who kindly took her hand and kissed her on the forehead, then said in a low sweet voice, 'I give you joy, madame, you have won the most *galant homme*, the bravest and the truest knight of my whole court. Ladies and gentlemen, we will have the king's violins and *grand jeu* to-morrow night, for the signing of the contract. And now, *bon soir, à demain*; we all have need of rest, farewell, farewell.' She disappeared through that very door against which Lord Cowley is leaning now, and the company withdrew. The contract was signed with all the due forms and ceremonies on the morrow, and the story became a nine days' wonder, like so many other 'astounding' events, and then was forgotten."

The countess paused: she was again looking towards the thin frail form of Madame de Versac, who was re-entering the room leaning on her husband's arm, and immediately behind them walked M. de Caudys himself. Certainly he is very ugly, and I felt so angry with myself at the interest which I had felt concerning him and the *fable* about his beauty and elegance, which I had been dupe enough to believe, that I could not help exclaiming with impatience, "Well, countess, the miracle is not yet accomplished; I see nothing so meritorious in the conduct of the old fright, rich as you describe him, marrying a pretty woman in spite of her poverty—no such great sacrifice after all!"

"Wait a moment, I have not yet done."

"*Tant pis*," thought I, for I was dying to know the history of Madame de Versac; "there is a conclusion to the romance."

"Oh, I can guess it, M. de Caudys and the widow married and had heirs, who, fortunately for them, not being so ugly as himself, M. de Caudys took umbrage, and so ——"

"*Peste! comme vous y allez!*" exclaimed the countess, laughing heartily; "nothing of the kind took place, my dear; they were never married!"

"Ah!" said I, you are as base and artful in 'plots' as Eugène Sue. However, go on: I listen."

"This is the story. The Countess de Linar, the fair Rosalie, who had considered herself neglected and injured by the concealment of their en-



gagement, furious and full of hate at the preference shown to her poor dependent cousin, so worked and undermined their plans, throwing such obstacles in the way of a final settlement, that it was deemed advisable to postpone the marriage until the utmost exigencies of the law had been duly appeased. Meanwhile, the uncle of M. de Caudys having been appointed ambassador to the court of England, it was decided that it would be better for the young baron to accompany him on his journey, and remain in London until all the difficulties conjured up by the artful malice of Madame de Linar had been set at rest. Of course there was the usual sum of grief on the part of the lady at the news of this approaching separation; the prescribed quantity of oaths and protestations, and the due share of gratitude also, which latter sentiment was well earned by the baron; for ever since the day of the signing of the contract, he had established his *fiancée* in a mansion with a settlement and equipage suited to her *future* rank, not to her present poverty. Well, he set sail for England with his uncle, and there remained for some time—constant, faithful to his love—and looking forward to a long life of happiness.

“He was preparing to return when he was laid low by sickness, by that fell disease which, sometimes not content with destroying the constitution of its victim, brands him as with a searing-iron for ever—small-pox in its most virulent form declared itself, and all the symptoms exaggerated by anxiety and disappointment brought him to the very verge of the grave. He recovered, however, though slowly and with difficulty, and it was, alas! when he was saved that he suffered most. A glance at the mirror, to which with the terror natural to his situation, he hurried as soon as he was allowed to leave his bed, convinced him at once that henceforth he must depend upon his *mind* alone to acquire that favour which had hitherto been surrendered so readily to his personal appearance. It is singular that from the first he relied not an instant upon the strength of mind of Madame de Rozan, nor yet upon her kindly feeling nor her gratitude. His uncle, who knew the world, tried with the bland experience of his age and character to comfort him. He knew that fortune and old association can do much, and inspired with the hope of calming the anguish of his nephew, he wrote to the fair Antoniette disclosing to her the fatal truth, and the horrid doubts and fears with which his misfortune had filled the mind of M. de Caudys. Her answer was all that could be desired, and it was with no little pride that the good old uncle handed the epistle to his nephew, bidding him dismiss all uneasiness from his mind. But the strong heart of M. de Caudys was not to be satisfied with idle words. He was resolved to be convinced by his own experience alone. Accordingly, under pretence of retiring to the country for a few days to facilitate the entire recovery of his health, without admitting any one to his confidence, he set off post for Paris. He arrived here on the very evening of the great ball given to the Archduke Joseph, and although still suffering, he determined not to lose the opportunity of testing the faith and affection of his mistress. He was both pleased and mortified at the same time to find that he passed through the crowd of well-remembered faces unknown and unregarded. Who, in fact, could have recognised in the swollen limbs, the scorched and bloated features, of the individual whose emotion contributed to render him even more repulsive, the gay and courtly cavalier who, but so short a time before, had been honoured with



the tender notice of Marie Antoinette and the jealousy of M. de Narbonne? What must have been his sensations when his eye first discovered among the bevy of beauties seated near the queen, the object of his adoration, no longer humbly placed behind to serve as girl to her brilliant cousin, but now in her turn surrounded by flatterers covered with jewels, gay with the consciousness of beauty? He dared not trust himself to gaze, lest his resolution might fail him, but walked towards the queen. At the name, when pronounced by the chamberlain, she started slightly, and glancing at the person thus announced, she finished the conversation upon which she was engaged when thus interrupted, then turned to the baron, and asked him if the Baron de Caudys, then in England, was any relation of his?"

" 'Yes, madame, a very near one,' was the answer, in a broken voice.

" ' *Tant mieux, monsieur,*' responded the silver tones of the queen, '*je vous en fais mon compliment,*' and turning to the person with whom she had been speaking before, she renewed her conversation without taking further heed of the baron, who humbled and mortified to the very quick, withdrew at once. He felt that his martyrdom had now commenced, but he was resolved to proceed even though his heart should be torn in the fearful struggle he had yet to undergo. At once he turned to Madame de Rozan, and slid over the polished floor towards where she was seated. She did not greet him with any token of recognition, she did not bow, she did not even smile, but turned away almost with disgust as he requested her hand for the next minuet. She was engaged, and the second still engaged, and the next after that engaged again; in short, 'she was engaged nearly the whole evening,' and she bent down to look with eagerness into her *calpin*, merely to avoid meeting the hard glance of those discoloured blood-shot eyes!

" 'No matter, I will wait until you are free,' said he.

" The lovely widow pouted, but at length granted him the seventh, and he bowed and retired to hide his misery behind one of those columns beneath the gallery where the musicians are now stationed. Here he watched her movements with feelings no language can describe. He saw at once that his case was hopeless; that his absence was unmourned; his return, perhaps, even dreaded. And yet with strange pertinacity did he resolve to bear up with his misfortune and to proceed until the end; and when the moment came to claim her promise, he was so overcome by emotion that he scarcely had power to stand. His whole frame thrilled as he took her passive hand to lead her to the dance, but she perceived it not: *she* was thinking of her own success and of her own appearance, and of the manifest admiration of the young Chevalier de Pontac, who was dancing opposite to her in the same figure.

" Once or twice he spoke to her, but in vain, he could not for a single instant claim her attention. His voice was so disguised by his despair, that it struck not on her ear even as one which she had ever heard before. Her heart was evidently not with him, or how should those accents have failed to recall him to her memory? Nevertheless he hoped on until the dance was over and he had led her to her seat, wondering whether she would address him in answer to the compliments he had, by great effort, been offering to her elegance and beauty. It was while he stood in gloomy doubt that the chamberlain passed hurriedly by, flying to execute

some order for the queen. Madame de Rozan caught him by the skirt, and whispered in his ear, but not so low as to escape the hearing of M. de Caudys,

“ ‘ Pray, for mercy’s sake, tell me who is this horrid *rustre* whose conquest I have made ? I saw you announce him, what is his name ? ’ ”

“ The chamberlain looked round carelessly, ‘ Oh, that is the *Baron de Caudys*, some relation to *yours*, no doubt, ’ said he, rushing forth upon his errand, while the unfortunate countess sank upon the shoulder of M. de Pontac, who was standing by her side, and swooned away ! Ere she had recovered, M. de Caudys had disappeared ; he fled none knew whither, and was lost sight of for many years. By deed *par devant notaire* he made over the whole of his fortune to Madame de Rozan, who, after having taken every step to discover his retreat, followed the advice of her friends ; accepted the generosity of her former lover ; questioned not the source from which such good was all derived, and married the Chevalier de Pontac ! More than fifteen years elapsed ere the Baron de Caudys reappeared amongst us, with the title of Knight of Malta added to his name. None can tell what were his fortunes during that time ; he seemed to have acquired wealth, for his establishment and mode of life were on a princely footing. Some say that he turned pirate during all those years (the sabre-cut across his forehead gave rise to this report) ; some that he went to the woods of America and lived the life of the wild savage tribes. I have even heard it affirmed that the indelible tatooing of his skin is sometimes plainly visible through his silken hose.”

The countess paused ; she had almost won her wager, for after all I had felt deeply interested in the story of M. de Caudys, and in spite of prejudice, caught myself glancing eagerly above the multitude of heads in search of the very ugliest amongst them all. But I saw him not again ; he had, according to his usual custom, made one tour of the apartments and then retired, and I was fain to content myself with the memory of those features which no longer appeared to me so very ugly or so very repulsive. The countess understood what was passing in my mind.

“ Remark,” said she, “ this story is true—not a word exaggerated. M. de Caudys is old, and it may be forgotten by those who have only heard it from the contemporaries of his youth, but I *remember* the occurrence of all that I have been telling you as well as if it had taken place but yesterday.” She took a pinch of snuff, and added, “ Thus you see, the very first person upon whom our attention fell has furnished a subject which might be worked out into a tale of as much power and passion as any of those provided for us by antiquity. Believe me, there are many such beneath our eyes.”

“ Ah ! ” exclaimed I, catching at the idea, “ and Madame de Versac—”

“ Hush ! ” exclaimed she, “ hers is a story of a different nature, too dark, too fearful for such a place at this ; but I have given you one of constancy in *man*, this is constancy in *woman*—more pure, more devoted than even M. de Caudys.”

She took another pinch of snuff, I stretched my ears to listen, when to my great disappointment she jumped off the bench, where we were standing, and dragging me with her without explanation exclaimed,

“ Look, M. de Rumigny is moving, if we do not get at once to the door of the supper-room, we shall not be seated until the very last.”

We hurried among the crowd of ladies already assembled before the

door through which the queen was to pass, and ere long the crowding and pushing became so tremendous, that I inwardly thanked my friend for having hurried forward, even with the loss of my story. It was, indeed, a scene never to be forgotten, and many of the diamond-decked ladies assembled there would not have needed help or assistance in a mob of *poissardes de la Halle*. I was much pleased with the good-humour of M. de Rumigny, who merely requested, when the torrent was let loose upon him, that "the ladies would crush him to death if they thought fit, but entreated they would not jostle the queen!" How could I help thinking at that moment of Queen Victoria, and of her stately entrance into the banquetting hall, and of her chamberlains and pages, and all the panoply of greatness with which she is surrounded on these state occasions. The supper in the *Salle de Spectacle*, is one of the finest sights that can be well imagined. Three thousand ladies all seated at one moment, the diversity of brilliant colours in their attire, the splendour of the jewels, the glare of light, the soft music, made the scene more like an infant's dream of fairyland, than a living, breathing reality in this sober work-day world of ours.

"Is it not splendid?" exclaimed Madame de Popincourt, gazing around.

"Are you not thankful to be so well placed, so near the royal table?"

"I am, indeed," I replied, "and should be more so still if, by your kindly haste, I had not been deprived of the story of Madame de Versac."

"Well, never mind, perhaps you may have it still, she will be at the concert here next week, I will tell you it then, and you will find you have not *perdu pour attendre*."

G. C.

## TO A YOUNG INDIAN.

BY J. E. CARPENTER.

### I.

They say, fair Indian, in your land  
That love should be by flowrets spoken;  
Oh, would I might the gift command,  
To woo you by so bright a token!  
Ah, teach me, Lalia, how to speak  
By these bright flow'rs I fling around thee,  
For words like mine are all too weak  
To say how much your beauty's bound me.

### II.

I only know I love the rose,  
Because it is the flower you cherish;  
You are the sun round which it glows,  
Without your smiles, 'twere left to perish;  
Then say, bright beauty of the east,  
You'll be the idol shrined before me,  
And ne'er shall shrine boast truer priest,  
For, like a Brahmin, I'll adore thee.



## ARRAIGNMENT AND DEFENCE OF TIME.

BY AN OLD MAN.

*Post est Occasio calva*—Opportunity is bald behind, say the Latins. Seize Time by the forelock, cry the Moderns sound: advice could you coax him up to you like a pony in a pasture, grapple him by his mane, put a halter round his neck, and lead him whithersoever you list. Suffer himself to be thus noosed? Not he! for though we read of the wings of Time, and the foot of Time, and the march of Time, the restive hippogriff will neither go backwards nor sideways, nor even stand still, so that it is a complete waste of himself to expect him to do any thing but go forward. Commas, colons, and semicolons he may deal in, but never does he come to a full stop, and never will he be out of breath till the breath is out of him, and the insatiable Omnivorous is himself swallowed up in Eternity. Yet there are grave and reverend signors (I hope no Conservative hears me) who, forgetting Bacon's aphorism that "a froward retention of custom is the most perilous of all innovations," would fain chain the present to the past, and put Time in the pound; about as wise and as safe a process as would be that of shutting up the steam in a boiler, and screwing down the safety-valve.

No—old Chronos, Saturn, Time, call him by what name you will, will follow his own vagaries, and brook no domination, producing as many magical metamorphoses in his gyrations as a Thaumatrope. Sinners, when they can no longer practise their vices, will he convert into saints; saints when they can no longer resist temptation, will he turn into sinners; friends will he acidulate into foes; and again sweeten into reconciled friends, of whose Judas kisses, saith the Spanish proverb, beware! Youth, beauty, strength, how doth the grim sergeant transmute and decompose them into age, ugliness, decrepitude! Like the dragon of Wantley,

Houses and churches to him are geese and turkeys.

Old *Edax Rerum*, as Horace calls him, has hardly swallowed a monarch before he gulps down his mausoleum. Already has his tooth gnawed off the outer skin of the pyramids, and ere long he will grind their bones as a digestive for those of Cheops and Cephrenes: and yet, ruthless tyrant as he is, he has occasional freaks and vagaries that almost assume a playful character. How shall we otherwise account for his sparing Cleopatra's needle, so long after he had cut her thread of life, and standing godfather to what are emphatically styled "Time-hallowed Institutions," when they become superannuated and mischievous antitheses to the spirit of the age?

Rude old graybeard! why are we so timidly content to say that he is no respecter of persons? Respector! why, he is a general insulter of the whole human race—a Mohawk, a Malay, who makes it his business "to run amuck at every thing he meets;" an ungrateful misanthrope, who, after we have served his turn, and assisted him to carry on nature's scheme by sacrificing to it the best years of our existence, leaves the frame which he has worn out to all the rewards and enjoyments of gout,

dyspepsia, sciatica, palsy, paralysis, and superannuation. Really his *non-chalance* and assurance in playing this dishonest game, are stupendous. And how cavalier his answer when the sufferer ventures to make a complaint!

“My good friend, I must beg you will not trouble me : I have no further occasion for your services ; and if you don't like old age, you have the satisfaction of knowing that you will soon be released from it by death.”

Well, there may be some comfort in that, however cold, but it does not render Time's conduct less unfair, ungentlemanlike, and dishonourable. *C'est terrible, de devenir chenille, après avoir été papillon*—but what cares old Chronos ? He is bringing out fresh butterflies, and leaves the old grubs to their fate. No, I have small respect for the swindling graybeard who, in the pantomime of life, has changed me from a lissome harlequin to a lean and slippered pantaloon, and has imprisoned my columbine in a sick-room. To speak out plainly, I believe Time to be a very stupid as well as malicious fellow, and have serious doubts whether he even knows his own age, or his place of birth, or the names of his parents. That he is no conjuror, no Œdipus, no lifter of the mysterious veil from the statue of Isis, I am enabled positively to assert. Over and over again have I called upon him to solve the great riddle of human existence—the ever-puzzling and never-answered questions of “Whence ?—why ?—whither ?” over and over again, when, saddened by his silence, have I petulantly and passionately ejaculated, “What then ! can you tell me nothing ?” And from pole to pole, and from the spot whereon I stood, even unto the antipodes, there has boomed up from the many-peopled earth an inarticulate murmur of Babel tongues, which has gradually condensed itself into a low and solemn echo of the word, “Nothing !” These have been withering moments, but what cares the flinty-hearted old gentleman with the forelock ? He is too busy in welcoming others to think of saying good-bye to me, and Shakspeare has told us that,

Time is like a fashionable host,  
That slightly shakes his parting guest by th' hand,  
But with his arms outstretch'd as he would fly,  
Grasps the incomer.

Many are the men, besides musicians, who lose their time in keeping it, and beat it only to kill it ; but as it is better to wear out than to rust out, so is even an idle occupation preferable to idleness. Time is the material of life ; to kill it, therefore, is *pro tanto* a moral suicide. Indisputable is the fact that such idlers do sometimes actually die of the *tædium vitæ* brought on by inoccupation, and I would respectfully submit that in these cases the coroner should be summoned, and a verdict be returned of *felo de se*. To bury them in a cross-road, however, would be inappropriate since, that locality is busy and bustling, and of service to the community. No, they should lie in a waste, for such they made of their time, with the inscription, “Here sleeps one in death who never did any thing else in his lifetime, and who has now become what he always was—nothing.” And over the remains of this human weed should wave the vegetable weed “that rots itself at ease on Lethe's wharf,” and poppies, and darnel, and rank fumiter, and slothful fungus ; and in order to show the cause of his death, his grave should be overrun with idle thyme.

Burke once said, "that idleness was the best gift God had bestowed on man ;" but he spoke of the industrious man who had earned a right to repose by labour, who needed relaxation, and who enjoyed it in proportion as he had toiled for it. The poor man does not duly appreciate the blessing that compels him to earn his bread by the sweat of his brow; but the rich *fainéant* feels every day and every hour, though he may not choose to acknowledge it, the curse of his privileged idleness. Blind buzzards that we are ! The most pitied are often the most enviable, the most envied the most pitiable.

Well, we have all a right to kill Time, for he is sure to kill us in return—nay, he is killing us every moment. We are all walking, with everything that surrounds us, in a funeral procession. Yonder bright-eyed stream that seems to be leaping for joy, is only hurrying to its burial-place—the ocean : those many-coloured vapours, floating with such an appearance of enjoyment towards the horizon, will soon be lost in the gloomy depths of space ; each bud and blossom, the embryo of a new life, is at the same time the urn that will contain its ashes ; and yonder gorgeous bed of full-blown flowers, flaunting their gay banners in the sun, while from floral pipe and trumpet and uplifted lips they pour a chorus of perfume on the air, what are they so triumphantly celebrating but their own dead march ? Another sun ; and they are withered—gone ! Alas ! all the life and beauty of to-day is but the dust of to-morrow. Time, our old enemy, soon shortens our existence by extending the child's cradle to a coffin ; dimples on the cheek of beauty are but anticipated wrinkles ; strength is debility's usher, activity is the herald of decrepitude, the bloom of youth is death's rouge. Yes, this omnivorous earth is but a vast and vaulted sepulchre, whose lamps are the sun and moon, wherein old Time, the universal grave-digger, has no sooner buried one generation than his indefatigable spade is again thrust into the ground to prepare for its successor. Let but Time waltz the world a few more turns round the sun, and every thing that now breathes and lives will be dust, ashes, nothing !

Time, however, like a certain other calumniated personage, is not so black as he is painted. That he sometimes makes sad havoc with our bodies, entailing upon us all the ills that flesh is heir to, and only cutting off the entail by death, we have frankly admitted ; but the good that the mind is heir to is enshrined in a sanctuary that he cannot violate. Trust not the songs, and madrigals, and mendacious ditties which pretend that when Time steals away our years he steals our pleasures too. No such thing ! He only exchanges them, bartering the tumultuous and, too often, the vicious gratifications of the senses for the mental enjoyments that are ever calm, innocent, and enduring. Granted, there are no new pleasures for an old man's senses, and well may he dispense with them, well may he congratulate himself that he has survived the stormy age of the passions, that he has become a quiet spectator instead of an anxious actor in the great drama of life, for to the intellectual old man every to-morrow is a bridal day, which, by the ministry of hope, unites him to new delights and a new mistress. A well-regulated mind gains all the enjoyments that the body loses, and thus human happiness, like a river, expands its arms with a wider and more loving embrace as it approaches the great ocean of eternity.



And if Time causes many ailments, how many does he cure? There are chronic remedies as well as complaints. "Time and the day run through the roughest hour," and his healing influences, both mental and corporeal, cannot be denied, even by his bitterest enemy. Worthy old gentleman! what a pleasure does he take in reconciling differences, in assuaging anguish, in removing impediments to the union of lovers, in making us forget our troubles, in improving wine, in cementing friendship, in giving us a statute of limitations to release us from our debts—even from the great debt of Nature!

How carefully, too, does he give us warning of his progress and his proceedings! Every man's face is a time-piece, if he will but use an honest mirror, for every true glass is an hour-glass. And the time-piece on the mantelshelf strikes a perpetual warning, if we would but listen to it, as it tolls the moments to their grave. Every tick is a knell, and of how much besides the passing moment? Hark! It is the stroke of midnight, the mysterious link that unites yesterday and to-day, the present and the past. Its sound is welcome, for it reminds me that there is a time for all things, even for ending an essay upon Time.

H.

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## ON A DEAD ROSE.

IN A VOLUME OF UNPUBLISHED POEMS BY MISS G. FANNY ROSS.

BY ALARIC A. WATTS.

### I.

Nay, do not touch that faded flower,  
 Albeit both scent and hue have flown;  
 For it may still retain a power  
 Some gentle heart may joy to own:  
 Hidden beneath each withered leaf,  
 A chastening spell, to Memory dear,  
 May yield that burthened heart relief  
 When HOPE itself is sere!

### II.

There let it lie, mid records sweet,  
 By feeling prompted, genius graced,  
 Type of their fate, memorial meet  
 Of "young affections run to waste!"  
 Left on their stem—(how fugitive!)  
 Those cherished leaves had soon been shed;  
 But thus embalmed, will seem to live  
 Till MEMORY's self be dead!

## THE TRAVELS AND OPINIONS OF MR. JOLLY GREEN

## CHAP. VII.

ANGELIQUE DE VAUDET, how shall I describe thee ! Had my pen the flexibility of Perugino, or the colouring capabilities of Michael Angelo I should fail to depict any notion of thy charms ! Is it enough that I appeal to those " eminent brothers of the brush," as Jawley, in one of his happiest moments, picturesquely called them ? Scarcely ! For what painter could transfer to canvass the bright tintings of a lover's hallucination ! Yes ! I was at last a lover. But before I narrate the circumstances under which I fell in love, let me endeavour to give a faint idea of the object of my adoration, undeterred from the chance of failure by the difficulty of the task.

The beautiful Angelique is what the French artistically call a "brunette," and the most charming of that fascinating species. Her "*peau*" is like satin, and of the hue of that Parisian beverage termed "café au lait," in which the milk of human kindness is so exquisitely blended with the fragrant berry of the prophet's birth-place. Her "*taille*" is modelled after the most accurate rules of art, displaying at the same time a gushing rotundity of "*corsage*" and "*fracas*" (such is the word employed by Tibbins as the equivalent of "bustle,") and a wasp-like slenderness of waist, which instantly recall to the pictorial mind the luxuriant imaginings of Albert Durer, and the chastened tenuity of Rubens. Her eyes of the rich tone of the "pruneau de France," when the fervid beams of the southern sun have kissed it into ripeness, are lit up with the soft brilliancy of those orient lamps which, traditions tell us, gleam upon the traveller when he wanders amid the sultry ruins of the deserted Persepolis,—

As large and languishingly dark,—

as the orbs which Dr. Watts has so glowingly described in his immortal poem, where he declares, in opposition to the Greek authorities, that "love has eyes." Her hair, jetty as the alcohol of the Arabs, and lustrous as the celebrated "Pommade du Lion," (sold only in the Rue Vivienne) is parted on her forehead with native grace, and sweeps in broad massive curves of statuesque simplicity around a countenance pure as the dreams of childhood and bright as the rays of morning. Her eyebrows have that arch character which the ancients ascribed to the bow of Venus, and around her sunny mouth the dimples of health perpetually play in rosy circles. I have not yet had an opportunity of seeing Angelique's teeth, but I make no doubt they correspond with the rest of her "*tournure*," for the "bouchée de dents" of a French lady is invariably an object of admiration. Her favourite morning costume is a robe of violet silk, which harmonises well with her saturnine complexion, and is set off in front by what is called here a "petit tablier," composed of the gaudy but picturesque "foulard," a "*specialité*," peculiar to France. Lilac *bottines* and black lace mittens, adorn her taper extremities, and around her neck is wreathed a chain of expensive *or-molu*. In the evening she dresses in simple white muslin, with a scarlet poppy in her hair, and a cluster of exotics in her zone. I imagine that Angelique is fond of flowers. All delicate-minded creatures are so ! Have I described a woman or an angel ? My throbbing heart is unable to answer the question !

The first time I saw her, for the reader will be kind enough to remember that during my interview with Madame de Vaudet my sense of enjoyment had been limited to the seraphic tones of her thrilling voice, clear and melodious as the bells of an Eastern mosque, waving in the minaret beneath the spicy breeze; the first time I saw Angelique was at dinner. I had been given to understand that the table-d'hôte of Madame de Vaudet's establishment was a superb one, and that none but the *élite* of fashion sat down to it. I dressed myself accordingly, and though surrounded by lions of the first water, I flatter myself my appearance was not despicable. A blue dress-coat lined with primrose-coloured silk, with frosted gold buttons, on which appeared embossed the letters P. P. C. between a wreath of laurel (the emblem of the Peckham Protection Club, of which I am an Official Member), a white neckcloth; my hunting studs—foxes' heads with amethyst eyes—my crimson velvet waistcoat and Albert chain; black semi-tight pantaloons; pink silk stockings and varnished pumps; straw-coloured kid gloves, revealing, when taken off my emerald ring on my left-hand little finger; and my sapphire ring on that of my right: these adornments, with my hair carefully, and I think I may say, becomingly arranged, and a nascent moustache—have I mentioned that I suffered one to grow (for in a foreign country it saves trouble, and immediately identifies one with a native)—gave a finish to my appearance, which few people, I conceive, could behold without experiencing a peculiar sensation, akin, perhaps, to that with which the sculptor beholds the block which he has chiselled into humanity.

I was received with much *empressement*, and Madame de Vaudet immediately introduced me to several members of the *ancien régime*—or House of Peers—most of whom were frequent guests at her table. The *degagé* air of these noblemen, their *façon de parler*, their *embonpoint*, and *je ne sais quoi*, were precisely what I had pictured to myself of the manners of the court of the amiable and correct father of his people, the chivalrous Louis XV. They were evidently gentlemen, trained in the school of politeness and urbanity, and the *œil de bœuf* and *aile de pigeon* were apparent in all they said and did. Two amongst them particularly attached themselves to me, and were singularly solicitous to show me attention. Their names were, the Vicomte de Vieux-Rusé, the head of a very ancient and well-known family in France; and the Chevalier de l'Escroc, a person of great attainments and peculiarly high-breeding.

Monsieur de Vieux-Rusé was past the prime of life, but the intelligence of his countenance, and the fire of his eye, redeemed him from caducity, in spite of the marks which the warning foot of the crow had planted on his brow, and the saffron hue of his complexion. He was tall and thin, and but for a stoop in his shoulders and disproportionately long arms, his figure might have been pronounced perfect. His hands, too, were of unusual size, whenever he suffered them to be visible, but he wore his coat-sleeves very long and full, without doubt to conceal them as much as possible. As he welcomed me to Paris with a friendly grasp, I had the opportunity of noticing these facts.

The Chevalier Jules de l'Escroc was a much younger man than the viscount. He was not so tall as his friend, but more compactly built; his *abandon* was rather more *prononcé*, and his *aplomb* more vigorous, but through the whole might clearly be discerned the fastidious nicety of the *roué* and the chastened *desinvoltura* of the *parvenu*.

I would select De l'Escroc for my counsellor in weighty affairs of



business, and De Vieux-Rusé for my friend in a matter where my honour was perilled.

I need only allude, at present, in a cursory way, to the other guests assembled. Some were patriotic Italian noblemen, who spent the greater part of their revenues in Paris; others were large landed proprietors in Poland and elsewhere; there was a Spanish Hidalgo, Don Juan de Picaro y Bribo, a Knight of the Golden Fleece; and the Baron von Spitzbube, a German of distinguished extraction.

But the cynosure of every eye was the fascinating Angelique de Vaudet. With a touching and dove-like simplicity her amiable mother presented me, and the embarrassed eyes of the maiden were timidly cast down, while a gentle blush suffused her whole person. In palpitating accents she murmured a few indistinct phrases, and a warning voice whispered hoarsely in my ear that her peace of mind was wrecked. I grappled with the monitor, however, in manly guise, and succeeded in preserving my *sang-froid* while I addressed to her some of the choicest *banalités* with which the "Manuel des Voyageur" had stored my mind,—as well as I could recollect them.

At Madame de Vaudet's request, I conducted Angelique into dinner, the Vicomte de Vieux-Rusé having given his arm to our accomplished hostess. The cuisine was excellent, and the guests did ample justice to it. A splendid *potage aux croutons* was served out by M. de Vieux-Rusé, and when that was removed a fine dish of *bouilli*, carved into somewhat minute portions by the Baron von Spitzbube (hereditary grand carver, as I was informed, of the Grand Duke of Schwindlestadt), was handed round. *Bouilli* is an *entremet* peculiar to the houses of the noble and wealthy, who are generally very fond of it. It is eaten without sauce, being seasoned only with a little rock-salt, to which some add the accompaniment of a species of *pomme de terre* called "au naturel," a vegetable which strongly resembles the boiled potato of the British isles. A glass of generous Burgundy, the favourite wine of the Parisians (a bottle of which stood before every guest, as I have seen it in other parts of *la belle France*), formed an admirable succedaneum to these *recherche* viands. The remainder of the bill of fare corresponded with the simple elegance of that which I have described. The most striking dishes were "côtelettes de mouton à la daube;" "salmi de petits poix;" "morue glacée;" "bifteck à la Marengo;" "blanquette de cornichons;" "tête de mouton en tortue;" "pieds de cochon à la crème;" "poulet au gratin;" and "pain à discretion;" the last a dish very much in vogue in the best society. I think I have not erred in the above statement, though I write from memory, and if "the warden of the brains" should have proved treacherous, the cause must be ascribed to my proximity to the fair Angelique, who engrossed all my attention.

As French is the dialect chiefly in use at the principal European courts, and is invariably resorted to in diplomacy, I confined myself chiefly to that language in conversing with the distinguished foreigners around me, and in sustaining an animated conversation with Mademoiselle de Vaudet.

I broke ground with her in the following manner:—

"Comment vous portez-vous?" was my first observation.

Angelique, at the moment I spoke, was in the act of raising some tempting viand to her mouth—a *crapaudine*, I think—and in her

anxiety to reply to my question, combined with the emotion which such a question inevitably excited, the sweet girl was nearly choked. The tears came to her eyes and her colour rose, but smiling most affably, she answered in the blindest tone,

“Je me porte à merveille, monsieur.”

Encouraged by the success of this sally, I boldly continued—

“Quelle heure est-il ?”

Angelique opened her eyes very wide and looked me full in the face, but did not speak at once.

“Je ne sais pas, monsieur,” at length she replied, while a shade of seriousness passed across her brow. I had, probably, touched a chord that jarred, involuntarily awakening some sad association. I immediately turned the conversation.

“Voulez-vous, danser, mademoiselle ?” I gaily exclaimed, in the words of a popular air.

“Mais, monsieur,” she said in a hesitating voice; and then pleased, no doubt, at the wit of my remark, she burst into a fit of laughter. I saw that we were already on excellent terms.

Having touched her feelings by moving her to mirth as well as sadness, I resumed (in the words of the “Manuel”)

“Parlez-vous Français.”

Again she looked fixedly at me, but recovering herself,

“Et vous, monsieur,” she said in the liveliest manner; “vous parlez Anglaises, sans doute ?”

It was now my turn to answer, for I perceived by her manner that she was asking a question.

“Je suis un Anglaise,” was my open avowal.

“Oh, mais c’est un peu trop fort,” she cried, and again her fine metallic laughter rung in my ears. “Est-ce que toutes les femmes Anglaises vous ressemblent, monsieur ?”

I guessed her object in putting this query. It was as much as to say, “Have you a sister like yourself? If so, I will cherish her as mine; our confidences shall be mutual; I may then freely speak my sentiments and unfold my secret wishes.” I had not sounded the depths of the female heart for nothing, but I preserved an unconscious countenance. No faltering muscle or quivering accent revealed my unfathomable thoughts.

“Notre femmes sont jolies, et moi Jolly encore,” I promptly returned, thus promiscuously uttering my first pun in the French language.

“Vous êtes impayable, monsieur,” said the young lady, and she turned her head in the opposite direction, to attend to something that was said by the Chevalier de l’Escroc.

I felt the exquisite delicacy of the compliment, and bowed my thanks, but she feigned not to observe me.

Madame Vaudet now spoke :—

“I perceive, Mr. Green, that you will soon become a perfect Parisian. Your countrymen are eminently successful in that respect, but I have never known any body make such rapid progress as yourself. You must certainly have paid us a visit before ?”

“Upon the word of a traveller,” I replied, laying my hand on my breast, “this is the first time I ever was in Paris, though I have several times thought of coming.”

“Ah! that explains, in a great degree the quickness of your progress. Monsieur le Vicomte,” added Madame de Vaudet to De Vieux-Rusé, “you

remember that fine young English nobleman who did me the honour to come here last winter?"

"Oh! yas; I was remember him verrewel," answered the viscount, who, having been an emigrant, one of those who fled to England with Louis XVI., understood English and spoke it, though imperfectly; "oh! yas; he was name Sir Brown."

"Give him his full title, mon cher vicomte; it is a duty you noblemen owe to each other. Monsieur de Vieux-Rusé means Sir John Dunn Brown, Baronet; a person of most engaging manners. You know him I presume, Mr. Green?"

"I have not the honour of the gallant baronet's acquaintance," I answered, remembering how men of rank are alluded to in the House of Lords.

"Ah! in that case it is a pity, for you resemble him very much in appearance. Do you not think so, Monsieur le Vicomte?"

"I was tink so when I see Mr. Grin at first. I hope he shall resemble him altogeder," he added, smiling persuasively, and addressing Madame de Vaudet.

"He was a most excellent young man," pursued the lady, "a little too fond of the gaieties of high life, perhaps; but then, he had such *bon ton*, and so much money. It was very excusable, after all; for the season of youth you know, Mr. Green, is the season of enjoyment."

"He was my verre best friend while he stay here," said the viscount; "when he go away he leave a great many regrets behind him. Ah, he was charmed with de société what he meet in dis ouse. De musique, de danse, de littel games of lansquenet and wisk—ah, dey was verregreable with him. You will enjoy dem, I hope, quite as mosh."

I was pleased with this gay, old nobleman's friendly expressions, and told him that, as a Briton and a man, I honoured his sentiments.

"You will also be delighted with the chevalier, Mr. Green, when you come to know more of him. Such a good heart, and so full of spirits! I see he is already desirous of improving the acquaintance. He knows your English custom, and wishes to drink wine with you. Antoine ouvrez du champagne, pour Monsieur Green, et versez à tout le monde."

The cashier, for he was in a new capacity, handed round the sparkling beverage; the chevalier exclaimed, "A votre santé, Monsieur Grin," and with nods and smiles the rest of the company followed his example. It was clear that I had become a great favourite; but let it be remembered that such will ever be the case when the will to attempt and the power to perform are simultaneously essayed. The battle of Waterloo itself would have been lost but for this combination.

I pass over the remainder of the dinner, during which the champagne circulated freely, and my health was drunk several times. Observing the French fashion, we all rose from the table together, though I should not have been sorry to have discussed a quiet bottle of port with the Vicomte de Vieux-Rusé, whose gallant bearing had quite won my esteem. I thought, too, that the Baron von Spitzbube would not have minded a carouse, for he looked like one not indifferent to the fascination of the wine-flask. As I gazed upon his stalwart features, and marked the ruby glow which mantled over them, I could readily imagine I beheld before me one of those reckless Herrenhütters whose deeds have rendered the annals of the middle ages in Germany imperishable.

The *soirée* was a brilliant one. Madame de Vaudet's saloons are both



spacious and splendid, and afford the happiest facilities for those intellectual réunions in which exhibitions of artistical celebrity are gracefully mingled with the *agréments* of private life. The party at dinner had been a numerous one, but it was greatly increased in the evening by the arrival of a vast proportion of the rank and fashion of Paris, amongst whom I was enabled, by their language, to recognise several of my own country. Of one of them, a distinguished baronet of the name of Jones, I shall have occasion to speak hereafter. But at the present moment the ties of country, the remembrance of home, all recollections of the past were absorbed in the intoxicating contemplation of Angelique de Vaudet.

She had taken her seat at the piano, and with one of those masterly productions of Beethoven before her, an "Album de Chant," she was trilling forth the softest bravuras that ever issued from mortal lips. The theme the sorceress had chosen was called "La Vallée d'Amour." The opening lines are graven indelibly on my memory. They ran thus, for I have since copied them out :

" Bien loin du Monde, ô mon Ange,  
Allons cacher notre amour,  
Je sais aux rives de Gange  
Le plus fortuné séjour !

As Angelique uttered these words, she looked straight over the music-book, and her glance encountered mine. It decided the fate of Jolly Green ! My senses were in a whirl, and I gave myself up to a delicious reverie, as with folded arms I reclined on a voluptuous tabouret of the richest crinoline.

I was unconscious of all but one object, when some one touched me on the shoulder. I turned and beheld the viscount.

"Aha, sare," he said, offering me at the same time his gold flagree snuff-box, "you verremosh fond of de musique. Dat littel gal sing like de birds. She remind you of what you call in Engleesh your early larks !"

"Larks !" I exclaimed, "no, noble viscount, I have done with larking, early or late. The simile is a new one, but I can compare her voice to nothing but a nightingale."

"It is verretrue, yes, it is de rossignol, I should have say. Mais, mon chère," added the frank old nobleman, "dere is pleasanter sounds dan de ladies' voice. Vot do you say to de shink of de cash ? Dat is de musique vot make de life appy !"

"Gold !" I replied ; "gold is but the slave of man—it shall never be the master of Jolly Green. I am indifferent to gold."

"Très bien, M. Grin ; c'est très bien ! Bot, as we cannot get on in dis vorld vidout some of him, we ought nevare to trow away de shances. Dere is fortunes to be made verreyeasy in Paris !"

"Fortunes !" I returned, mechanically ; "there is but one fortune that I know of." And I inwardly murmured the name of Angelique.

"Oh, yas, dere is two or tree more. Com vid me into de next salon, and I vill show you how dey is to be made. Some of your compatriots vin verremosh monay in dis ouse. Dey haves all de luck. Dere is no von so strong at écarté as de Engleesh gentleman."

This I knew, by own style of play, to be tolerably true in some instances, but at the time I felt no desire to tempt my fortune. Consideration for the condescending politeness of the viscount had, however, its

influence, and I was about to tear myself away, when Madame de Vaudet approached. Her movement was somewhat rapid, and her tone rather sharp, as she accosted De Vieux-Rusé.

“A moi la première, monsieur,” she briefly said.

The viscount rose and bowed, and grimly smiled.

“A la bonne heure,” was all he uttered, as he strode into the adjoining apartment.

I perfectly comprehended the meaning of this short dialogue, for Madame de Vaudet was certainly the first person in her own house, but as its application did not at all concern me, I did not obtrude my thoughts upon *affaires de famille*.

“And how do you like Angelique’s style of singing?” she asked, taking her seat on the tabouret beside me.

“It is perfectly ravishing,” was my enthusiastic reply.

“You are a flatterer, Mr. Green,” returned the lady, “and minister to the doting fondness of a mother. But it is true, Angelique has an admirable organ!”

“And does she play on the organ as well as on the piano?” I inquired.

“You mistake me, Mr. Green; I allude to the quality of her voice. Desprez, who comes here constantly—I engage him for the amusement of my guests—has repeatedly told me that if Angelique should appear in public—but that, you know, is impossible—neither Mademoiselle Nau or Mademoiselle Falcon would stand any chance beside her. Even Grisi might tremble for her laurels! But what is a fine voice, Mr. Green, to the mind that informs it or the heart of which it reveals the expression? Absolutely nothing. And I may safely say that the purest qualities of mind and heart belong to my daughter. I have such confidence in your judgment and discretion, Mr. Green, that I do not mind telling you what are a mother’s fears. I dread lest the beauty and accomplishments of Angelique should be the cause of her early loss to me. She has numerous admirers; all are wealthy and of high rank, and she has only to choose in order to take her place amongst the first in France. But I do not think that the heart of Angelique is yet touched, and you are aware, Mr. Green, of the inflexible law of French parents, never to allow their daughters’ hands to be disposed of against their own consent. It was a wise and beneficent regulation of the single-minded Louis the Fourteenth, who thus acquired the endearing title of ‘Le Grand Monarque;’ but it was almost needless, for you are not to be told, Mr. Green, that a marriage for money is the last thing that enters into the programme of a Parisian’s career.”

Madame de Vaudet paused to give me time to admire these sublime sentiments, for she must have seen with what attention I listened. She presently resumed:—

“Were Angelique to marry a countryman of her own rank, the sacrifice would be less severe, for, residing in one or other of those lovely paradises, a *château de campagne* in the heart of France, than which nothing can be more *champêtre*, and lead a *vie champêtre* is the sole enjoyment of the true Parisian,—I should still be enabled to enjoy my daughter’s society; but what I dread is, the danger that some Russian prince or English lord should win her affections, and carry her from *la belle France*. The icy splendour of the north would be but a poor

compensation for my loneliness,—not that I look upon London in the same light that I hold St. Petersburg,—for I will frankly tell you, Mr. Green, that had I an amiable English son-in-law—and it would be difficult to find one that is not so—who would be willing to welcome a desolate *belle mère* to his rural abode in the vicinity of the metropolis, when affection urged her footsteps to his *foyer*, I should yield without a murmur. Do you know, Mr. Green,” continued Madame Vaudet, smiling, “I am half afraid I have exposed myself to the risk I speak of in receiving you under my roof, for Angelique tells me you have already made an impression on her. She declares that your conversation is perfectly original !”

A sense of triumph swelled my bosom—for I flattered myself I had not thrown away my knowledge of the world—but I prudently forbore to declare myself too hastily ; I therefore only answered :

“He will, indeed, be a happy man who succeeds in making that impression permanent.”

“You are again right, Mr. Green, your ideas are very just. Ah ! in spite of the solicitations of that English baronet, Sir Henry Jones, who, I perceive, is pressing her to sing again, Angelique has resigned her place at the piano. She is coming towards us. Eh bien, ma chérie, qu’est-ce que tu vas faire à présent ?”

“Nous allons danser maman,” was the gay vestal’s reply ; then turning to me, “you have asked me, monsieur,” she said in English, with a slight accent, “you have asked me to dance at dinner to-day. I consider, therefore, that you have the first claim upon my hand for this evening.”

I was lost in speechless rapture. A wilderness of delight lay before me ; the prospect of happiness was unbounded. That Angelique should select me as her partner was more than I had dared to hope. Two things, moreover, particularly pleased me. Angelique, in the excitement of the moment, had betrayed her knowledge of English, we could therefore converse more freely than if she had been restricted to her own language ; and, on the other hand, I was on strong ground when dancing was in question, for the Polka had penetrated to Peckham and left me a proficient in its mysteries.

I stammered out my acknowledgements, and offered my arm to the bewitching maid. She accepted it, and we traversed the salon together. The room was soon cleared ; a “Valse à deux tems,” was struck up, and in a few moments the lovely Angelique and the happy Jolly Green were circling through the perfumed atmosphere like rose-leaves driven before the simoon.

What I said to her when we paused for breath I scarcely know, for the whirling motion of the dance, and the excitement of mind produced by first love and champagne, “*première qualité*” had made my head dizzy and my heart full. It was something, however, that caused a sensation and not a disagreeable one ; for in the course of the evening, after I had relinquished her hand to the numerous partners who waited for it, whenever her eyes were turned in the direction in which I stood, she invariably smiled. I remembered this when I sought my snowy couch that night, and I remembered also that it had been agreed between Madame de Vaudet, Angelique, the Viscount, Spitzbube, and some others of the party, that an excursion to Montmorency should take place on the following day.



## THE PRIVATEER'S-MAN.

A TALE.

BY CAPTAIN MARRYAT, R.N.

BOOK THE SECOND.

## CHAPTER THE THIRD.

AFTER remaining in the court about two hours, it being then near to nightfall, the gaolers came out into the yard, and we were all driven into a large apartment, the walls of which were of such solid materials, and the floor of large flag stones, as to prevent any possibility of escape. I was never in such a scene of filth and wretchedness. There was not a spot where one could be driven without being defiled in some way or another; and so many human beings—one half of which were negroes—being crowded into so small a space, with only one barred window, so high up as only to serve as a ventilator, created an atmosphere worse than any slave vessel's hold. I leaned with my back against the wall, and, I must say, never was so miserable in my life. I thought of Amy, and my sanguine hopes and anticipations of happiness, now all wrecked. I thought of Captain Levee and my brother Philip careering over the seas free as the wind. I thought of poor Whyna, and the distress she must feel at finding I did not rejoin her. I planned a hundred schemes to make known my situation, but every scheme, as soon as I had weighed it, I found was hopeless. Still weak from previous disease, I felt as if I should be suffocated if I remained long in this pestiferous abode, and I wept like a child. Daylight came at last, and soon afterwards the door was opened; we were admitted into the yard, and all hastened to the large tub of water, which was soon emptied. The fighting and scrambling to obtain first possession was really revolting. An hour afterwards some coarse provisions were served out, and then we learnt, to our great delight, that we were immediately to set out for the mines. It would be thought that this could be no great cause for exultation; we were about to go to pass the rest of our lives in bondage; but all misery is comparative, and sooner than have remained another night in that dreadful hole, I would have welcomed any change. About an hour afterwards a guard of dirty-looking soldiers came in; we were all handcuffed to a long chain, at about two feet apart, one on each side, so that we walked in pairs, and as soon as the first chain was full—and I was handcuffed to it—we were ordered out into the square to wait for the others. My superior dress and appearance as an Englishman excited much curiosity; people pointed to me and made remarks, but I had no opportunity of communicating with any of the authorities, nor would it have been of any use if I had had. We remained there more than an hour, as the other chains of prisoners came out one by one; we were five chains in all, about forty on a chain. We were then ordered to move on, walking between a guard of about twenty or thirty soldiers, who marched,

on each side of us, with their muskets and bayonets fixed about three yards from each other. In another hour we were clear of the town, and threading our way through a lane bounded on each side by prickly pears and other shrubs. There was no want of merriment among the party ; they talked and laughed with one another, and the soldiers who guarded them, and appeared to care little for their fate. As for me, I was broken-hearted with the disgrace and the villainous manner in which I had been thus sacrificed. My heart was full of bitterness, and I could gladly have laid down and died, had I not been still buoyed up with some faint hope that I should have an opportunity of making my position known, and obtain my release. I will pass over the journey, as one day was but the forerunner of the other. We halted at noon, and were supplied with fruit and maize, but we were never unchained, day or night. In a short time I was like all the rest—covered with vermin, and disgusting to myself. It was, I think, between four and five weeks before we arrived at our destination, which was in the district of Tejuco, and the locality of the diamond mines was called the Sierra de Espinhaço. This sierra, or mountain, was a ridge of inaccessible precipices on each side of a narrow valley, traversed by a small river called the Tequetinhonha, and in this valley, and in the bed of the river, were the diamonds found, for which we were condemned to toil for the remainder of our days. As we entered the ravine, I perceived how impossible it would be to escape ; even if a person could find his way back, after having succeeded in his escape. For many miles the road was a narrow path cut on the side of the mountain, a yawning precipice below and inaccessible rocks above, and this narrow way was at every two miles blocked up by a guard-house built upon it, and through the portcullis of which it would be necessary to force a way. And here we were, thousands of miles away from civilised life, in the heart of a country uninhabited except by occasional bands of Indians. At last we filed through the last of the guard-houses, and found ourselves in a wider part of the ravine, which was crowded with buildings of various descriptions. We were led up to the director's house, and our names, persons, and descriptions, were taken down by a clerk. When my turn came, and I was asked in Portuguese who I was, I shook my head, and replied, "Ingles." An interpreter was called, and I then stated my name, and begged the director would hear what I had to say. He shook his head, and, after they had taken my description, desired me to go away.

"Why do you not explain for me ?" said I to the interpreter.

"Because he won't hear what you have to say ; if he would, every man on the chain would attempt to prove that he was sent here by mistake. You may by and by, find an opportunity to speak to him, that is, after you have learnt Portuguese, and have been here a year or two ; but it will do no good."

During the whole of the journey, I had been separated from Ingram, and now, for the first time since we left the prison, I had an opportunity of shaking him by the hand. I need not say how glad I was to meet again my companion in misfortune, and our only fear was now, that we should be again separated ; but such was not the case. There were regular lodgings or barracks for the slaves, which were certainly not bad, but as all escape was considered

impossible, any one who chose to raise a little hut for himself out of the bushes which grew on the rocks was permitted so to do. The hours of work were regular ; we were allotted out in gangs, which took up a certain square of the river, or river's side ; we worked from daylight till near dusk, with only an hour allowed for repose in the heat of the day. There was a superintendant over each gang of twenty, who watched them and made them work. These superintendants were controlled by inspectors, who had the charge of four or five gangs, and who brought unto the director the produce of the day's toil. The work was simple. The sand and alluvial soil was thrown into troughs with small sieve-bottoms, out of which escaped all the smaller matter, when it was washed with the water from the river. The stones and larger particles were then carefully examined, and any diamonds found were taken out and delivered to the superintendants, who then made it over to the inspectors, when they came round. The inspectors carried them to their houses (for they had houses from government), and in the evening delivered every diamond found to the director. After a short time, I found that the office of superintendant, and also of inspector, was open to any of the slaves who conducted themselves well ; and that the whole of them now employed in the offices were slaves for life, as well as ourselves. What puzzled me was, how so many people, for in all we amounted to seven hundred or more, were to be found in food ; but I afterwards discovered that the government had farms and herds of cattle at a few miles distant, cultivated by slaves and Indians expressly for the purpose. Our rations were scanty, but we were permitted to cultivate as well as we could any spot we could find on the arid side of the mountain as a garden ; and some of them, who had been there for many years, had, in course of time, produced a good soil, and reared plenty of vegetables. To my surprise, I found at least twenty Englishmen among the whole mass of slaves ; and one or two of them were inspectors, and several of them superintendants—saying much in favour of my countrymen. Their conversation and their advice tended much to soothe the hardships of my captivity, but I found from them that any hopes of ever leaving the mines were useless, and that our bones must all be laid by the side of the mountain. Of course, Ingram and I were inseparable, we worked in the same gang, and we very soon built a hut for ourselves ; and Ingram, who was a light-hearted young man, set to work to make a garden. He moved heavy stones on the sides of the mountain, and scraped up all the mould he could find ; sometimes he would get his handkerchief full, but not often, but, as he said, every little helped. He killed lizards for manure, and with them and leaves he made a little dung-heap, which he watered to assist putrefaction. Every thing that would assist, he carefully collected ; and by degrees he had sufficient for a patch of four or five yards' square. This he planted ; and with the refuse made more manure ; and in the course of a few months, by incessant activity and assisted by me, he had a very tolerable patch of ground covered with this manure and the alluvial soil washed out by the diamond-seeking, mixed up together. We then obtained seeds, and grew vegetables like the rest, and this proved a great increase to our comforts—that is our bodily wants ; but my mind was far away. Amy Trevannion was never out of my thoughts, and I fell into a deep melancholy. I worked hard at my vocation, and was for-



fortunate enough to find some good diamonds, long before I had been a year at the mines. Having acquired the Portuguese language, I was soon after raised to the office of superintendant. I now no longer worked, but overlooked others, with a cane in my hand to administer punishment to those who neglected their business. I cannot say that I liked the change, I was not so miserable when I was employed, but I did my duty with diligence. Ingram was in my gang, and another Englishman, an old man,—I should think not less than seventy years old. He told me that he had belonged to a merchant vessel, and in a drunken brawl a Portuguese had been killed; he and two others had been condemned to the mines, but the others were dead long ago. About a month after my elevation, this old man, who was very feeble, and whom I treated with great kindness on account of his age—exactng no more than I thought he could well perform—fell sick. I reported him as being really ill, and Ingram, who was by no means a bad doctor, told me that he would die. A few hours before his death he sent for me to his hut, and after thanking me for my kindness to him, he said that he knew that he was dying, and that he wished to leave me all his property (which the slaves were permitted to do), that is, he left me his garden, which was the best on the Sierra, his hut, which also was a very good one, and then putting his hand under the leaves which formed his bed, he pulled out a tattered, thumbed book, which he told me was a Bible.

“At first I read,” said he, “to pass away time, in this melancholy place, but of late I have read it I hope to a better purpose.”

I thanked the poor man for his present, and wished him good-bye. A few hours afterwards he was dead, and Ingram and I buried him by the side of the mountain. Shortly afterwards our inspector died, and, to my astonishment, I was put into his place. I could not imagine why I was thus so fortunate in being promoted, but I afterwards found out that although I had never but casually seen her, I was indebted for my good fortune to a fancy which the director's eldest daughter (for he had his family with him) had taken for me.

This was singular, for I had never spoken to her, and what is more strange, I never did speak to her, nor did she ever attempt to speak to me, so that it was wholly disinterested on her part. I had now still less to do, and was in constant communication with the director, and one day stated to him how it was that I had been brought there. He told me that he believed me, but could not help me, and after that, the subject was never again mentioned between us. Having little to do, I now took up the Bible given me by the old Englishman, as I had time to read it, which I had not before, as I was employed the whole day; but now I had a convenient cottage, as I may call it, of my own, and plenty of leisure and retirement.

I studied the Bible carefully, and found much comfort in it. Not that I was content with my lot—that I never could be while I was separated from Amy—but still I found much consolation, and I became, to a certain degree, resigned. I thought of my former life with disgust, and this second reading of the Bible, for the reader may recollect that the first took place when I was first confined in the Tower, was certainly of great advantage to me. I had more time to dwell upon it—more time for reflection and self-examination—and every day I reaped more advantage

and, became more worthy of the name of Christian. I now prayed fervently, and I think that my prayers were heard, as you, my dear madam, will also think as I continue my narrative. About three months after I had been appointed an inspector, Ingram was taken ill. At first he complained of disordered bowels, but in a few days inflammation came on, which ended in mortification. He was in great agony until the mortification took place, when he obtained comparative relief.

"My dear Mr. Musgrave," he said, as I was at his bedside, "in a few hours I shall have escaped from the mines, and be no more in bondage. I shall follow the poor old Englishman, who left you his executor. I am about to do the same. I shall now make my will verbally, as we have no writing-materials here, and leave you all I possess."

"Why are you not more serious, Ingram," I said, "at such a moment as this?"

"I am most serious," he replied. "I know that in a few hours, I shall be no more, and I trust in the mercy of Him who died for kings and for slaves; but, Musgrave, I have a secret to tell you. Do you recollect the story in the fairy tales of the little white cat whose head was obliged to be cut off, and who then turned into the most beautiful princess in the world? Well, my secret is something like hers."

I thought, by his continuing in this strain, that his head was wandering. I was about to speak to him, when he continued:

"Do you know what has occasioned my death? I will tell you the secret. I was washing for diamonds, when I found one of a size which astonished me. I knew it was of great value, and I did not choose that the King of Portugal should receive such a benefit from my hands. I put it into my mouth to secrete it, hardly knowing what I should do afterwards, but I was thinking how I should act, when one of the superintendants passing (that crabbed old Portuguese belonging to the next gang), and seeing me idle and in deep thought, he struck me with his cane such a smart rap on the shoulders, that he not only made me jump up out of my reverie, but the diamond went down my throat. I'm sure if I had tried to swallow it I could not have done so, but the shock forced it down. Well, this has occasioned my death, for it has remained in my stomach and occasioned the stoppage, which has ended in inflammation and mortification. I feel it here even now; give me your finger, don't you feel it? Well, now you understand why I talked of the little white cat. Don't cut off my head, but when I am dead, just put your knife down there and take out the diamond and bury it, for I tell you—and they say dying men see clearer than others—but that I am certain you will be released from these mines, and then the diamond will be a fortune to you, and you will find that being my executor was of some value to you. Now, pray—no scruple—I entreat it as a last favour, promise me that you will do as I wish—pray promise me, or I shall die unhappy."

I could not help promising him to execute his wishes, he appeared so earnest and asked it as a last favour, but I felt very repugnant at the idea. In another hour poor Ingram breathed his last, and I was most melancholy at the loss of so worthy a friend, who had by serving me been subjected to the same slavery as myself. I left the hut and went to my own house, thinking over the strange communication that had been made to me. And why, thought I, should I obtain this diamond? I have no

chance of leaving this; yet, who knows, Ingram prophesied in his dying moments that I should—well, at all events, I will keep my promise to the poor fellow. I reported his death to the director, and, about an hour afterwards, went to the hut where he laid. His countenance was placid, and I looked at him for a long while, and queried whether he was not happier than I was or ever could be. But, to comply with his request—I could not bear the idea. I did not want the diamond, and I, who in my early career had thought nothing of cutting and maiming the living man, now shuddered at the idea of making an incision in a dead body. But there was no time to be lost, the burials always took place at sunset, and it was near the hour. I bent a piece of bamboo cane double, like a pair of sugar tongs, and then putting my finger to the part of his stomach which he had pointed out, I felt that there was a hard substance, and I made an incision with my knife—probing with the blade. I touched the diamond, and then using the piece of cane as a pair of pincers, I contrived, after one or two attempts to extract it. I threw the diamond without examination into a pan of water which stood by the bed, and covering up the body, I made a hole in the floor of the hut and buried the knife, which I felt I never could use again.

I looked out of the hut and perceived two of the slaves, who performed that office, coming towards me to take away the body. I desired them to carry it leaving the clothes on, followed them, and saw it deposited in the earth; after which I read prayers over the grave, and could not refrain from shedding many tears to the memory of my faithful associate. I then returned to the hut, and taking the pan of water in my hand went to my own abode. I could not bear to touch the diamond, but I dared not leave it where it was; so I poured all the water out of the pan, and then rolled the diamond out on the floor, which was of hardened clay. I saw at once that it was one of great value, weighing, I should think, thirteen or fourteen *grammes*, and of a very pure water. It was in the form of an obtuse octohædron, and on one side was quite smooth and transparent. Having made this examination, I picked up some of the clay with a piece of iron, and rolling the diamond into the hole, I jammed the clay down over it. There, said I, you may remain till dooms'-day, or till some one finds you; you will be of no use to me; and I thought of the cock in the fable. My tattered bible caught my eye, and I said to it, "you are of more value than all the diamonds in the world;" and I uttered only what I felt.

For a long time I mourned for Ingram, and thought nothing of the diamond. Three months more passed away, and I had been eighteen months in the mines, when some visitors made their appearance—no less than one of the principals of the Jesuit order, who had been sent by the king of Portugal out to the Brazils, on a tour of inspection, as it was called, but in fact to examine into the state of affairs, and the way in which the government revenue was collected. There had lately been so much peculation on the part of the various officers, that it was considered necessary to make minute inquiry. A Portuguese nobleman had been sent out the year before, but had died shortly after his arrival, and there was every reason to suppose that he had been poisoned, that the inquiry might be got rid of. Now this Jesuit priest had been sent out, probably because a Portuguese, who thought little of poisoning and stabbing a lay-



man, would not dare to attempt the life of so sacred a character. Having full and extraordinary powers, he had made a short inquiry into the different departments of government, and had now come to the mines to ascertain how far the delivery of the diamonds at the treasury agreed with the collection at the mines; for these mines had usually produced from a million to a million and a half of revenue. The director was in a great fuss when he heard of this arrival at the further barrier; although immediately announced to him, he had scarcely an hour to prepare before the superior of the Jesuits arrived with his suite, consisting of about twenty people, and fifty or sixty sumpter mules and riding-horses. We were all called out to receive him, that is, all the inspectors. I went to attend the parade, and awaited with much indifference; but my feelings were soon changed, when in this superior of the Jesuits I beheld the Catholic priest who had visited me in the Tower and obtained my release. The superior bowed to the director and to all around him, and as he then looked at us all, he recognised me immediately.

"You, here, my son?" said he.

"Yes, holy father," replied I, "and I thank Heaven that your arrival will enable me to prove my innocence."

"Pray how is this?" said he.

In a few words I narrated my story.

"And you were thrown into prison without being permitted to defend yourself?"

"Even so, good father, and sent to the mines to slave for life."

"Did you not make known your case to the director of the mines?"

"I did, sir, but he stated that he pitied me, but could not help me."

"Is this the case Mr. Director?" said the Jesuit, severely.

"It is, sir," replied the director; "I have more than once reported cases of what appeared to me of great hardship, if what those condemned have said was true, and have been told that I was too officious, and that there could be no reversal of sentence. I can prove to you, sir, by my journals and letter-books how many cases I did formerly attempt to bring before the government; but I at last received such letters, which I can show you, which will prove that there has been no fault of mine."

"Allow me to add, holy father," said I, "that the kindness and consideration of the director has been very great to all those under his charge, and I think it very fortunate that such a person has been appointed to this situation, as he has done every thing that has been in his power to alleviate the miseries of bondage."

"I am glad to hear you say so, Mr. Elrington; Mr. Director, this gentleman is a dear friend of mine, let him instantly be released. My orders are not to be disputed by the viceroy himself."

The superior then embraced me cordially, and told me that I was free, and should return with him to Rio. Imagine, my dear madam, my joy and gratitude. I fell on my knees before him, and kissed his hands. He gave me his blessing, and raised me up.

"Where is your companion in misfortune?" said he.

"Alas! sir, he is dead," replied I.

"The superior shook his head and turned away, saying, 'I will search into this affair to the bottom, depend upon it, when I get back to Rio.'"

He then desired the director to bring out his book, and his own secretary to follow him, leaving his servants in the court-yard with me and

the other inspectors. I received the congratulations of all parties present, and as soon as possible I escaped from them, and returned to my own room, where I knelt and fervently thanked God for my unexpected deliverance; and having paid my duty to the Most High, I sat down, and fell into a most delightful reverie of anticipations. In the evening, after the superior had dismissed him, the director sent for me, and said,

"Allow me to return you many thanks for your kindness in speaking so favourably of me as you have done. You have, indeed, been of service to me, and I am most grateful."

"I only did you justice, director," replied I.

"Yes, but how few have justice done them in this world," replied he. "The superior desired me to tell you that, you are to live with the gentlemen of his suite. Of course, you know, it is not etiquette for him to admit any body to his table. At all events you must allow me one pleasure, which is to supply you with clothes proper to your appearance, which I can easily do without inconvenience to myself."

The director then lead me into his room, and opened a wardrobe full of rich suits, selected two of the handsomest, with linen and every other article requisite, a handsome sword and hat, all of which he begged me to accept. Calling one of his servants, he ordered him to put them into a valise, and take them to my apartment.

"Is there any thing else that I can do?—speak freely."

"No, director," replied I, "I will accept these things from you as I cannot procure them here, but when at Rio, I have means to obtain every thing that I require. I return you many thanks."

"I will send my servant to arrange your hair," said he, "and I pray you to consider him at your disposal for the few days which the superior may remain here."

"Do you think it will take him so long?"

"Yes," replied the director, "I will tell you, in confidence, that he has brought with him the produce of the mines accounted for to the government at home, and on his first inspection has found such defalcation from that which has been transmitted by me to Rio, that I expect there will be serious business. They never imagined at Rio that he would have undertaken such a tedious journey as he has done, and they are in much alarm about it; but I will leave you now, that you may go home and make your toilet. Allow me to congratulate you, with all my heart, at the fortunate termination to your unjust bondage."

Having again thanked him for his kindness, I went to my lodging, where I found his servant waiting for me; and having had my hair arranged in a very tolerable manner, and a little powder thrown in, I put on one of the suits, which fitted me pretty well, and required a slight alteration from being rather full, which the servant soon managed. Thus did I once more appear as a gentleman—contrary to all my expectations—and I then went and joined the suite of the superior, who, when they perceived the difference which dress made in my appearance, congratulated me, and warmly welcomed me to join the meal which had just been prepared for them. On the following day, the superior sent for me, and ordering me to sit down, requested that I would enter into full detail of what had happened to me since we last parted. I did so, and my narrative occupied the whole afternoon.

"Your life has been full of vicissitude," replied he, "I trust, however,

that your adventures are now over, and that you will be restored to your friends: the service you performed for our cause will never be forgotten."

I ventured to ask him how it was that he was now in the employ of the King of Portugal? He replied,

"I am an Irishman by birth, and educated at St. Omers. I was first sent to Spain by the order when I was young, and have since been employed all over the world in the advancement of our holy church. Country with our order is of no consequence. We all serve the holy church, and go wherever our services are required. I would you were a Catholic, I could advance you beyond all your hopes; but you are engaged to be married, and that puts an end to the question."

As I thought the holy father must be tired with our long conference, I rose and took my leave.

Three days afterwards, I was informed by him he intended to set off on his return to Rio, and now I thought of the diamond which I resolved to carry with me. I had no fear of being searched while under this excellent superior's protection, and, therefore, I went to my lodging, dug up the diamond, and having washed it, for the first time gave it the examination which it deserved. It certainly was a stone of great value, but of what value, I could not exactly say. From what I had learnt from the director, who usually put his idea of the value upon any diamond of size which was brought to him, I considered that 20,000*l.* was the least which could be put upon the stone. I took the precaution not to carry it loose in my pocket, but to sew it within the lining of my clothes. Glad I was, indeed, when the orders to start the next morning were given out. I found that a horse was appointed for me, and having made up my valise, not forgetting my tattered Bible, I went to my bed, thanking God that this was to be the last night that I was to pass in the accursed Sierra de Espinhaço.

At daylight the superior took his leave, mounted his mule, and we set forth, passing the guard-house in the narrow road, which I never expected to pass again. Before noon we were clear of the Sierra, and once more in the open country. The attendants, with a portion of the sumpter mules, went in advance, to prepare for the superior's arrival at the spot where we were to halt.

The weather was excessively sultry, and the glare of the sun was very distressing. At noon we stopped to take our dinner, and the usual siesta after it. The attendants in advance had raised a sort of palanquin for the superior, and every thing was ready. The superior alighted, and sat down under the palanquin, which protected him from the rays of the sun; we all sat round at a respectful distance. The heat was so intense, that to relieve himself, the superior had, when he sat down, thrown off his long black robe, such as is worn by the priests of his order. Dinner was served up, and we had a merry party, notwithstanding the great heat. After our meal, we all shaded ourselves as well as we could, and took our siesta for about two hours, when the superior rose up, and gave the signal for resuming our journey. The horses were soon ready, and the superior's mule being brought up to the palanquin; he rose up, and one of his attendants was lifting up his robe for the superior to resume it, when my eye detected the head of a snake just showing itself out of the coat-pocket of the robe in which he carried his breviary and his handkerchief.



I knew the snake well, for we often found them in the Sierra de Espinhaço, and some two or three of the slaves had lost their lives by their bite, which was so fatal, that they died in less than five minutes afterwards. The superior had his handkerchief in his hand, and would have undoubtedly put it in his pocket before he mounted his mule, and if so, would certainly have been bitten, and lost his life. As the superior was fastening his robe at the throat, I darted forward, seized it, threw it on the ground, and commenced stamping upon it with all my force, much to the surprise of the whole party. Some of them thought me mad, and others, who were horrified at such treatment of the holy garment, called out, "Heretico maldetto!" which, madam, you must know, means, accursed heretic. Having felt the snake (which is very short, but very thick in the body, with a head like a toad) several times moving under my feet, and then moving no more, I then stepped off the garment, and turning it over, I lifted it up by the skirt, so that the dead snake rolled out of the pocket.

"I thank the God whom we all worship, and the Son of God, who died for us all, whether Catholic or Heretic," cried I, "that I have been the means of preserving our holy father."

I had knelt down as I thus prayed, and the superior, perceiving the danger that he had been in, did the same, and silently returned his thanks; at his example all the rest went down on their knees.

"Yes," said the superior, "would to God that instead of reviling each other, all denominations of Christians would join in thus bruising the head of the serpent which seeks our spiritual death."

He then rose and said,

"My son, I thank thee for the kind service thou hast performed."

I then explained to the superior the deadly nature of the animal, and my fear that he would have put his handkerchief in the pocket of his robe before I had time to prevent him, and begged him to excuse my seeming abruptness.

"There needs no apology for saving a man's life," replied he, smiling.—"Come, let us go forward."

I hardly need say, that we were not quite so long in returning to Rio as we were in going to the mines. We accomplished our journey, without using extreme haste, in about half of the time. On our arrival, we took up our quarters at a magnificent palace, which had been appropriated to the superior during his residence at Rio, and I found myself sumptuously lodged. For some days, during which the superior had frequent interviews with the viceroy, I did not see him, but one day I was summoned to his presence.

"My son," said he, "I have lost no time in investigating your affair, and I find that all you have said is quite correct. To the disgrace of the government here, and the manner in which justice is administered, it appears that this man, Olivarez, on his arrival, went to the secretary of the judge of that court in which such offences are tried, and stated, that he had two English mutineers on board, who had attempted to take the vessel, and wounded several of his men dangerously; that he wished, of course, to deliver them up to justice, but that the immediate departure of his vessel would be prevented by so doing, as his crew would be required as evidence; that the delay would be very disadvantageous; and he inquired whether it could not be managed that these men might be punished

without the appearance of himself and his men, as he would pay a good sum rather than be detained. The secretary perfectly understood the trick, and upon the receipt of five hundred cruzados, he accepted the deposition of Olivarez, sworn to by him, as sufficient evidence, and you were consigned to the mines upon this deposition by a warrant from the judge. We have had some trouble to obtain all the facts, but the question has been severely applied, and has elicited them. Now, first, as to the judge and his secretary, they have gone to the goal, and will take your place in the mines for life. Next as to Olivarez. It appears, that on his arrival, he sold his cargo of slaves very advantageously; that having received the money, he gave a small portion to each of his men, and that they went on shore, and, like all English seamen, were soon in a state of intoxication; that Olivarez took such steps with the police, as to have them all thrown into prison when in that state; and, on the following morning, he went to them, persuaded them that they had committed themselves during their intoxication, and that it required a large sum to free them. This he pretended to have paid for them, and having purchased a cargo for his voyage, he got them all on board, and again ran for the coast of Africa. In three months he returned with another cargo, which he sold. He had found out his mother, and now he expended the money he had made in purchasing a good property about seven miles from Rio, where he placed his mother and some slaves to take care of it, and cultivate it. He contrived to defraud his crew as much as he could, and before he went to the coast again, he married an amiable young person, the daughter of a neighbour. He made a third and a fourth voyage with equal success, but on the third voyage he contrived to get rid of a portion of his English crew, who were now becoming troublesome, by taking some Portuguese sailors out with him, and leaving the English on the coast, as if by mistake. Previous to the fourth voyage, it appears that he satisfied the remainder of the English crew by producing accounts, and sharing out to them several hundred dollars previous to their departure for the coast. He made a slight addition to his Portuguese sailors, not putting too many on board, to avoid suspicion, and when on the coast of Africa, a portion of the English crew died; whether by poison or not is not known, and the others he put on shore, seizing all their property, and the dollars with which he had satisfied them. On his return from his fourth voyage, having now nothing to fear from the partners in his atrocious deed, having realised a large sum, he determined to remain on shore altogether, and live on his property with his mother and wife. He did so, and sent out the schooner under a Portuguese captain and crew, to be employed for him as owner in the slave traffic, and she has made two voyages since, and is expected back again every day. Now, my son, retribution has fallen heavily upon this bad man. Had he been discovered and punished when he first did the deed, it would have been as nothing compared to what it has been now; he then had no property—no ties—in fact, nothing or little to regret; but now, with a wife and child, with a valuable property, living in independence, and increasing that wealth daily—now when he is at the very summit of his ambition, restored to his own country, respected and considered as being a man of wealth, he has been seized, thrown into a dungeon, put to the question, and now lies in a state of misery, awaiting the sentence of death which has been pronounced against him. Neither has he the consolation of knowing that he leaves those whom

he loves in a state of affluence, for all his property, having been gained by making use of your property, necessarily is your property, and not his, and it has been confiscated accordingly for your use and benefit. As soon as every thing is collected, it will be paid into your hands. Thus, my son, I have at last attained justice for you."

I was, as you may imagine, my dear madam, profuse in my acknowledgements, but he stopped me, saying,

"I was sent here to see that justice was done to every body, if I possibly could—no easy task, when all are amassing money, not caring how they obtain it; but, surely, if any one has peculiar claims upon me, it is you."

The superior then asked me many questions relative to my parentage, and I did not conceal any thing from him. I told who I was, and why, at an early age, I had left my father's house. He asked me many questions, and, after about two hours' conversation, he dismissed me, saying,

"You may always depend upon my protection and gratitude."

Before he dismissed me, he told me that he was about to send a despatch boat to Lisbon, and as I might wish to inform my friends of my safety, if I would write letters, he would insure their being safely delivered to my friends in England. I gladly availed myself of this offer, and indeed would have begged a passage for myself, if it had not been that I considered Olivarez's money to be the property of Mr. Trevannion, and was determined to remit it to him before I left Rio. This detained me about six weeks longer, during which interval Olivarez had suffered the penalty due to his crimes, having been strangled in the market-place.

The money received was 28,000 cruzados, and not knowing how to dispose of it, I applied to the superior, who gave me orders for it in duplicates upon the treasury at Lisbon, one of which I had very soon an opportunity of sending home to Mr. Trevannion, with a duplicate of my first letter, and a second to him and Amy, stating my intention of returning as soon as possible. But this was by a Portuguese frigate, which made a very circuitous route home, and I did not choose to go by that conveyance, as her detention at the different ports was so uncertain. At last I became very impatient for my departure, and anxiously awaited the sailing of some vessel to any port of Europe.

I had reserved 1000 cruzados for my own expenses, which I considered as quite sufficient, but they were gradually wasting away, for I was everywhere received, and in the best company of Rio. At last one day the superior sent for me, and told me that he was about to send an advice boat to Lisbon, and I might take a passage if I wished; that it was a very small one, but a very fast sailer. I thanked him heartily, accepted the proposal, and went to my room to pack up my clothes. In the afternoon the captain of the xebeque called upon me, and told me that he would start on the following morning if I would be ready. I replied that I should be, put some dollars into his hands, requesting that he would procure for me any thing that he considered would be necessary and agreeable, and if the sum I had given him was not enough, I would repay him the remainder as soon as we were out of harbour. I took my leave of the superior, who parted with me with many protestations of regard on his side, and tears of gratitude on mine, and early the next



morning I was on board of the xebeque. In light winds she was extremely fast, but she certainly was too small to cross the Atlantic Ocean; nevertheless, as the captain said, she had crossed it several times, and he hoped that she often would again.

The passage, however, that he usually made, was to run up to the northward of the Antilles, and then cross over, making the Bahama Isles, and from thence taking a fresh departure for Lisbon. Our crew consisted of only eight men, besides the captain; but as the vessel was not more than thirty tons, they were sufficient. We made a good run, until we were in about twenty-four degrees of north latitude, when, as we stretched to the eastward to cross the Atlantic, we met with a most violent gale, which lasted several days, and I fully expected every hour that the vessel would go down, buried as she was by the heavy sea. At last we had no chance but to scud before the wind, which we did for two days before a raging and following sea, that appeared determined upon our destruction. On the second night, as I was on deck, watching the breaking and tossing of the billows, and the swift career of the little bark, which enabled her to avoid them, the water suddenly appeared of one white foam, and as we rose upon the next sea, we were hurled along on its crest, reeling on the foam until it had passed us, and then we struck heavily upon a rock. Fortunately, it was a soft coral rock, or we had all perished. The next wave lifted us up again, and threw us further on, and, on its receding, the little xebeque laid high and dry, and careened over on her bilge.

The waters rose and fell, and roared and foamed about us, but they lifted us no more, neither did they wash us off the decks as we clung to the rigging; for the stout short mast, upon which the lateen sail was hoisted, had not been carried away. We remained where we were till morning, every one holding on, and not communicating with each other. As the night wore away, so did the gale decrease and the sea subside. The waters now gradually left us; at intervals, when the waves receded, we could walk on shore; but we remained on the vessel till noon, by which time we found our vessel high and dry, having been carried over a coral reef, which appeared to extend one or two miles into the offing.

The men, who had been much buffeted by the waves, and who were exhausted by clinging so long to the rigging, now that they found themselves safe, and were warmed by the heat of the sun, rallied, and began to move about. We had a long consultation as to how we should act. There was no chance of getting the vessel off again, and we did not exactly know where we were; but the captain and I agreed that it must be upon one of the small islands of the Bahama group that we had been cast away, and our conjecture was right. After some consultation, the captain and I called the men together, and told them that it was very probable that we might be some time before we could find the means of getting off the island, and that therefore we must all do our best; that we would land and erect a tent with the sails, and obtain provisions; after that we would consider the vessel and her stores as public property, but that every man's private property should be secured to him as if we were still on board of the xebeque; that the captain should retain the command as before, and his orders should be obeyed by every body, as long as they were reasonable and just.

The men, who were well-behaved, quiet fellows—and not like English seamen, given to liquor—readily agreed, and it was arranged that the following morning we should commence our labours. This was a sad blow to me, who was anticipating a speedy meeting with Amy. I knew how doubtful was the chance of our being seen by any vessel, and that I must remain here for months, if not longer—but I had been schooled, and could now say with fervency, “Thy will, oh Lord, and not mine, be done.”

We remained on board of the vessel that night, and the next morning the gale had ceased, and the waters, to our astonishment, had receded, so as to leave us at least sixty yards from the sea, which was now almost calm. We first took a survey of the island, to ascertain if there was any water, and, as the island was not more than two miles in circumference, this did not take us long. Fortunately, in the centre we found a deep hole sunk in the soft coral rock by some other people who had been wrecked here, and in the hole the water was, although a little brackish, somewhat palatable. It evidently was the sea-water filtered through the soft rock.

The whole of the island was surrounded with coral reefs, with lanes of deep water running between them, and the fish were sporting in thousands after the storm, but there was not a tree or vestige of vegetation upon the whole island. We soon, however, discovered that it was frequented by turtle, for we found some eggs fresh-buried in the sand. Having made this survey, we then went back to the vessel, and with spars and sails rigged a hut upon the highest part of the island, which might be ten or fifteen feet above the level of the sea. The tent was large enough to hold fifty men, if required, so we brought our bedding and chests and all our cooking apparatus on shore, made a fire-place outside the tent with the little cabouse we had on board of the vessel, sent a man to obtain water from the hole, and put on some meat to boil for our dinners. In the evening we all went out to turn turtle, and succeeded in turning three, when we decided that we would not capture any more until we had made a turtle-pond to put them in, for we had not more than two months' provisions on board of the vessel, and did not know how long we might be detained. The men behaved very well, and indeed seemed determined to make themselves as comfortable as they could under existing circumstances. The next day we put out some lines in deep water, and caught several large fish, and then we went to find a proper spot for a turtle-pond. We selected a hole in the reef which we thought would answer, as we had only one end of it to fill up, and we commenced breaking away the rock with crow-bars, and worked hard the whole of the day, some breaking and others carrying the masses broken off. By degrees they rose to the surface of the water, and in two days more we calculated that the pond would be ready to receive the turtle. We had killed one turtle in the morning, and we now lived upon it altogether, as we wished to save our salt provisions. The captain and I had many consultations as to what we should do, and what attempts we should make to get off from this spot. Build a boat we could not, as we had not a carpenter among us, or the means of making the iron-work necessary. We had some tools, such as are usually used on board of vessels, and several pounds of large nails, but none fit for boat-building. I proposed that we should examine the bottom of the

xebeque, and see what damage was done to it. We did so, and found that the garboard streak was broken and two of her timbers, but they were easy to repair; in every other respect she was sound. I then proposed that we should cut down the xebeque to a large boat, which we could easily do by ripping off her planks and decks, and sawing down her timbers to the height we required. It would be a heavy boat, it was true, but we should be able to launch her with rollers, and the draught of water would be so small that we could get her over the reefs, which we could not possibly do the xebeque. He approved of the idea, and we agreed that as soon as the turtle-pond was finished we would make the attempt. In two days more we had finished the pond, and had turned thirty turtle, which we put into it. The men, now that they found that they had plenty to eat, began to show signs of laziness, and did not very readily commence the work upon the xebeque. They ate and slept, ate and slept again, on the mattresses spread in the tent. At times they would fish, but it was with difficulty that the captain and I could persuade them to work, and if they did work half an hour, they then threw down their axes and crow-bars and went back to the tent. They had plenty of tobacco and they smoked half the day, ate turtle, and then slept again. Nevertheless, as the captain and I worked hard, the work progressed; in about ten days after we began the work, we had ripped off her decks and her side-planks as low as we thought right and we were now sawing through the timbers, when the quiet of our party was disturbed by what may be considered a very strange quarrel. One of the men asserted in conversation that St. Antony was born in Padua; one or two of the other seamen denied it, and this difference of opinion, which at first was a mere nothing, from sullenness, I presume, and something being required to excite them, in the course of a day or two ended in a serious feud;—the Paduans terming the anti-Paduans heretics and Jews. The epithet of Jew was what irritated so much, and the parties being exactly even, four on each side, on the third day, after any angry altercation, they all rushed out of the tent to decide the affair with their knives. The conflict was very fierce, and took place when the captain and I were at the xebeque, and before we could separate them, four of them had fallen; two were killed, and the other two badly wounded. It may appear ridiculous that people should take each other's lives for such a trifle; but, after all, nations declare war against each other, and thousands are killed on both sides for causes almost as slight. With great difficulty we separated the remaining combatants, and such was their rage and excitement, that every now and then they would attempt to break from us and attack each other again, but at last we disarmed them.

This was a sad business; and it was melancholy to think that companions in misfortune should take each other's lives, instead of feeling grateful to the Almighty for their preservation.

We buried the two men who had fallen, and dressed the wounds of the hurt; but after this quarrel the four others came to their work, and continued steady at it. We had now removed the upper portion of the xebeque, and commenced fixing beams and carlines on the lower part, so as to make a decked boat of it, and in another week we had decked her over. But we had a great deal more to do: we had to reduce the mast and yard to a proper size, to alter the sail and rigging, to



make a small rudder, and rollers to launch her upon. All this, with our reduced force, occupied us another month; for the two wounded men, although recovering, could but just crawl about. We turned many more turtle at night, that we might have a sufficient supply. We now looked out for a channel of deep water through the reef, to get our boat out, and made one out to a certain extent, but could not survey further without getting off the reef, and the sharks were so numerous that we dared not venture. However, we took it for granted, as we had found deep water in shore, that we should be sure to do so in the offing; and we now got our boat upon the rollers which we had made, by digging away the sand from beneath her, and a trench to the water's edge. We had been two months on the island when all was ready for launching.

Anxious as I was to return to England, I cannot say that I was unhappy when on this island: there was always a fine sea-breeze which cooled the air, and enabled us to work without exhaustion. With the exception of the unfortunate quarrel I have referred to, every thing went on quietly. After work was over, I resorted as usual to my Bible, and read for hours; and this calmed and allayed any impatient feelings which might at times arise. I felt that I had great cause to be grateful to the Almighty for preserving me as he had done, and that it would be folly and wickedness on my part to repine because I could not obtain all that I wished. I waited, therefore, for His own good time, without murmuring, and in full confidence that all was for the best.

At last we contrived to get our boat into the water, and she floated much lighter than we thought she would have done, considering the weight of wood that was in her. As soon as she was anchored about ten feet from the beach, we made a gangway to her with planks, and commenced getting all our salt provisions, water, and stores, which we had selected as most necessary, on board of her. The stowage of these occupied us two days; we then got the yard up and bent the sail, and having fitted oars, we determined that the next day we would embark. As she still swam light, we got on board of her as many turtle as we could conveniently carry, and then, for the last time, went on shore to sleep.

As there was no room for our chests, it was agreed that we each should have a bundle on board, selecting those things which we most required and most valued. This proposal, which was made by the captain, put me in mind of the diamond, which had scarcely once entered my thoughts since I had been on the island. When I took it out of my chest, I thought that I might as well make it more convenient to carry, as there was no saying what might be the result of our new expedition; so, when the other men were all busy about their own effects, or asleep, I just took the precaution to roll it up in a covering of pitch, so that, if taken from me or lost, it might not be known to be a diamond, and then I sewed it up in a piece of leather, which I cut from an old glove, putting a strong leather laynyard to it, so that I might wear it round my neck. Having done this without any one taking notice, and having nothing else to do, I took some fine twine, and worked it over, like the mousing of a stay, in a way peculiar to sailors, so that, when finished, it was very much in the shape of a miniature buoy to an anchor, and reminded me of a *fend off*, or fender, such as they use to

prevent any injury to the sides of a vessel when coming in contact with another. Having finished my work, I put the leather laynyard round my neck, inside of my shirt, so that my diamond was concealed from sight; I then put up my remaining pieces-of-eight—which were nearly 500, the best of my clothes, (for during my stay at Rio I had very much increased my stock,) and I hardly need say that the old Bible was not left behind.

It was a beautiful, calm morning, when we embarked, and lifting the anchor, took to our oars, and pulled out through the deep channel, the captain standing at the bow and conning us through, while I took the helm. The boat pulled well and steered well; we had yet to see what she could do under canvass. After a pull of two hours we were clear of the reef, and out in the open sea. We then laid in the oars, and commenced our preparations for hoisting the sail to a breeze, which then blew from the southward. When all was ready, the men hoisted the sail, but in so doing, a rope being foul; as I was attempting to clear it, I was tripped up, and fell with my right knee on a spike, which entered deep, putting me to excruciating pain, and laming me completely. I was obliged to sit down abaft, for I nearly fainted away. In the meantime the sail was set, and the boat stood well up to it. She proved to be very stiff under canvas, which was a source of great congratulation. My knee became so painful and stiff that I could not move it; I took one of my shirts out of my bundle, tore it up into bandages, and put them on. We had resolved to attempt to make New Providence, the largest of the Bahama group, where we knew that there was a town called Nassau, and from whence we hoped to obtain some conveyance to Europe; but we knew nothing of the port, or the inhabitants, or what trade was carried on with them.

For several hours our little bark went gaily over the water, but towards nightfall the wind shifted, and the weather looked threatening. We hardly knew how to steer, as we did not know the position of the island which we had left, and now the wind heading us, we hauled up on the larboard tack, with our head to the northward and eastward. As the sun went down, the wind increased, and the sea ran fast. Our boat behaved well, till it began to blow very hard, and then it took in so much water, that we were forced to bale.

We had reefed our sail, and made every thing as snug as we could, but the sea rising fast, and the boat taking in more water, we considered it prudent to lighten her, which we did by throwing overboard all the turtle. This we did without regret, as we were tired of eating them for so long a while. The day broke, and there appeared every sign of bad weather, and the waves now tossed and foamed too much for such a small vessel as we were in. About noon we saw a vessel on a wind to leeward of us, which was a source of great delight to us all, and we bore down to her. We soon made her out to be an hermaphrodite brig, under her close-reefed topsails and trysails. We run under her counter and hailed. We perceived several men standing abaft, and apparently they suspected us for a rover, for they had muskets and other weapons in their hands. We told them that we had been shipwrecked, and the boat was sinking in the gale, and then we rounded to under her lee.

There we remained for four or five hours, during which the wind and

the sea went down very fast, and the boat no longer took in water; but we had been all too much alarmed with the danger in which we had been, to like to continue our voyage in her, and as we thought that we could now go alongside with safety, we hailed again, and asked permission. After some parleying, they threw us a rope, which we made fast to the boat, and lowered our sail, keeping off on a broad sheer, as there was a great deal of sea. They then entered into conversation with us. I told them all that happened, and inquired where the brig was bound to.

They replied, to James's Town, Virginia. I asked them if they could give us a passage there, as we were afraid to proceed in our boat; or if not, would they see us safe into New Providence.

The captain then came forward. He was a very dark man, dark as a mulatto, with keen small eyes, and a hooked nose. I never beheld a more deformed and repulsive countenance.

He said, that he could not go to New Providence, as it was out of his way, and that we might easily get there ourselves if we thought proper.

I replied, that the boat was not sufficiently large and sea-worthy, and that we had already nearly gone down, and if another gale should come on, we certainly should founder, and again requested that he would take us on board.

"Have you any money to pay for your passage?" inquired he.

"Why," replied I, "common charity and the feelings of a seaman towards sailors in distress should be sufficient to induce you to take us on board, and not leave us to perish; but if you require money," I replied, "we have more than sufficient to satisfy you."

"How much?" screamed out a lad of about fourteen, who was the very image of the captain in miniature.

I did not reply to this question, and the captain then said, "What do you propose to do with the boat?"

"Let her go adrift to be sure," replied I.

"What have you got on board of her?" said he.

I enumerated as well as I could recollect the provisions and stores that we had.

"Well," replied he, "I will wait till it is a little smoother, and then we will clear the boat and take you on board."

He then left the gangway where he had been standing, and we continued to be towed by the brig.

"I do not like that fellow," said I to the Portuguese captain; "he appears, or pretends, to take us for pirates, but he is more like a pirate himself."

"He looks like the devil himself," replied the captain, "and to ask people in our condition to pay for their passage! He is a monster! However, we all have a few doubloons, thank heaven."

About an hour afterwards, it being much more moderate, the captain of the brig told us to sheer alongside, and that four of us might come out and the others remain in the boat till she was cleared.

"I think you had better go," said I to the captain, "for with so much motion I never shall be able to get up the side with my bad knee."

We then sheered the boat alongside, and the captain and three of our men got on board, but not without difficulty. I saw them go aft and down below with the captain of the brig, but I never saw them on deck



again, much to my surprise, although we were more than half an hour before they again hailed us, and told us to come alongside again. During this half hour my mind misgave me sadly that all was not right from not seeing the Portuguese captain, or either of the three men, and I took it into my head that the vessel was a pirate; and I knew if such was the case, we should instantly be rifled, if not murdered. I took the precaution of taking off the bandage from my knee, and having removed the diamond from my neck, I put it under my ham in the cavity which held it with ease, and then put the bandage on again over it, as I thought they would hardly take a bandage off a bad knee to see if there was anything concealed beneath it. It was with difficulty that I contrived to get on board of the brig, and as soon as I had gained the deck, I was ordered to go down into the cabin; as I went aft, I looked round for the Portuguese captain and the men, but could not see them. I contrived, with difficulty, to get down into the cabin, and as soon as I was there I was seized by the arms and held fast by two of the men, while others bound me with seizings.

*to be continued*  
As the captain was looking on, I inquired into the cause of this outrage. He replied, that we were a parcel of rascally pirates, who would have taken his vessel if he had not been too deep for us; I told him it was false, and that I could easily prove it, as we still had the despatches on board with which we had been charged, and that I could show full proof that I was the same person that I stated myself to be; that I very much feared that we had fallen into the hands of pirates ourselves, but that I would have justice done as soon as we arrived at James Town, without he intended to murder us all before we arrived. His answer was, that he was too old a bird to be caught with such chaff, and that he would secure us and deliver us up to the authorities as soon as he arrived. I replied in great anger that he would then be convinced of his error, if it was an error, on his part; that his conduct was infamous, and he looked like a scoundrel, and I believed him to be one.

"You call me a scoundrel, do you," said he, levelling a pistol at my head.

"You call us scoundrels, do you," cried the boy I have made mention of, and who was evidently the son of the captain, taking up another pistol in his hand. "Shall I shoot him, father?"

"No, Peleg; not yet; we will pay them all when we get in. Take him away, and put him in irons with the rest," said the captain; and I was immediately dragged forward between decks through a door in the bulk heads where I found the Portuguese captain and three seamen already in irons.

"This is pretty treatment," said he to me.

"Yes, it is, indeed," replied I, "but I will make him smart for it when we arrive."

"Shall we ever arrive?" said the Portuguese captain, looking at me and compressing his lips.

"I say, my man," said I to a seaman who stood over us with a pistol and a cutlass, "who are you; and what are you? Tell us the truth: are you pirates?"

"I never was yet," replied he; "nor do I mean to be; but our skipper says that you are, and that he knew you as soon as you came alongside. That's all I can say about it."

"Why, if we are pirates, as he says, and he recognises us, he must have been in pirate's company, that is clear."

"Well; he may have been, for all I know," replied the man. "I don't consider him any very great things; but he is our captain, and we must obey orders."

The man now brought forward the other three men who had been left in the boat. They told us that the boat had been cleared; all the provisions, stores, sails, &c., had been taken out of her;—a proof that she had been gutted and then cut adrift;—that all our bundles were down in the captain's cabin, and that the ill-looking urchin, his son, had overhauled them, one after another, and handed to his father all the money that he had found; that they had been searched very carefully; and that they had heard the captain say that we were all to be sent up, one by one, and searched in the same manner;—and so it proved. I was first taken aft to have my pockets rummaged by the little villain, and as soon as I had been led forward and again put into irons, the Portuguese captain and three other seamen were sent for and treated in the same way. We inquired of the men what money they had in their bundles and about their persons. They had each man four doubloons at Rio for wages, and the captain had about forty doubloons. I had five hundred pieces-of-eight: so that, altogether, we had been robbed to the tune of about four hundred pounds sterling, independent of our clothes, which were of some value to us; that is, mine were, at all events.

The seamen who guarded us, and who relieved each other every watch, were not at all surly or ill-natured. I asked one of them during the night watch whether he thought the captain would take our lives.

"No;" said he, "we will not allow that. You may be pirates, as he says, although we do not think you are, but if pirates you shall have fair play; that we have all made up our minds to. No hanging first, and trying afterwards."

I had a long conversation with this man, who appeared very much inclined to be sociable. He told me that the vessel was named the *Transcendant*; that she sailed from Virginia to the West Indies, and that sometimes she went to England; that the captain of her was also the owner, but where he came from, or what he was, they did not know, except that he was a Virginian,—they believed so, for that he had a tobacco estate there, which was carried on by his eldest son. He called the captain a stingy, miserly fellow, who would sacrifice any man's life to save a shilling, and that there were odd stories about him at James Town.

I was well satisfied with my conversation with this man, as it assured me that our lives would not be taken, and I had no fear of the result upon my arrival at James Town, for, as I have mentioned before, Mr. Trevannion had vessels which sailed to that port, and I well recollected the names of the parties to whom the vessel and cargo were consigned.

On the following day the captain of the brig, followed by his ill-favoured son, came forward and looked at us as we laid in irons, upon which I addressed him,

"You have put me in irons, sir, when I threw myself upon your protection. You have robbed us of our money to the amount of nearly 400*l.*, and you detain our other property. I now again desire that I may

be released. I offered to convince you that I was a person of property, but you refused to listen to me. Now, sir, I will tell you that I am a partner in the house of Trevannion, at Liverpool, and that we have vessels that trade between James Town and that port. Our vessels are consigned to Messrs. Fairbrother and Wilcocks, of James Town, and on my arrival I will soon prove that to you; and also not only make you surrender the property you have robbed us of, but I will make you smart pretty handsomely for your treatment of us, that you may depend upon."

"Fairbrother and Wilcocks," muttered he, "confound the fellow. Oh," said he, turning round to me, "you got the name of that firm from some ship you have plundered and sunk, I suppose. No, no, that won't do, old birds are not to be caught with chaff."

"I believe you to have been a pirate yourself, if you are not one now," replied I, "at all events you are a thief and a paltry villain—but our time will come."

"Yes, it will," said the captain of the xebecque, "and remember, you scoundrel, if you can escape and buy off justice, you shall not escape seven Portuguese knives, mind you that."

"No, no," cried the Portuguese sailors; "stop till we are on shore, and then come on shore if you dare."

"I say, father," said young Hopeful, "this looks like mischief; better hang them I reckon than to be stuck like pigs. They look as if they'd do it, don't they?"

I shall never forget the diabolical expression of the captain of the brig after the Portuguese sailors had done speaking. He had a pistol at his belt, which he drew out.

"That's right, shoot 'em, father, dead men tell no tales, as you have always said."

"No, no," said the seaman who was on guard, motioning them back with his cutlass, "there will be no shooting nor hanging either, we are all sworn to that. If so be they be pirates, there's the law of the country to condemn them, and if they be not pirates, why then that's another story."

The captain looked at the seaman as if he could have shot him if he dared. Then turned round hastily and went back to the cabin, followed by his worthy offspring.

For seven days we remained in irons, when we heard land announced by the sailors on deck, and the brig's head was put towards it. At night she was hove-to, and the next morning again stood in, and we perceived that we were in smooth water. Towards night the anchor was let go, and we asked the guard if we had arrived at James Town?

He replied, "No, but we were in a river on the coast, but he did not know what river it was nor did any of the crew, nor could they tell why the captain had anchored there. But they had seen several canoes with Indians cross the river, but that there appeared to be no white settlement that they could discover. The mystery was, however, cleared up on the following morning. A small boat, which could barely hold eight people, was lowered from the stern, and hauled up alongside. We were taken up, one by one, the scoundrel of a captain having first stripped each of us to our trousers, not even allowing us a shirt. We were ordered to get into the boat. As soon as we were all in, and our weight brought



the boat down to her gunnel, two oars were handed to us, and then the captain of the brig said,

“Now, you rascally pirates, I might have hanged you all, and I would have done so, for I know you well. I recollect your faces when you plundered the ‘*Eliza*,’ when I was off Porto Rico; but if I put you in prison at James Town, I shall have to wait two or three months until the court sits, and I cannot be detained for such scoundrels as you; so now you may pull on shore, and get on how you can. Shove off, directly, or I’ll put a bullet through your brains.”

“Hold fast,” cried I, “and let him fire if he dares. You men belonging to the *Transcendant*, I call you to witness this treatment. Your captain has robbed us of a large sum of money, and now turns us adrift, so as to compel us to land among savages who may kill us immediately. I appeal to you, will you permit this cruelty and injustice? If you are English I conceive you will not.”

There was some talk and expostulation with the captain of the brig, in consequence of what I said; but while it was going on, the captain’s son leaned over the side, and, with his knife, cut the painter, or rope, which held the boat, and as the tide was running on very strong, in less than half a minute we were a long way astern of the brig, and drifting fast up the river.

We got out our oars, and attempted to pull for the brig, for we knew that the seamen were taking our parts; but it was in vain; the tide ran several miles an hour, and in another minute or two, with all our exertions, we were nearly a quarter of a mile astern of her, and the boat was so loaded that we hardly dared move lest we should upset it. We had, therefore, no option but to go on shore and take our chance; but when the men were pulling round for the shore, on reflection I thought that we had better not land so soon, as the sailors had told us that they had seen the Indians in their canoes. I therefore recommended that we should allow the boat to drift up the river with the tide, and then drift down again when the tide turned, remaining in the middle of the stream till it was dark, when we would land and make our way into the woods. My advice was followed; we sat still in the boat, just keeping her head to the stream with the oars, and, being without our shirts, the sun scorching and blistering our backs, till past noon, during which time we must have drifted nearly twenty miles up the river, which was as broad as the arm of a sea at the entrance; then the tide turned, and we drifted back again till it was dusk, when it was again slack water. All this while we kept a sharp look-out to see if we could perceive any Indians, but not one was to be seen. I now proposed that we should take our oars and pull out of the river, as if we had only gone up on a survey, for the brig had got under weigh, and had anchored, for want of wind, about four miles off, and the Indians, if there were any, would suppose that we were returning to the ship. We did so, and pulled till it was dark, and were within two miles of the brig, where the flood-tide again made strong, when we turned the boat’s head up the river, and pulled with the oars to get up as far as we could before we landed. This we did, suffering much from hunger and thirst, as well as being confined so long in one position. As my knee was quite well, I now took off the bandage, and hung my diamond round my neck as before. I could not help feeling a satisfaction, when I thought that the thief of a captain little imagined what a

mine of wealth he was losing when he turned me adrift. It was about midnight when the tide ceased to flow, and we then agreed to land, and the question then was, whether we should separate or keep together. After some discussion, we agreed to separate in twos, and the Portuguese captain and I agreed to keep each other company. We first pushed the boat into the stream, that she might drift away, and then, shaking each other by the hand and bidding adieu, we all started in different directions. For some time the captain and I threaded the woods in silence, when we were stopped by a stream of deep water, with such high banks, that in the dark we did not know how to cross it. We walked by the side of it for some time to discover a passage, and in so doing, we at last found ourselves again on the banks of the river, and our boat lying close to us, having grounded not far from where we had shoved her off. We tasted the water in the creek, and found it quite fresh: we had several times tried it on the river, and found it quite salt from the tide running in. We drank plentifully, and sat down to recover ourselves, for although we had not walked more than half-an-hour, the pushing through the brushwood was very fatiguing. •

“I think,” said I, “that this boat will certainly betray us, and would it not be better to take possession of it again? It will hold two comfortably, and I think we shall get on as well, if not better, in a boat, than in the woods without compass and without guide.”

“I agree with you,” said the captain; “but what shall we do?”

“Let us retrace our steps; let us pull again, with the ebb-tide, for the mouth of the river, and then coast it along shore; we may arrive at some settlement, if we do not starve by the way.”

“I agree with you,” he said, “it will be the best plan; we must conceal ourselves in the day, and coast along at night.”

We waded into the river, got into the boat, and again pulled out. The boat being light, now pulled well, and we made good speed; and at daylight we were clear of the river, and close to a small island near the mouth of it. Upon this, we agreed to land, to try if we could procure food, for we were much exhausted, and also to conceal ourselves from the natives. We ran our little boat on shore, and concealed her among some bushes which grew down at the water's edge. We looked well round, but could see nothing, and we then walked out in search of food; we found some wild plums, which we eagerly devoured; and going down again to the beach, where there were some rocks, we found shell fish, which we broke the shells of between two stones, and made a meal of. After our hunger was satisfied, we laid down under the shelter of the boat, and fell fast asleep. We were so tired that we did not wake up till it was nearly dark, when we agreed to start again, and pull along the coast to the northward. We were just launching our boat, when we perceived a canoe about three miles off, steering from the mouth of the river to the island. This stopped us, and we remained in our hiding place. The canoe approached, steering directly for the spot where we lay concealed, and we imagined that they had discovered us. Such, however, proved not to be the case, for they ran on shore about fifty yards from us, and hauling up the canoe, they got out and walked away on land. There were four men, but it was now too dark to distinguish any more. We remained quiet for a quarter of an hour, when I proposed that we should embark,

"Have you ever managed a canoe," said the Portuguese captain to me.

"I have been in one in Africa very often," I said, "but they are dug-outs, as we call them."

"So have I, and I do not think there is so much difference between them and these canoes. Can you paddle?"

"Yes," I replied.

"So can I," he said. "Now observe, the best thing we can do, is to take possession of that canoe; and then we shall get on better, for our boat will always attract notice, whereas a canoe will not; besides, it will prevent these Indians, if they are come to look for us, which I suspect they have, from following us."

"I think you are right," I said; "but how shall we manage?"

"In this way. You shall shove off our boat and walk by its side, dragging it up to where the canoe lies; I will go to the canoe, launch it, and then we will make off with both till we are too far out to be taken; then, when we have got into the canoe, we will turn our boat adrift."

I agreed to the proposals. We launched our boat very quietly, and I walked in the water up to my knees, drawing it after me till I arrived opposite to the canoe. The Portuguese crept on his hands and knees till he had gained the canoe, pushed her off, and joined me. We made her fast to the tow-rope of our own boat, then got into the boat, and pulled away from the island.

We had not gained more than one hundred yards, when the whiz of an arrow met our ears. The Indians had discovered us it was evident. Two or three more arrows came flying by us, but we had now got well out, and they fell harmless. We continued to pull till we were half a mile from the island, and then we laid on our oars. The stars shone bright; there was a young moon, so as to enable us to see pretty well. We found the paddles of the canoe lying on the cross pieces. We had nothing to take from the boat but our tow-rope and the two small oars; these we put into the canoe, and then getting in ourselves, we let the boat go adrift. We put her head to the northward, between the island and the main, and paddled away as fast as we could.

The captain was a much better hand than I was, and he therefore took the office of steersman. The water was as smooth as glass, and we made rapid progress, and did not discontinue our exertions, except now and then resting for a few moments till the morning dawned, when we could hardly distinguish the island we had left, and found ourselves about five miles from the mainland. We had now time to examine the contents of the canoe, and had much reason to be gratified with our acquisition. It had three bears-skin at the bottom, several pounds of yams, cooked and uncooked, two calabashes full of water, bows and arrows, three spears, a tomahawk, three fishing-rods and hooks, and some little gourds full of black, white, and red paint; and what we prized more than all, some flints and a large rusty nail, with rotten-wood to serve as tinder.

"We are fortunate," said the captain, "now before we pull on for the shore we must paint ourselves like Indians; at all events, you must black yourself, as you have no shirt, and I must do the same, although I do not require it so much as you do."

"Let us have something to eat and drink first," replied I, "and we will proceed to our toilette afterwards."



## • ECHOES FROM THE BACKWOODS.

•  
BY CAPTAIN LEVINGE.

## CHAP. XI.

## A RACE THROUGH THE UNITED STATES.

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(CONTINUED.)

“ Our commodore, sir, of ‘ the Peacock,’ the ship that *whipt* your ‘ Hornet,’ talked so much about a mare he had, that he actually bought a saddle and bridle for her, though he never had a horse in his life.”—*Table-d’Hôte Conversation*.

ANOTHER YOUNG ONE.—A new journal has been started at New York, called *Young America*. We believe the principles it advocates are—universal repudiation, mint-juleps, no taxes, and a tarnation thrashing to all the world.—*Punch*.

Avoid the Swamp—An extra Passenger—Canvass-backed Ducks—Mint Julep—Spinning-knives—Mammoth Oysters—Military Umbrellas and Cavalry—Fine Arts—Receipt for a Fine Head of Hair—“ The Apollo” at a Discount.

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We were recommended to go by land, from Charleston to New York. The inducements were, a drive through the “ dismal swamp” and a visit to the great naval arsenal at Norfolk; but the former did not sound inviting, and as for the latter, we were somewhat over intimately acquainted with dockyards in general, having mounted many guards over them in the old country. We therefore determined to give them both a wide berth and embark direct for New York in the old “ David Brown” steamboat. So high was she out of the water, and so top-heavy, that although it was a dead calm, and the swell a mere nothing, she rolled, to all appearances, as if she would capsize. No sooner did she get under-weigh, than it came on to blow great guns, right-a-head; but the harder it blew the steadier she became. We were three days and three nights in reaching New York; half of the voyage was over when an unfortunate little black slave was discovered, who, having got on board without observation, had hid himself a day and a night behind the boiler; he was forced from his place of refuge by hunger and the intense heat. The captain hailed a steamer returning to Charleston, and put him on board, in spite of all his tears and entreaties. We tried hard to persuade the captain to favour his escape, but without success, as he said it was as much as his situation was worth to do so. The poor little wretch was therefore dragged off to be returned to a probably cruel master.

New York has been for ever described, so has the Astor House, famous for its magnitude, table-d’hôte, and canvass-backed ducks.

Amongst the first questions asked by one’s friends on returning to England from an American trip, are, “ Have you eaten canvass-backed ducks? What are they like?” “ Have you tasted mint julep? How is it made?”

The canvass-backed duck is a variety of the Pochard,\* or dun bird. The flavour of the meat is to be attributed to the kind of food they find in the mud of the Potomac, for like all the waterfowl tribe, their taste depends entirely on their feeding.

Mint julep is thus concocted :—

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\* *Fuligula Valisineria*.

Fresh raw mint.

Equal quantities of brandy and rum.

Sugar, with rough ice planed quite thin.

The tumbler filled up with water to the top.

It is poured backwards and forwards into another tumbler till the whole is churned up. Yet in spite of such concoctions, the total absence of malt liquor, or of any light wine, is a great nuisance; whiskey and peach brandy are placed upon the table, and are not charged for; wine is very dear everywhere; sixteen dollars a bottle have been paid for Madeira. The greatest part of the champagne is American cyder, sent to France to be stamped and re-imported, "to gull their folks on the principle of wooden nutmegs." At the table-d'hôte it is ever "Broadway," "Buffaloe," "dollars" and "dollars" again. The great amusement after dinner was spinning knives. The old hands knew the respective merits of each knife to a turn, and made their bets accordingly. It was not always the pace "what kills," a drop of wax or part of a raisin stuck upon the blade made them slow and sure.

We admired, as every one must, the pretty face and figures of the New York ladies. But it is a pity they follow the abominable practice of chewing the gum of the spruce fir, which no doubt is one cause of the early loss of their teeth; it is a most unbecoming habit. The jaw is kept in perpetual motion, like a cow ruminating. So they "chew the cud of sweet and bitter fancies," whilst their better halves incessantly masticate tobacco. Girls in America marry young, when they immediately give up society and take to the drudgery of making puddings and pies, in which they especially excel. A Yankee will swear by his puddings, quite as much as he will by his thunder and lightning, which he says "whips that of all other countries to immortal smash."

"In pumpkins, pies, and 'possum fat,  
In us dere's no mistaking, oh!  
And den I tink we beat de world  
In boiling and beefsteaking, oh!"

The oysters are monstrous in New York, as large as a saucer, and not to be swallowed at a *coup* by all mouths.

At the theatres they are now, thanks to Mrs. Trollope, extremely well behaved, for if a man attempts to take off his coat, or to sit upon the edge of the boxes, turning his back to the audience, there is an immediate cry of "Trollope, Trollope, turn him out." That lady has likewise taught them to brush their hats.

But oh ye gods and little fishes,  
What's New York without militias?

When Mathews visited the United States, he found their national guard better armed against wet weather than any European troops, but since his time they have become dreadfully soldier-like, and real firelocks and bayonets have been substituted for umbrellas. It is a goodly sight to see a muster on Independence day. Hundreds of companies, each in a different uniform, of every colour in the rainbow; all kinds of shakos, helmets, and caps; every description of plumes, feathers, and tufts, of all hues and all sizes meet the eye, flourishing in every direction, ingenuity having been stretched to the utmost to invent such a heterogeneous mass of disfigure-

ment. Strange to say, a pump was once sufficient to embarrass this mighty armament; for years it had out manoeuvred their best generals (whose knowledge of military tactics was somewhat limited), for when the head of the column arrived at that part of the street where it was situated, it wavered and hesitated, company after company was thrown into disorder, until they were all completely routed; the ladies laughed, their lovers blushed, when one day, to the great joy of the military of New York, a new mayor ordered the old pump to be pulled down (blown up would have been a less ignoble fate for such an antagonist), and they now march past in all their glory, to the tune of "Yankee Doodle" and "Hail Columbia," like heroes dreading nought; a Pat who enjoyed the rank of full private in the "Slashers," saw a French division marching three deep (French and most foreign troops still manoeuvre in that way) held up his hands and exclaimed,—

"Very well, the front rank. Middling well, the *rare* rank. Oh! Holy Moses, the centre."

The infantry was pretty well, but what would the "Slasher" have said had he seen the Yankee dragoons? All description must fall short. I saw a regiment at Utica. They were dressed in orange, with primrose facings in the front as well as on their cuffs and collars. They wore a sort of contrivance on their heads like a watering-pot, from which sprang a cloud of ostrich feathers of divers colours; round their waist was buckled a broad buff belt unpolluted by pipe-clay, and therefore another shade of yellow was added to the dress: through this was stuck the sabre, a weapon having a large hilt, not unlike the cutlass used on board ship.

With basket-hilt, that would hold broth,  
And serve for fight and dinner both.

Their overalls, which came but half-way down the leg, were of a sky-blue colour, and exceedingly long straps only prevented their boots from falling off; the boots themselves were perfectly indescribable. Blacking had never astonished them, and the rusty spurs were a happy medium between those worn by the Mamelukes and a common kitchen skewer. They rode or rather balanced themselves on their horses like a fork, the tip of the toe only reaching the stirrup. When the animal was put in motion, they were obliged to row with their legs. I have no doubt they are the bravest of the brave, but they would make a much better appearance, fight equally well, and ride infinitely better, if they would take up their stirrups at least six holes.

We visited West Point, the Sandhurst of the United States, differing from that establishment in this, that all officers are obliged to go through their military education there before they can get appointed to their regiments.

One of the boats on the so-much *bepraised* Hudson, the "Rochester," went through the water at an astonishing pace, not less than seventeen miles an hour; and, during the time she ran "opposition," burnt tar-barrels. The landing and picking up, or rather, chucking in of the passengers, was performed in a moment; the small boat getting a swing from the impetus with which the steamer was going through the water, spun her to the shore, when the passengers were bundled in; the word "go-ahead" given, and the boat was wound up and hauled alongside by a rope attached to the engine.



Although there are berths for above two hundred on board the night-boats, so numerous are the passengers that beds are made up upon a series of trays three deep, swung from the ceiling, and arranged in rows, by which means above five hundred free and enlightened citizens of the United States were enabled to snore and grunt *ensemble* in the arms of Morpheus, and their boots ranged in like manner, were cleaned and replaced without confusion.

What a temptation for those lovers of frolic in the old country, who, by the scratch of a slate-pencil, alter the whole of the "Boot's" calculation for his morning's *reveillie*: and No. 6 finds himself called to go by a coach at five o'clock instead of No. 4, a commercial ambassador, who, by the strict injunctions given over-night, implied the necessity of departing by said early coach, and who, to his great mortification, finds that the coach has not only started an hour before, but that his boots (a new pair) have, thanks to these lovers of fun, been replaced by others any thing but new, and at least an inch too short.

But the descendants of Tom King have never emigrated to the New World, and the race of bagmen in America sleep in peace and wake to find their own boots. Apropos, to this much persecuted race, I remember when billeted in "The Castle," at Newcastle, a brother officer and myself, to whom in those days fun came not amiss, being attracted to an adjacent room by sundry odd noises, and upon exploring we discovered one of the *commis voyageur* fraternity extended upon the bed in No. 10, in rather an oblivious state, owing to the strength of the "Castle" brandy. He loudly vociferated the pleasure he had in seeing company, soon declared we were the best fellows he had seen, and ordered sundry bottles of Champagne: the effect of which upon his good-nature, was strong enough to cause him to produce from under his pillow, a gig-seat full of cigars, which, being samples, were excellent, and we continued to be "such good fellows" as long as the cigars lasted, when, without much persuasion, we induced the T. G. to partake of a cool bottle of claret in our quarters. On the way to his own room, he either saw double, or mistook No. 20 for 10; which No. 20 contained our captain, a man of iron, who sallied forth armed with the poker; he drove the inebriated ambassador back to our rooms. The effect of the fright was more instantaneous than any emetic—a window was opened—his head pushed through it, and the window being shut on him, he was left regularly guillotined, to awake to a sense of the loss of his sample cigars, with a bad headache into the bargain, probably to consider himself as unfortunate as a well-known member of the Kildare-street Club in Dublin, who, when he was consoled with for his bad luck at whist, replied that "he considered himself the most unfortunate man in the world, for that he had that morning ridden three times round the *Circular Road* and found the wind *always* in his face, and that he was convinced, if he had been a hatter by trade, men would have been born *without heads*."

But to return to the steamboat, although we had taken berths, the perfume proceeding from so many somniferous citizens being any thing but agreeable, and much more like wet blankets than eau-de-Cologne, we rolled ourselves in our coats, pitched upon a soft plank, and betook ourselves to rest on the deck, until an upward rush and the ringing of a large bell awakened us to the necessity of landing again at New York.

There was at this time an exhibition of pictures open. I was struck

with some battle-pieces, masterly sketches by Colonel Trumbold—scenes in the War of Independence. There is decided talent among many of the American artists. Mr. Power, whose noble embodying of Eve is well known at Florence, has attained to wonderful eminence with the chisel; his Fisher Boy is also a *capo d'opera*. The Eve is a beautiful woman, but it is to be regretted that there is not more of the Greek and less of the Contadina in her composition; Mr. Power is a most talented man, and his clear hazel eye indicates much genius. Not so the generality of his countrymen; they never shake off the Yankee, and on entering their studios, it is easy to detect a certain self-content—a certain expression which says, “I know a trick or two,” and a wish to impress upon you that they are geniuses of the first water. Even those below mediocrity invariably tell you that “*they* are self-taught,” that “they have discovered a new method, and it is all very well to talk about Titian, Giorgione, or Rubens, *they* have made such and such effects by some self-acquired process.”

I was once copying in a palace at Rome, in company with an American, who daily endeavoured to impress me with his manner of dead-colouring—that is, preparing his picture; a copy of Murillo's Virgin and Child. One morning he called me to his easel, saying, “Now, I guess, I'm going to give the *finish* to *my* picture.” His palette was prepared with sundry transparent greens. He had worked himself into a fever, which he termed “getting his steam up.” He took, literally, a handful of one of the tints, and, dashing it against his copy, rubbed it well in with the palm of his hand. This he continued repeating, rushing backwards and forwards to see the effect, until, at last, the perspiration steamed from every pore; wiping his hands in his hair between each heat, until his picture was finished, and his hair a fine green; with all this, or rather, in spite of it, he made a good copy.

I saw him two years afterwards in Florence, with a remarkably luxuriant head of hair, no doubt the effect of maguilep—a balsam as wonderful as Willis's “Myrific,” or “thine incomparable oil, Macassar.” His opinion of his self-taught genius had increased with his hair, and he told a Roman artist, the night before his departure for the Eternal City, that he was going to paint a picture “all the world would talk of.”

I have often been amused with the remarks of Americans on the wonders of art in the galleries of Italy. That same year I followed a party through the Vatican, one of whom exclaimed, on being shown the Apollo, “Oh! that's it, is it? Well, I guess, they do dig up an almighty lot of these things about here, to be sure.”

Steam, by sea and land, conveyed us from New York to Boston in sixteen hours. Soon after getting under weigh we shot the terrific tide race of “Hell Gate,” in the fastest steamer in the world. The actual width of the channel is but eighty yards. The navigation of Hell Gate is most difficult. “The Pot” and the “Devil's Frying Pan”—the Scylla and Charybdis of the new world—lie on either side.

The lobsters of North America are at least three times the size of those caught in our seas, and, although they abound on the New England coast, they never were found in this sound until a vessel freighted with them was wrecked in the Devil's Frying Pan, when the fish escaped and multiplied exceedingly, until again driven away by the cannonading at Long Island, in the War of Independence; or, as a Yankee would say, they all went *to pot*.

In the train from Providence to Boston sat two Yankees. A phrenological discussion commenced by one requesting to be allowed to feel the other's cranium, to which he politely consented, until after having undergone the examination he was much astonished by his *vis-a-vis* exclaiming, "Sir, I guess I'm a phrenologist; I charge *one* dollar."

In due time we reached St. John, and found all hands busily engaged in rigging out sleighs, and preparing for the winter. Previous to 1838 light infantry regiments were not sent to the East or West Indies, and generally remained in New Brunswick or Nova Scotia during the whole of their service in America.

Having obtained twelve months' leave of absence I did not wish to leave the continent without visiting Lower Canada, little imagining at the time that in a few months, thanks to Mr. Papineau, I should rejoin in that country. It was with regret that I took leave of my friends in New Brunswick, and a free and independent forest life in the healthiest climate on the face of the globe.

## CHAP. XII.

### THE ATLANTIC—A WINTER'S PASSAGE.

*Son.*—"Lord, father, if mother only knew where we were."

*Father*—"Hold your tongue, you young scoundrel; if we only knew ourselves."—*Off Long Island, a Father and Son cast away at Sea.*

"One night it blew a hurricane,  
The sea was mountains rolling,  
When Barney Bunting turned his quid,  
And said to Billy Bowline—

'A strong northwester's blowing, Bill;  
Hark, dont you hear it roar now?  
Poor creaturs! how I pitys all  
Unhappy folks ashore now.'

\* \* \*

'Whilst you and I, Bill, on the deck  
Are comfortably lying,  
My eyes! what tiles and chimney-pots  
About their heads are flying.'"

Bad Weather—Good Living—Thunder and Lightning—Lobsters out of their Element—The Duke of York's Friend; his Life Saved at the Coa—Difficulty of Steering the Samuel Walker—Liberality of American Custom Houses—Harassing Journey—Breaking up of the Ice—Montreal.

In consequence of the outbreak in Canada all officers on leave of absence were ordered to join their regiments in the North American colonies. In three or four days I accordingly found myself at Liverpool, and on board a magnificent liner of 900 tons, bound for New York. With the exception of one American, twelve or fourteen officers were the only passengers; no one attempting to cross the Atlantic in the winter months—a bore of the first magnitude, and not to be undertaken except as in our case, "in duty bound."

The *St. Andrew* went boldly on her course for four or five days, and the studding sails "low and aloft" were filled by a perfect sailing breeze right-aft, but certain signs familiar to the nautical world, soon convinced us of the truth of the old saying that

Mackerel skies and mare's tails,  
Make lofty ships carry low sails.



It blew an uninterrupted hurricane for thirty-three days, during most of which time we were "laying-to," without a stitch of canvass set; a bit of tarpauling threaded through the mizen-rigging sufficed to steer her by; but the *St. Andrew* was a noble vessel, and her captain a fine fellow, and the sailor's dread—a *lee-shore*—was not thought of in the midst of the Atlantic, where drifting a few hundred miles more or less to leeward is nothing, the only danger being lest the wind should suddenly lull, when unless they can "make sail" the vessel loses steerage-way, and falls off into the trough of the seas, when a huge wave will sometimes run up the side, and balancing itself as it were in the air, curl over, and breaking its great crest, fall upon the deck, and shake the ship to her very keelson. A few such following in quick succession must swamp her.

We passed a Frenchman in great distress. She had been "pooped" when scudding, and a sea had carried away the whole of her stern, over the wreck of which they were nailing canvass; but the sea ran so high we dared not go near her. What made it the more distressing were the signals she made that the whole of one watch had been washed overboard.

During the continuance of the gale, partial lulls were succeeded by the most tremendous hail-squalls, the wind suddenly and generally four or five times in the twenty-four hours, shifting round diametrically to the opposite point of the compass, and our nightly course was frequently illuminated by what are called "Jack o' Lanterns," halos of light like balls of fire round the top of the masts, and on the extremities of the yard-arms. The effect of the angry monsters of waves, beat down for the time by the violence of the hail to a comparative smoothness, lighted up by these meteors, and by vivid flashes of lightning, was awfully sublime. On one occasion a sea struck her a little abaft the bows, clearing away the boats, bulwarks, hurricane house and all, flush with the deck, and knocked the men over at the wheel.

The captain told me he had once had his caboose, cook and dinner, all carried overboard, and that the return sea had brought them back, such was his story, I did not see it.

I cannot tell how the truth may be,  
I tell the tale as 'twas told to me.

He also said, that when in the same ship she had been struck with lightning, which entered the pantry, and running along a line of tea-cups, hanging on hooks, broke all the handles, so that the whole line of cups fell simultaneously, to the astonishment of the steward; passing on, it ran down one of the tables laid for dinner, breaking the decanters and glasses (so much for glass being a non-conductor), and finally passed out of one of the after port-holes, doing no mischief to any thing else.\*

American skippers place the greatest possible reliance on the barometer, and observe it constantly: one day I was going up the companion ladder with ours, it was a dead calm at the time, *en passant* he glanced at the glass, rushed by me, turned up all hands to shorten sail, but before

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\* Another of our skipper's stories, was the finding a vessel yawing about in a most fearful way, steering wild. He first determined to give her a wide berth, but afterwards thought he would inquire the longitude. He therefore hailed her, "What ship is that?" "The Samuel Walker." "Where are you from?" "From *Bosting down east*." "Who commands her?" "Why, *I undertuk* her, but I swear she is *too much for me*."

they could furl half of them, it came on a violent squall which increased to a gale before half an hour.

The living on board these packets is perfect; and though the passage was much longer than is usually calculated upon, and there were a greater number of passengers, still we had every thing equally good to the end of the voyage. Champagne, Burgundy, porter, soda, seltzer-water, sardines in oil, and what is the greatest luxury of all at sea, the old cow did her duty to the end of the voyage.

We could not enjoy these good things in peace—the dead-lights were generally in—a leg of mutton would occasionally take a short cut into the nearest cabin, and so hard did it blow, and so much was the old vessel out of the perpendicular, that many of the passengers were afraid to leave their berths for days, taking what rest they could get by placing their feet in a “*slantingdicular*” position against the top of their berths to steady themselves, during the time they contrived to stow away a certain quantity of nautical food called *lobscouse*, an excellent conglomeration of the fag-ends of ham and smashed potatoes capable of being conveniently conveyed to the mouth with a spoon.

It happened one evening that the conversation turned upon the best thing to be done in the case of a man’s falling overboard. Nearly all the party had witnessed such accidents; each had seen a different remedy tried; life-buoys were descanted upon, and every sort of patent anti-drowning contrivances discussed; but, as usual, no two agreed. It was like Mr. Merriman’s wonderful amphibious “sea cow,” which could not live on the land and died in the water, “measured twenty feet from his head to his tail, and only seventeen from his tail to his head, and, further, had two hundred and forty-four spots upon his body, no *two* alike of every *one* different,” On one point, however, they all did agree, which was, how rarely a man is ever saved. The captain gave it as his opinion as the only chance in such a case, if by day, was, for some person immediately to run up the nearest shrouds and never take his eye off the man, for long before a large ship can be brought to the wind, or a boat lowered—especially if it is blowing fresh—an incredibly large space is left between the victim and the vessel.

With the captain’s words ringing in our ears, we betook ourselves to our several berths, and, curious enough it was, that when in the act of extending my legs next morning to an angle of nearly 45 deg., in order to get a hitch and a purchase against the side of my cabin, to steady myself before beginning the operation of shaving, and just as I had incited some of Mr. Smith’s best “Naples soap” to a lather, and dipped my razor into a sort of tin contrivance filled with parboiled bilge-water, I heard a row on deck, men running aft; I rushed up, and found the helm was “hard a lee,” all the sails flapping, a heavy sea was running, the captain was in the mizen top, and “a man overboard;” I ran up the shrouds to join the captain, who, after great difficulty, pointed out to me a black point occasionally visible upon the side of a huge wave. This object was quite in an opposite direction from that in which a landsman would have looked for it, and it would even have puzzled a seaman to indicate where had been the wake of the vessel, or, rather, the course she had been on. After an half-hour or forty minutes of great anxiety on the part of all of us, the man was got on board a boat which had been lowered and despatched after him. According to his account, he had been working in the fore-chains, under the bowsprit, and was clad merely in a pair of light

duck trousers ; his being thus unincumbered was in his favour ; on coming to the top of the water, and looking about him, he soon discovered by the alteration in the course of the vessel, that he was missed, and being an excellent swimmer (which was proved by his having deserted from an American ship of war by swimming three miles ashore by night), he only maintained an upright position, and from the buoyancy of the water and the great size of the seas he was able to do so with little or no exertion. He was a fine muscular fellow (I never saw such a chest), tattooed all over. He ran up the side of the vessel, turned a summersault upon the deck, and disappeared to his berth. A glass of grog was administered and he was none the worse.

On the subject of buoys, and the few lives that are saved by their means, I recollect, when coming home in a line-of-battle ship from Gibraltar, sitting at supper, or rather tea, one fine but dark night, there was but little sea, the ship was slipping through the water at the rate of ten knots, under a crowd of canvass, we were startled by the lieutenant of the watch's rushing into the gun-room : "A man overboard," he exclaimed, as without arresting his progress he made straight for the stern windows, below which were suspended the life-buoys ; attached to each of them were a couple of strings, with the notice, "Fire"—"Let go," over either. Unfortunately, the old adage proved in this instance too true—"the more haste, the worse speed"—and instead of pulling that string which would have fired the amphibious conveyance, and letting it fall, he seized the rope of "Let go." The life-buoy fell unlit. In this case, however, the lieutenant's mistake signified not, for the two poor fellows missing were supposed to have struck against the cat-heads in their fall, owing to the bellying out of the sail, and in all probability they were killed before their bodies reached the water. The ship was put about, however ; boats were lowered ; a search was made ; even the life-buoy was not found ; and after an hour or so the ship resumed her course.

There was an old light-division hero on board, a well-known person. He had distinguished himself on many occasions, but nowhere so much as at the battle of Coa, where he was left on the field of battle badly wounded. It was a moonlight night, and a party of females came to rifle the dead, and as often happens, they charitably intended to show their tender mercies to any wounded man they might find, by putting him out of his misery. When they came to C——, whom they found lying on his face, they commenced despoiling him ; a lucky thought struck him, he would hold his breath, and sham dead. He did so, until his body became so inflated, he could hold out no longer ; when, in the act of turning him over, a terrific groan was heard. The whole party scampered off panic-struck, leaving him in peaceful possession of the field, and alive to tell the tale ; and, with many others, he enlivened us during this cruel winter's run. Moreover, he was the identical Captain C—— who called upon the duke, then commander-in-chief, to ask his royal highness to give him his promotion, winding up his request by saying, "that he hoped he would, as his royal highness was the only friend he had in the army."

"And not a bad one either, Captain C——," was the duke's good-natured reply, and C—— found himself in the next gazette.

At length we encountered a short and pitching sea, caused by the winds being in an adverse direction to the gulf stream, and a bucket being lowered and hauled up full of hot water, the skipper was confirmed



in his idea that we had entered that great flood of hot water, which, having its rise in the Gulf of Mexico, affects the Atlantic as far north as Newfoundland. From thence a fair wind filled the sails of the St. Andrew, until the sight of the high lands of "Neversink" obliged the old ship to alter her course, when the wind headed us, and being anxious to land, we were glad to get into a pilot-boat, a regular "clipper," and we "beat up" almost in the wind's eye, amongst masses of floating ice in "The Narrows," to New York, where we arrived after a passage of sixty-five days, the second best amongst sixteen other liners which had left Europe at the same time.

- Thanks to the liberality of the United States government, the custom-house officers had orders to pass free all officers' baggage who were proceeding to Canada, and we landed accordingly without that cursed ordeal, a custom-house examination; and the disagreeabilities of such a voyage as we had experienced were at once forgotten in the luxuries of a warm-bath at the Astor House.

The system of examination at custom-houses, either when landing in a foreign country or in passing a frontier, usually tends much to annoy the traveller. No nation are so liberal as the United States on this subject—none so detestably troublesome as our own. From the Rhine it is possible to enter Holland without having one's baggage overhauled, also to pass into Austria, though they may be rather more strict. In Bavaria a gulden has the same effect as a few pauls in Tuscany; and a scudo carefully administered to a laced pontifical Doganiere, will elicit an "Ecco, ecco, signor, la sua Lascia passare." I once witnessed an unfortunate *brave Belge*, who, when landing at the Tower Stairs, gave his word that he had nothing to declare; but, unfortunately, in attempting to pass down the vessel's side, he brushed against one of the custom-house tide-waiters. Slight as was the contact, it was sufficient to cause the shilling-seeking understrapper to instigate a strict search, and what followed beats all description. Two men proceeded to pass their hands down his sleeves and pantaloons in a manner a small boy is taught to groom a hunter's fore-legs. Lo! at every stroke a shower of cigars came forth, until, like a milked cow, his sleeves and nether garments would yield no more. They then asked if he had *now* any thing to declare. Unluckily, his answer in the negative did not sufficiently convince them that his Herculean calves, ill-according with his now meagre figure, were to obtain free entrance into her British majesty's dominions, and his boots were pulled off amidst a fresh shower of cigars, *sacrès*, and shouts of laughter. On the return of Army of Occupation from France, all kinds of smuggling were considered fair play. An officer who had filled the firelocks of his company with lace, was much annoyed at a custom-house officer requesting he would give the word to "examine arms."

But although it may be necessary to prevent such infringement on the laws requiring duties to be paid on certain foreign luxuries, it cannot be necessary to molest officers landing from service in our colonies as has happened to myself on arriving at Liverpool, where the incivility of the Jacks-in-office surpasses any thing it has ever been my luck to encounter in any part of the world, and one in particular, who possessed but one leg, legitimately his own (the other being of wood), is especially to be avoided. It was with the greatest difficulty, and this occurred another time when I landed at Portsmouth, also from America, that I got off without paying duty for my own sketches; and a couple of birch canoes, the skins

and horns of moose-deer, and specimens of birds, though all prepared by myself, were charged with duty; furthermore, after being detained for twenty-four hours in Liverpool to have our baggage overhauled, I was requested to take an oath, that a London-made gun I had taken out with me was really made by Lancaster; and I was made (not in the Jeremy Diddler line certainly) to pay two-and-sixpence to her majesty's customs for taking the said oath. This having happened in '39, it is to be hoped that some improvement has been made since that time.

From New York a steamer conveyed us to Sing Sing, the locale of the famous prisons; above it the Hudson was frozen; we were therefore obliged to commit ourselves to the regular stage. Posting exists not in the United States, but they put on extra stages, *i. e.* coaches to accommodate passengers, therefore there is no danger of being left; but the "extras" had been so much worked, owing to the number of officers at this time passing up to Canada, that the horses were completely knocked up, and the roads were in an abominable amphibious state, as is always the case in the early spring; the mud which was frozen at top would sometimes bear the wheels, but oftener they broke through; and the misery of travelling day and night in such weather, when thirty miles in the twenty-four hours was considered a good day's work, rendered our journey detestable. The road followed the left bank of the North River and the shores of the Lake Champlain. As we approached the frontier, we found every village inn filled with "patriots," "sympathisers," or, in plain English, "Rebels" who took the opportunity afforded by being in the United States, to insult us in every possible way, and it was therefore, all things considered, with no slight satisfaction, that we reached the first British outpost. That evening I came up with my regiment, which formed part of the army on the Richelieu. During the remainder of the spring the troops were employed in chasing the rebels, who invariably fled before them; and on the frost breaking up, we moved to La Prairie, which is on the opposite side of the St. Lawrence to Montreal, in time to witness the breaking up of the ice, an event watched with great interest by the Canadians. Cannons are fired so assist its dispersion: should a jam take place, it piles up in masses and causes tremendous destruction. A comparatively small piece checked in its downward career is liable to stop this frozen flood for miles, which then soon collects block upon block, until it overwhelms whole villages, and leaves every thing within its reach an utter wreck. So variable is the climate in these regions, that no sooner was the river clear of ice, than vegetation commenced; and a fortnight sufficed to change the iron face of winter to vernal spring. And it was an agreeable sight as the setting sun would throw its long shadows over the mighty flood so lately a perfect sea of ice; and to witness the town of Montreal, with its tin roofs and spires, backed by the purple Mount Royal, reflected in the broad St. Lawrence.

In passing from La Prairie to Montreal, the steamer descends the rapids at such a terrific pace, that it requires six men to steer her; an iron tiller is obliged to be employed, as she would not answer her helm quick enough if steered by a wheel. Our baggage having arrived from New Brunswick, we were obliged to throw aside our fur caps, blanket coats, and rags, to find but a bad exchange for our free life on the Richelieu, in the pipe clay and garrison duty of Montreal.

## LIGHTS AND SHADES

IN THE LIFE OF A

GENTLEMAN ON HALF-PAY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "STORIES OF WATERLOO."

No. XXII.

MARY HARDING—AN IRISH HOSTELRIE.

Whose voice is heard ? Whose carbine rang ?  
 Whose bullet through the night-air sang,  
 'Too nearly, deadly aimed to err ?  
 'Tis thine !"

THE BRIDE OF ABYDOS.

WHEN the fair traveller raised her veil, I was most agreeably gratified by the imperfect exhibition of a very pretty face ; but when, at the suggestion of the hostess, she delivered her bonnet to her maid, and in the parlance of a man-milliner, unshawled afterwards, one minute placed me *hors de combat*. The first look had elicited unqualified admiration ; but, on a second and a longer examination of the sweet wayfarer, it was all over with me.

Mary Harding—for over my destiny the name of Mary exercised a paramount influence—was scarcely nineteen. Hers was the outline of a girlish figure, which a few years would mature to womanly perfection. I have looked at more commanding beauty, but never on so sweet a face. I have stood the assault of haughty loveliness, which, as a prescriptive right, demanded instant admiration. No thrilling glance flashed from Mary's soft blue eye, but her gentle and expressive look said, or seemed to say, "love me not, if you can." It was not the rich luxuriance of her auburn hair—teeth of pearly whiteness, or lips that a cardinal might kiss, and obtain an easy absolution—every feature was harmonised for love—and it was the *ensemble* of the countenance that played the devil.

But a few minutes had elapsed from the time that the wheels of the stranger's carriage had interrupted my *tête-à-tête* with Morteeine's wife, until, as Jack Falstaff would say, I was "past praying for." The host was either too agreeably occupied with the travellers he had attached himself to, or prevented by the storm from hearing the arrival of new guests, for all the preliminary matters were completed, and the lady, her father, and myself, in free conversation at the kitchen-fire, before the red landlord favoured us with the light of his countenance. He had come in for a fresh supply of whiskey—and it was quite apparent that during his temporary absence time had not been wasted by the worthy man in discussing "thin potations"—Morteeine Crassaugh, in Irish parlance, was regularly *slewed*.

I remember the pleasant relict of a defunct field-officer, used the remark after her liege lord had dined at mess—"For Heaven's sake, my dear M——, send poor dear Bob home, either with one bottle only



under his belt, or else be sure and make it *two*—for when he has got that ‘curse-a-God three pints’ in, the devil would not stand him!” Morteeine’s allowance, I fancy, had just touched the three-pint scale, for he was confoundedly cross, and his cat-like eye had a more feline expression than before. He made a surly inclination of the head to the strangers, and then inquired,

“Were the gentlefolks sheltering from the shower?”

“Shower!” exclaimed his helpmate, with a contemptuous glance, while, at the moment, a flash of lightning blazed across the window, and a peal of thunder appeared to rock the house. “Shower!” she repeated. “Call it by the right name—storm! This gentleman and lady stop here for the night.”

“The night?” returned Red Martin, with a frown. “Is the girl doting? The only room we have is engaged by this gentleman already.”

“And which he surrenders with great pleasure to the lady, and hopes, if the fire be kindled sufficiently, that she will do him the honour of taking instant possession.”

I made a deferential bow; the lady smiled graciously; Morteeine, I thought, was inclined to enter a demurrer to the arrangement; but his young wife put the matter to an end by fighting the lady and her maid into the disputed chamber, after admonishing her attendants to hurry supper.

Whatever the cause might be, the addition to his company, which generally gladdens the heart of an innkeeper, had an opposite effect on Morteeine Crassaugh. Unlike Lord Duberley, he wished at least for that night, “for no more custom to the shop;” and after replenishing a large pewter measure with poteine, he again returned to his company. In the course of half an hour, the inner room was arranged to the young lady’s satisfaction, and a homely but comfortable supper was served by the hostess in person.

Of course, I was made an honorary member of the old gentleman’s mess; and, fascinated with the beautiful girl to whom I was introduced under such singular circumstances, I half-resolved to give that young imp, Morteeine beg, a half-a-crown in the morning for abstracting Ulick’s linch-pin, and leaving us on the king’s high-road. An hour passed—the storm continued—and when the thunder-clap was heard, and the rain-drops smote the casement, seated snugly beside the bog-deal fire, the old gentleman was liberal in his thanks for having obtained such comfortable accommodation, and his sweet daughter looked hers most eloquently.

Our sole attendant was the handsome hostess; and I remarked that when she latterly entered the room, her manner was hurried and confused. She opened the door of a cupboard—looked for a moment, as if she wanted something within it—then, passing behind my chair, she whispered in my ear,—

“Be cool and cautious; in five minutes, enter that closet,” and she pointed to a small door in the corner of the apartment; “open the window, and I will tell you more. The safety of the strangers rests in their ignorance of danger; and on you and me, under Heaven, their deliverance depends!”

Before the prescribed time had expired, I obeyed the commands of the

pretty landlady, entered the inner room, and placed myself at the window, after quietly opening the sash. In a few minutes Morteine's wife stole softly round the house, and joined me.

"Hist!" she said, in a whisper. "Pass through the casement. Follow me: look, listen, and be silent!"

In a moment I hopped out of the window, and followed the hostess on tip-toe. She led me round the gable of the house, ensconced me under the shoulder of a peat-stack, pointed to a little window, and whispering that she would watch against surprise, and warn me if danger should appear, she vanished and left me *en embuscade*.

You may rest assured, gentle reader, that I let no time slip until I turned eavesdropper. In Ireland, for this gentlemanly occupation, the casement of a country inn affords the most tempting advantages, as it is invariably provided with a broken pane, which to any person without, who is desirous of being edified by the conversation within, is decidedly an immense convenience. In the *sanctum* in which Morteine was combining business with pleasure, a square of glass had been replaced with the fragment of an old newspaper, and it had proved a sorry substitute, and yielded to wind and rain. "Fas est ab hoste deceri" is a saw as old as the hills—and faith! without ceremony, I availed myself of the "breach in his battlement," and made myself an *outsider* of Morteine Crassaugh's privy council.

The host, if appearances might be trusted, was in "villanous company." Two of the party were the horsemen I had seen alight at the inn early in the evening; the third had arrived immediately before Mr. Harding and his daughter; and while we remained in the kitchen he stood before the fire drying his wet clothes, and, as I remembered, looking occasionally at the young lady with a rude familiarity, which induced me to press her retirement to the state apartment that had been assigned to me. Honest, the travellers might be; but certainly looks went sadly against that conclusion. Firearms of sundry kinds were laid upon the table—rather unusual appurtenances to a peaceable symposium; and, indeed, judging by their exterior, there was not one of the *parti quarie* who would not cry "Stand to a true man!"

He who had last arrived fixed my attention more particularly than his companions. He was a tall, slight, dark-visaged young man, with coal-black hair, and a most forbidding countenance. Seated directly opposite the broken pane, every word he uttered I heard distinctly as if I had been beside him.

"It's an infernal business," observed Morteine, as he knocked the ashes from his pipe upon the table, and proceeded to replenish it anew; "and ye darn't stand yer ground, ye think, Pat *avourneene*?"

"Yes," replied the dark stranger, "if I wanted to be hanged at the next commission. Suspicion as to my share in Brooke's murder long since was strong enough against me: but now that Phely Brannigan has turned approver, I wouldn't have the ghost of a chance. The country's too hot to hold me now—but d—n me, if I quit it, without doing something to make them remember the name of Pat Durneein."

"There will be but a thin meeting of the boys to-night," observed a second, "if the storm does not blow over speedily."

"Not at all," returned the host. "There's a dozen of them in the kitchen already."

"Then," exclaimed the dark scoundrel, with an oath, "hit or miss, I'll bundle the girl off, and trust to fortune."

"It would be madness," replied Red Martin, "little advantage to yourself, Pat, and certain ruin to me."

The dark stranger knitted his brows, filled and turned down a glass of whiskey, and was evidently about to reply, when a slight pressure of my arm caused me to look round suddenly, and the hostess was beside me.

"It is thirteen months, Morteeine Crassaugh," said the dark-visaged stranger, "since I obeyed your summons, and met eleven others in this very room; and when ye proposed that we should carry off y'er present wife, all but myself refused to have act or part in it. Well, I got them round by degrees; and you swore, when I put down Mary Hamblyn from behind me in the shebeen in the mountain, that the first thing I asked from you would be freely granted, even were it the killing of a man. I got ye the finest girl and the biggest fortune in the country. I want a wife now, Morteeine; she's under y'er roof, and mine she shall be before the sun rises to-morrow."

"I don't deny the promise, Pat," replied the red landlord. "A wife ye got me, and the very ground I walk upon she despises, and from the bottom of my conscience, I believe that the only sight could give her pleasure, would be my wake. Fortune she has, but how the devil am I to get at it? I must bear with her for another twelvemonth, until she comes of age. Let me, then, grip the money, and mona sin diaoul! if I won't make ye, Mary Hamblyn, rue the day ye trated me with scorn and contempt!"

Again my arm was pressed, and it was evident that the intended civilities of Morteeine were not passed by unheeded by his consort.

"But what sudden fancy, Pat, have ye taken for this girl?"

"From the moment I saw her by the light of the kitchen fire, I swore that she should be mine. I must hide myself, you know, till Phely Branigan is silenced by a slit of the windpipe. Well, Morteeine, a pretty girl will help me to get over the time pleasantly in the mountains; and when we're tired of one another, why, if the old fellow makes it worth my while, he shall have the lady back again."

"But then suspicion must fall on me," returned Morteeine.

"And why should it?" observed the dark scoundrel. "If your house is broke into, and a woman bundled off, is it your fault that ye couldn't bate a dozen men? Can't ye fire a shot or two, and be the first to give information in the morning to the police?"

"And then that d--d soldier fellow that I unluckily detained, by making wee Martin slip out a linch-pin to break him down—I have him set to-morrow at the gap of Scullagh—he's well armed, and looks like a chap that won't give in. There's no less than three gun-cases with his luggage in the room where they are sitting after supper."

"So much the better," was the reply. "Next to a pretty wife, the thing I want most is a good gun."

"Yes," returned Mortecine, "but the contents may be delivered before the owner thinks proper to part with it."

"Pshaw! there is but one man. What chance would he have against a score?"

"Not much, if taken unawares," said the red scoundrel; "but when a man's desperate and well-armed, he's not to be trifled with, Pat."



"No matter," and the ruffian swore an awful oath; "if I'm a livin' man, I'll have the girl and the gun within an hour. Morteeine, desert me if you dare!"

"If it must be so, it must," replied the host; "and now, remember, Pat Durneen, if bad comes of this business, it's *clane* against my advice, and no one's to blame but you."

"I'll stand it, Morteeine. Fill a glass a-piece, and here's more power to our elbows! Go out and give the boys in the kitchen a drop of whiskey, to put them in spirits for the job. I'll stand the reckoning."

Touching my arm, the hostess gave the signal for retiring, and I followed her. When we were sufficiently removed from all fear of being overheard, she hastily addressed me—

"The trial must come, and it will be a fearful one. You are desperately committed, sir; for, as a soldier, you dare not but protect that sweet and unsuspecting girl from a fate as terrible as mine has been."

"Protect her!" I half exclaimed.

"Hush! speak low—walls, they say have ears."

"Durneen," I whispered in her ear, "your words are prophetic. Within an hour, you promised that the girl and the gun should be yours, 'were you a living man;' that condition was correctly introduced when you made the vow; for within that space, brief as it is, you shall be a dead one."

"I must be in the kitchen to evade suspicion, when my rascal husband shall come out of that scene of iniquity, where he and his confederates are drowning in whiskey every latent spark of humanity. The attempt upon the lady will not be immediate. Return by the window, break Durneen's design prudently to the strangers, prepare for the worst, and before the storm bursts, I will re-visit you."

I obeyed the order, entered and closed the casement, and, with all the coolness I could command, apprised the strangers of their danger. The calmness with which both received the fearful intelligence was admirable. A quiet appeal to Heaven for protection, and a humble submission to the decrees of that Great Being, who directs the destinies of all, were the only expressions which escaped the lips of the old man or his daughter. I prepared for action—and fortunate in the possession of three double guns and a case of pistols, I felt myself a giant.

Presently the door opened, and the landlady came in; her lips were bloodless, her eyes wild with apprehension, and her voice had dropped to an ominous whisper.

"May Heaven protect you!" was her kind but alarming address. "The wretches are now steeled against pity, and ready to perpetrate any villanous deed. Had better feelings been latent in their breasts, they are extinguished by the infernal influence of poteeine. I'll bar the windows, and bring fresh candles. You are ready, I perceive,"—and her eyes rested on the table, where my fire-arms were disposed. "Absence would create suspicion. I must hasten, and then consign you to God's providence, a good cause, and a stout heart."

In another minute she returned, placed additional lights in the room, told me to barricade the door, and when the hour of trial came, to conduct the lady and her father into the closet, and "do my best afterwards."

# A SKETCH OF THE LIVES OF THE LORDS STOWELL AND ELDON.

TOGETHER WITH SOME CORRECTIONS, AND ADDITIONS, TO MR. TWISS'S  
LIFE OF THE LATTER.

## PART VIII.

Why, then, doth flesh, a bubble-glass of breath,  
Hunt after honour and advancement vain,  
And rear a trophy for devouring Death,  
With so great labour and long-lasting pain ?

SPENCER.

AMIDST the political convulsions of the autumn of 1830, the first parliament of William IV. was assembled. In Ireland was raised the cry for a repeal of the union : over England was resounding the demand for Parliamentary Reform : while the Trades' Associations throughout the empire aggravated the apprehensions of the friends of order by the appearance of discipline and organisation which they began to present. The cabinet of the Duke of Wellington had lost the support of party, without gaining the confidence of the nation. Whig and Tory agreed in distrusting it ; and by a temporary, and perhaps factious, junction of these two extremes, the ministers, on the 5th of November, were beaten in the House of Commons. They immediately resigned the seals of office into the hands of the sovereign, who called Lord Grey to his confidence. Before the change of administration, Mr. Brougham had given notice, in the House of Commons, of a motion on the subject of Parliamentary Reform, which he was only prevented from bringing forward by his elevation to the chancellorship and peerage,

We shall shortly find Lord Eldon addressing his brother-in-law as follows :—

*Lord Eldon to Mr. (William) Surtees.*

“ Dear Surtees,

“ A great many Thanks from Lady Eldon and myself for your Letter received to-day—We are happy to find you are in Progress to the Restoration of combined Health and Strength, and God grant that that Restoration may be soon, entire and complete ! May his kind Providence secure to you and to my Sister many happy Years.

“ You mention Ireland, and you mention reduction of Rents. These are melancholy Subjects.

“ That Rents must, after being already greatly reduced, be still more, and largely reduced, I have no doubt, and the Land Owner, and the Owners, indeed, of every Species of property, have to look for more calamitous days than those descriptions of Men have ever yet seen in England.

“ As to Ireland, all I hear leads me to fear that the Union will be repealed—I thought when I struggled against the Roman Catholic Bill that this might—nay, must be the Consequence—and now England, favouring

the Catholics in Ireland in all things, has driven the Protestants—the Orangemen, to join, I fear, in this project of repeal.

“This Country is certainly in a worse State than you and I have ever known it—and I see no signs of Improvement.—

“I send you and my Sister Lady Eldon’s love and my own. Lady E.’s health remains much the same.

“Yours most affectionately,  
“ELDON.”

“27 Decr.”\*

Lady Eldon, after having suffered from an illness nearly two years, during which she was the object of inexpressible tenderness and solicitude to her husband, expired on the 28th of June, 1831. On the event Lord Eldon seemed crushed with grief; and though he afterwards rallied, he ever continued to mourn her loss, constant in sorrow as in love.

The influence of Lady Eldon over her husband, always great, seemed only to increase with her age. Her affections were warm, as perhaps is commonly the case with those of retiring habits; and notwithstanding her retiring habits, her disposition was active. The little savings, necessary under straitened means, are felt painful, principally because to the surrounding world they seem ridiculous. But as Lady Eldon secluded herself from society, and lived only for her husband and children, such habits of domestic thrift as she had acquired in early married life, were not brushed off when the necessities which had produced them passed away: and it became a reproach to her, that an economy, honourable in its commencement, was mean in its continuance. Lady Eldon derived from nature much simplicity of character, and retained through circumstances an entire ignorance of the world as it exists in the nineteenth century. Of the personal attractions of her youth, we have spoken in our first chapter. And we will add that, when in the company of those whom she valued, her address was sprightly and agreeable; and that on some occasion, perhaps the only one, when she presented herself at court, Queen Charlotte passed high encomiums on the graceful manners of the fair recluse. But when it is recollected that a husband and a son—the one in his will, the other on his death-bed—desired to be buried close beside her, it will be pronounced that she must, in spite of some admitted eccentricities, have possessed attractions more sterling than those that are comprised in person and manner.

But let us now return to the ‘Earl of Eldon. In the spring of 1831, the ministry of Lord Grey introduced a bill for Parliamentary Reform. It was rejected in the Lower House before it had reached the Lords; and its defeat was followed by a dissolution. As the new House of Commons was elected at a period of great national excitement, many of its members were returned under the pledge of supporting the leading ministerial measure. The second Reform Bill, therefore, proceeded as far as the House of Lords; but it was there rejected; Lord Eldon being

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\* We hesitated, at first, whether to assign to the composition of this letter a place in the December of 1829, or that of 1830; for both were periods of national distress. But the allusion to the agitation on the union with Ireland—a subject which, in the autumn of 1830, had formed one of the topics of the King’s speech—seems to suggest the latter year.



amongst those who spoke and voted against it. The hardy and adventurous crew, however, who manned the vessel of Reform, though twice she had wrecked, determined again to refit her, and a third time to trust her to the deep. Lord Eldon, together with a great body of the lords in opposition, influenced by the persevering demands of the country, the request of the king, and the ministerial threat to create peers, now abstained from voting. Hence, on the 4th of June, 1832, the Reform Bill was allowed to pass through the Upper House, and on the 7th of the same month became the law of the land.

Up to the end of July, 1834, Lord Eldon continued to speak occasionally in Parliament; and whenever legal or church matters were discussed, would raise his feeble voice to deprecate change. But he was heard with more of respect than attention. He had survived his influence; and he was considered unable to accommodate his opinions to the preceding, or the necessarily impending, alterations in our domestic policy.

Towards the conclusion of 1833, or about the commencement of the following year, Lord Eldon, impressed with the prudence of "setting his house in order" against that event which, in the course of nature, could not long be delayed, devoted a morning to the examination of the papers in his London residence in Hamilton Place. He destroyed many confidential letters, bearing on the politics of former times; and though we may regret the irreparable loss of information, we must acknowledge the prudence and the propriety of the act through which we suffer. In the afternoon, when giving an account of his morning's work, Lord Eldon added, that "he had been connected with many administrations, and that there were many things which he did not wish afterwards to come out."

As Lord Eldon drew near the end of life, his memory, once so tenacious, began to fail him; and those who had frequent access to him, complained that they were weary of hearing over and over again the same story repeated. Perhaps, too, the temper, as well as the memory, might occasionally be affected. But the weaknesses of age are to be regarded, on their approach, with the reverential kindness and the sacred silence due to such hoary messengers, on so sad an errand—the venerable ambassadors from an unseen world!

Lord Eldon died on the 4th of June, 1838, in his eighty-seventh year.

To possess the affectionate and unlimited confidence of two successive sovereigns—to preside in the supreme courts of justice for more than a quarter of a century, and to sit in the cabinet for nearly that period—to fill a prominent and influential position in various administrations, which checked the growth of anarchy at home, waged a great and successful war abroad, or established and maintained a long and prosperous peace—was the lofty destiny of the distinguished personage whose death we have just recorded.

The character of one, whose life was so successful and so conspicuous, must form a reasonable subject of curiosity to his fellows; and we shall endeavour, therefore, to give some additional assistance towards forming a just estimate of it.

Assiduous in the discharge of his various and most responsible duties, both political and judicial, it was seldom that Lord Chancellor Eldon

devoted to physical and mental relaxation an interval from the cares of office. But when the autumnal holidays did arrive, no school-boy enjoyed them with a keener relish. An abundant flow of animal spirits is important, possibly essential, towards eminent success in a profession so disheartening in its commencement, so exacting and laborious in its prosecution, as that to which Lord Eldon belonged; but this was comprised in the happy temperament which he had received from Nature. When, in 1807, he purchased his seat of Encombe, in Dorsetshire, one of its strongest recommendations to him was, that its distance from London was so great that he should stand little chance of having his rural enjoyment interrupted by being summoned thence to consult on trivial occasions. When, then, he had arrived there he would give full play to the natural gaiety of his temper. "*Tempora curarum remissionumque divisa. Ubi conventus ac judicia poscerent, gravis, intentus, severus, et sæpius misericors: ubi officio satisfactum, nulla ultrà potestatis persona.*"\* He, who had lately been seen under the bushy honours of his flowing wig, presiding in the Court of Chancery or the House of Lords, was here transformed into the light-hearted, simple-minded play-fellow of his own dogs and his bailiff's children. Not long after he had become possessed of the property, we have heard of him, while there, suddenly jumping up in the drawing-room and dancing a step to a tune of his own singing; and then observing with a smile to the family party around, "You don't know the luxury of playing the fool."

On some occasion, when going to call on a gentlemen residing in the neighbourhood of Encombe, he saw, on passing through the grounds, the daughters of his friend, and some other girls, playing at "see-saw"—two at each end of an oak tree, which had been cut down. He used, afterwards, laughingly to compliment one of the young ladies on the pretty ancle which he persisted that she had then revealed; and he commemorated his own happy fortune in the following *vers de société*, which we copy from the original in Lord Eldon's handwriting:

"In days of yore, as Roman poets tell,  
One Venus lov'd in myrtle groves to dwell:  
In modern days no less than *four* agree  
To consecrate to fame our oaken tree—  
Blest tree! the monarch shelter'd by thy arms!  
The goddess\* from thy boughs displays her charms."

"\* Viz., Caroline."

The young people of Lord Eldon's family, when this effusion was produced, declared that, for the encouragement of genius, its author should be decreed a poetic triumph; and having made a wreath, they crowned the Chancellor with mock solemnity, that he might for the future—

Instead of powder'd curls, let ivy twine  
Around that head so full of "Caroline;"

while he himself entered into their fun with all the zest of boyish frolic.

Such is the pleasing aspect under which the character of Lord Eldon would often appear. That the reverse side of the same medal presents a man with strong and permanent personal prejudices and resentments, will hardly be denied. That he, on some matters, was anxious to exact

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\* Tacitus. *Vita Agricolaë*. C. ix.

from his family a submission of their judgment to his own incompatible with proper independence—that his tenderness was exchanged for anger, his confidence for distrust, the moment that he considered his interest or his authority to be invaded, is a statement which cannot be disputed. With his eldest son, whom he loved and mourned so deeply, Lord Eldon used to be grievously annoyed, because, though a Tory, he professed to be not a party man, and had from principle declined occasionally to support in the House of Commons the measures supported by his father in the House of Lords.

Beneficial as the experience of kindness is to most characters, the excess of attention which Lord and Lady Eldon paid to each other, might be somewhat detrimental to both, as tending to render them too exacting of deference from those less willing to bestow it.

Whether or not Lord Eldon were unwilling to have, in his hours of relaxation, his hard-worked intellect still kept upon the stretch, certain it is that he did not generally select his most familiar associates from men of commanding ability. They were, for the most part, worthy fellows, who had a vast respect for him, could tell or listen to a good story, and crack with him a joke or a bottle of wine.

Lord Eldon's disposition in regard to parsimony and liberality has often been misunderstood. That Lord Eldon occasionally did very liberal actions we are ourselves assured; that in private charity he gave away, and most unostentatiously too, large sums of money, is a fact which we are happy to record. But no one who had capacity for forming a just opinion, and an opportunity of knowing, and taking an extended survey of, the whole of his conduct, ever thought him a liberal man. His charities never gushed from that loftiness and generosity of soul which loves to give for the sake of giving—of that feeling he could have formed no conception; but they proceeded from the impulses of a heart so sensible, so almost womanishly tender, that it could with difficulty bear the sight or even the knowledge of distress. When he indulged his passion for accumulation, it was the victory of the soul—when he dispensed his bounty, it was the triumph of the heart. This consideration will explain the puzzling phenomenon how the same person could have been sometimes described as liberal, and sometimes as mean.

In proportion as Lord Eldon advanced in age and station, he exaggerated—unconsciously, no doubt—the difficulties which had obstructed his entrance upon his profession. But it is the common arrogance of success to attribute too much to ourselves—the prescriptive consolation of defeat to lay too much upon fortune. An early marriage, the surest check to the levity of morals and dissipation of fancy, so hostile to severe application, would facilitate the industry which it had rendered necessary; while the peculiarly domestic habits of his wife, whom he tenderly loved, would, by binding him to his own fire-side, still further dispose him to prosecute his studies. To the ordinary difficulties of his profession he opposed extraordinary diligence, and there were no unusual obstacles in his case to be surmounted.

On first joining circuit, he obtained business in the northern counties; and his second forensic year did not pass without his receiving a parliamentary retainer. The readiness with which he got into practice in Newcastle would give him confidence and encouragement: while the few years which elapsed before he obtained briefs in York, and got



established in business in London, would teach him the importance of making the most of opportunities when they occurred, and of preserving and increasing his connexion by watchfulness and application. His discretion, still more even than his ability, exempting him from reverses of fortune, he passed through the regular gradations of professional and official life, till he mounted to the highest honours.

His labours as a common law and equity judge are comprised in the sixteen sets of reports, the names of which are placed, in the second volume of the "*Law Review*,"\* at the head of the article entitled "*Lord Eldon as a Law Reformer*." But we shall not attempt to analyse Lord Eldon's extraordinary judicial qualifications and acquirements. The discussion of them would be wearisome to the unprofessional reader, and the professional reader will have already seen them frequently and ably discussed. Of his conduct, however, in the Court of Chancery we will record one anecdote.

Though the courtesy of the Chancellor to the bar was gratefully felt and acknowledged, yet it was often made a subject of complaint in the profession, that the judge appeared not to be listening to the arguments addressed to him.

On one occasion a barrister paused in the middle of his speech, and suggested that perhaps it would be more convenient that he should discontinue his observations until his lordship should have finished writing the letter in which he appeared engaged. The Chancellor received the remark without signs of irritation; answered that he certainly was writing a letter, but that at the same time he was attending to the speech; and added that had he not known that in his own case another employment was not inconsistent with contemporaneously bestowing the requisite attention upon the cause, he should never have attempted it; and that to prove his assertions, he would repeat what had been said. He then with great fidelity recapitulated all the observations of the counsel.

His speeches and arguments, whether delivered in the capacity of counsel, judge, or senator, displayed none of that clear and polished felicity of diction which distinguished those of his eldest brother. But in his person and clothes he was as remarkable for neatness, as Lord Stowell was for the want of it.

In the commerce of society the address and conversation of Lord Eldon were singularly agreeable. His anecdotes (especially professional ones, of which he had a rich store) he would relate with dry humour, not laughing himself, but suddenly looking up, at the point of the story, with an arch smile and mirth-beaming eye, the influence of which no gravity could resist. He was ready at repartee, and had a turn for sarcasm; but it was as bright, playful, and innocuous as the vapour lightening in a cloudless sky. In the early part of Lord Eldon's Chancellorship, George III. asked him, in good-humoured badinage, whether ever before there was a king who had a Chancellor and an Archbishop of Canterbury, both of whom had run away with their wives. When Lord Eldon adroitly and drolly turned the joke upon the venerable metropolitan, who was present, with "Let the archbishop answer that question, please

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\* No. 4. In addition to the various publications bearing on Lord Eldon to which we have already referred in the course of these chapters, we are bound also to mention the articles upon him in Nos. 5 and 6 of the "*Law Review*."

your majesty." It is said that a guest, who had first dined in company with Lord Stowell at Lord Eldon's, and then with Lord Eldon at Lord Stowell's, whispered, on the latter occasion, to Lord Eldon, that his brother seemed no longer to care about wine, for he evinced none of his former zeal in helping himself and passing the bottle. "My brother will drink any *given* quantity of wine," was the arch and significant answer.

The fascination of Lord Eldon's manner will best be appreciated through a knowledge of its effects. George IV., when merely Prince of Wales, had bitterly hated him. As Prince Regent, however, being thrown within the influence of the social charms of the Chancellor, he was converted into his friend.

During the insanity of George III., the Princess Charlotte had been sternly, and even rudely, rebuked by Lord Eldon for opposing the wishes of her father; and in relation to a letter which she had written to the Prince Regent, the Chancellor told the Princess, that "if she had been his daughter, and had written him such a letter, he would have locked her up till she came to her senses."\* Yet no sooner had she arrived at womanhood, than his powers of attraction began to produce their wonted result; and when he came to Claremont, to be present at her confinement, he found that she had given orders that the best bed in the house should be prepared for him; while some of the other lords who were there had to sleep on the carpet.†

Lord Eldon, to the end of his career, retained a grateful recollection of any kindness which he had received at its commencement. In his private friendships he was affectionate and constant. But his temporary connexion with Queen Caroline when Princess of Wales, and, perhaps, some other incidents, suffice to show that in public life there was no deficiency, on the *proper* occasions, of a convenient versatility—an invaluable ingredient to those who would rise. It was, probably, from a consciousness of this, that he so pertinaciously arrogated to himself the credit of undeviating consistency; and that flattery, of which he was somewhat exacting, never stole more sweetly upon his ear than when it invested him with this attribute.‡

The Nestor and the Ulysses of the later administrations with which he was connected, he well knew—no one better—the value, as an instrument of power, of the reputation of political honesty, and that it should not be risked for the attainment of trivial advantages. Having risen from the middle walks of life, he was more intimately acquainted with "the ebbs and floods of popular councils, and the winds that move those waters,"§ than were others of his colleagues, whose birth and education had been within the sphere of the court: and he closely watched every movement of public opinion, analysed its causes, gaged its strength, calculated its duration.

With but little of pride do the friends of Lord Eldon turn the pages of the statute-book; for, though there can be no doubt that his caution intercepted many bad measures, his energy has introduced few good ones. Yet for the legislative laches of the administrations in which he was so

\* "Memoirs of the Times of George IV.," vol. i., p. 193.

† Twiss, vol. ii., p. 299.

‡ Twiss, vol. iii., p. 231.

§ Clarendon's "History of the Rebellion."

long Chancellor, Lord Eldon was not entirely, or, perhaps, principally, to blame. To the reform of the penal code, it is stated\* by Lord Brougham that Lord Liverpool was the chief obstacle.

The hand of the same gifted limner has depicted Lord Eldon as a champion of the throne and the altar, who confounded every abuse, that surrounded the one or grew up within the precincts of the other, with the institutions themselves, and was alike the determined enemy of all who would either invade the institution or extirpate the abuse. But in justice to Lord Eldon, it must be recollected, that he had witnessed the effects, and formed his mind upon the experience, of that French Revolution—so mild in its promises, so bloody in its performances—which terrified even the firm and mighty intellect of Burke into deserting for ever the banners of Reform.

Lord Eldon, however, lived to survive the school in which he had been trained. Its system, at the time of his death, had become obsolete. New principles and another name were assumed by the party to which he had belonged. And ancient Toryism, which had grown decrepid with him, with him was buried in the grave.

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## THE BALLAD OF CAPTAIN BLACKSTONE.

BY CHARLES HOOTON.

### I.

*Scene : Saint Thomas's Island, West Indies—A Planter's Widow converses with her only Child and Daughter, Fair Melicete, about a lonely passage to Europe, where she is to be educated—Melicete's Reply and Fears:*

“OH maiden bright, beloved,—my sweet and gentle daughter!  
Wilt leave awhile this Western Isle, and cross the purple water?  
On Europe's shores dwell souls of power who'll train thy spirit high,  
And like thy form so beautiful, thy mind will beautify.

“As wisdom pores, with glasses dim, on time-forgotten scrolls,  
And weeps o'er feelings long since felt by age-departed souls,—  
And sees the eyes benevolent, and feels the throbbing breast  
That now in sacred dust and pure in charm'd sepulchres rest,—

“So shall thy learning vivify again the noble dead,  
And shadows of the mighty past throng glorious round thy head,  
While bright Creation's mysteries uncoil before thy sight,  
And God the Great Unspeakable's reveal'd in starry light.

“Oh! then the soul within, through eyes that look rare speech, shall shine,  
And, gentler grown, thy gentle heart shall glad this heart of mine.  
More proud will feel thy mother than an empress on a throne,  
When the wisdom of the world gone by my maid hath made her own!

“Thou know'st I am a widow, child, and widow'd twice shall be,  
When voiceless is this household grown, and thou art on the sea.  
Before mine eyes a shadow and a mist will aye remain,  
And a heavy heart I'll carry until thou return'st again.

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\* The sketch of Lord Liverpool in the “Statesmen of the Time of George III.”



"I'm but a plant that has one root to bind it to the earth;—  
That root was struck into the world the hour I gave thee birth:  
And as thy life may flourish, so will flourish or decay  
This life of mine, until with thine my soul shall pass away.

"Oh, when out upon the billows, may the hands of angels guide  
Unseen, yet true as angel's truth, thy vessel o'er the tide!  
And check the tempests passionate that goad the deeps to rise,  
And flush with anger's scarlet hue the wild indignant skies.

"Ye powers of gentle winds and waves, ye ministers of air,  
Whose innocent and holy work it is to banish fear,—  
And hide the terrors of the dark intense abyss of brine  
Beneath a smiling face, oh, shroud them from this dove of mine!"

Thus spoke a noble lady to her no less noble child;  
Love's earnest tears were in her eyes, and yet she proudly smil'd.  
While, in the thoughtful features of that daughter's answer'ing face,  
The mother might her youthful self as in a mirror trace.

The maid replied, "Dear mother blest! how should I go alone—  
A young thing wholly ignorant—into a world unknown?  
'Tis like some wingless nestling tost aloft into the skies,  
That falleth prone in helplessness and, dashed to pieces, dies.

"No lonely star, companionless, that sweeps eternity,  
Could live more lost than lonely I, upon the darken'd sea.  
My home would all be in my brain,—no new things could be sweet,—  
And lands untrod by thee would burn my most impatient feet!

"The captain that would carry me might prove a wild sea-rover,  
And keep me out upon the deep, and never take me over.  
And shouts for help and shrieks of dread must all be useless there,  
Where e'en Heaven's thunders often roar, yet reach no mortal ear.

"Earth has no desert, or of sand, or plain, or mountains rude,  
Where innocence more helpless is, than 'mid sea-solitude.  
Whatever horror riseth up, whatever danger's nigh,  
Into no arms save friendly Death's may faith and virtue fly.

"My sainted father, now at rest, this lesson ever taught:—  
Though knowledge almost priceless is, 't may be too dearly bought.  
Since innocence and purity of heart transcend as far  
Mere gifts of mind, as yonder sun outshines the morning star.

"Then simple may I still remain;—secure my virtues keep:—  
The world a frightful charmer is, to lull our truth asleep.  
Be never wiped from off my heart the bloom of youthful spring,  
Nor dimm'd the bosom's shine, to make the brain a brilliant thing."

## II.

*The Mother pictures delightful Scenes to the Mind's Eye of Fair Melicete, but in vain—  
The Damsel laments while she submits.*

"Fear not, my wingless angel!" thus the mother brief replied,  
"I know a gallant captain in whose faith we may confide.  
He's past the sober noon of age; and his declining day  
For prudent life and passionless is best security.

"And oh, if left in human souls is aught of chivalry,  
'T must throw its armour round the weak and timorous at sea.  
Dream not that man the monster is to harbour such a rage  
As might thy life unhappy make, pent up in such a cage.

"No! like a bird each morning bright, upspringing to the skies,—  
Thy soul refresh'd and heart renew'd, from ocean sleep shall rise:—  
Thou'lt greet the wind-born billows in the freshness of their birth,  
Nor wish for quiet pillows more upon the moveless earth!

"Instead of lizards, leafy green, upon our trees at play,  
Thou'lt watch the whales, like living isles, disport amid the spray.  
But if some lonely peterel along the wake you see,  
Dear child! think not thyself as lone, nor give one thought to me!"

"Ah, mother!" answer'd Melicete, "I'm but a simple maid,—  
The man might scorn to dream of wrong and yet I feel afraid.  
A ship is but a prison, and a cabin but a cell,  
And things have happened on the sea that tongue may never tell.

"Far sooner on my palfrey tame I'd climb the mountain's form,  
Than ride upon the billow's backs, lashed on by wind and storm.  
The howlings of the frantic gale may ruder natures please,  
And wild aquatic huntsmen chase the fish along the seas:

"But all that's born of violence brings terror to my mind;—  
I shudder at leviathan and dread the curbless wind.  
And dim upon my darken'd soul would break the brightest day,  
While stranger's coasts uprose before, and Home behind me lay!

"Yet to thy word, my mother, and thy wish I bow in awe:—  
For next to God's, dear mother, is thy simple will my law.  
But when some lonely storm-bird sweeping o'er the waves I see,  
Forgive me if I feel as lone, and drop some tears for thee."

• • III.

*Fair Melicete and her Mother part upon the Shore—Love and Memory.*

MORN scarce with visionary gold had laced the Orient o'er,  
Ere met to part two tender hearts upon that fatal shore.  
They on each other look'd as look two fleeting souls sublime,  
Whose summons to eternity hath put an end to time!—

And on life's utmost boundary a moment pause to take  
That *last* adieu which dying hearts but utter once and break.  
And hands were clasp'd, and sunder'd not: and scalding eyes were wet,  
And sighs—drear echoes!—answer'd sighs, and long embraces met:

Tongues over-eloquent grew dumb: for language had no word  
To body forth the feelings deep that in those bosoms stirr'd.  
And life itself seem'd shrivell'd up and to a moment shrank;—  
The past was but a memory,—the future but a blank.

And when beyond *that* future might another future break?—  
When souls should meet instead of part, and hearts should cease to ache?  
Long years!—How doth the serpent TIME dilate and lengthen o'er  
All human woes;—but on our joys contract and shorten more!

But lo!—the tide is running out,—the sails are all unfurl'd,—  
The mother to a cell must go, the daughter to the world.  
And, vampire-winged and terrible, drear night shall bring no sleep,—  
The maiden's heart shall be at home, the mother's on the deep!

And thus in thought and spirit must it hourly ever be,—  
The maid shall feel her mother's grief,—the maiden's sorrows, she.  
While memory, faithful to the soul, bids tropic scenes arise  
On Europe's shores; and northern scenes usurp the tropic skies.

O life,—O hearts,—O human love!—*that* agony is past:—  
In swoons the final kiss has died, and burst the shriek at last.  
And landward one insensible is borne to shadow'd rest,  
And one the way the wind doth blow, to rock on ocean's breast.

The isle dims off in vapour, like a spectre in a shroud;  
But dimmer are the blinding eyes directed to that cloud:  
And fainter yet and fainter, fades that airy land from view  
Till feeling's louder voice declares—the cloud has vanish'd too!

And now youth's happy world is lost,—and frowns a stranger sky,—  
Nature's realities all melt to memories gone by:  
Home, mountains, forests, shelly shores, rough rocks along the deep,  
Are spectral sorrows all, like those that fret a painful sleep.  
Still, seated on a mountain top upon that isle away,  
A widow'd, childless mother waits, and weeps the livelong day.  
And, e'en while hungry darkness swift devours the dying light,  
In fancy sees that vessel yet, though hidden long from sight.

IV.

*Tom, the Sailor, gives his Messmate Jack a new Notion about Captain Blackstone and Fair Melicete.*

"WHAT can possess our captain, Jack?—I heard the steward say  
He'd serve all hands with double grog when we'd got under weigh.  
And yet I've known him roundly swear he ne'er did action kind,—  
Some revelation must have thrown new light into his mind.

"The world is surely upside down, and standing on its head:—  
We'll look into the sea for stars, and sound the sky with lead.  
I cannot understand as how so wild a beast's turn'd tame—  
Unless his iron melts before that handsome, dainty dame!

"Tis true, the line of life he's cross'd; and's crowding sail all right  
Into the polar regions drear of icy age and white.  
P'rhaps he's an eye to keeping it more warm as he draws nigher;—  
Old touchwood, Jack, you know, sometimes too easily takes fire.

"Well, well!—God grant till safe we see Old England's chalky walls  
The weather of his mind mayn't change to storms and dirty squalls.  
And Heav'n the simple safely keep! but should foul play be tried,  
Some night we'll heave him overboard, and write i'th' log—he died.

"What landsman would be wiser?—and what sailor here would 'peach?  
The crab of law has got long claws, but can't amid-seas reach.  
My sides would burst like bladders, Jack, with laughing like a horse  
To see a jury down below a-sitting on his corse.

"They'd want no onions to their eyes, nor red cayenne for snuff,  
For the brine that was about would make them snivel long enough.  
And if as I were crowner, why,—when all things com'd to light—  
I'd order in this vardick, Jack,—*'The sailors sav'd him right.'*"

"Blow low, blow low! He's coming, Tom!" the other quickly said,  
"Stow down your gab, and seem to be attending to the lead.  
But don't forget this maxum, Tom, in daylight or in dark,  
A sailor knows the use of eyes as well as any shark!"

V.

*The Glory of Life at Sea.—Captain Blackstone tells Fair Melicete about the Pacific Islands, and avows his Love.—She scorns him.—His Despair.*

Oh, earth, with all its flowers and its streams, affords no bliss  
Like that which fires th' elastic soul upon the great abyss.  
There freedom dwelleth boundless, and with health the breeze is rife  
As when at first God breath'd in man the virgin breath of life.

No vapours pestilential rise to taint the crystal air,  
No poisons from the dying things of nature's graves are there.  
Nor o'er its heaven is ever drawn that dark and sulph'rous veil  
Which turns the sun to blood, where slaves the worn mechanic pale.

No palaces, nor delicacies, one half so rare can be  
As a cabin, and a dough-boy,\* and water, out at sea.  
For the glory of the spirit in the waters and the wind  
Leave all the low delights of sense abandon'd far behind.

\* A sea-biscuit.



And hence, in fancy's regions gay, the fair young Melicete  
Strove hard her loss to lose, and self with self-deception cheat.  
Amid th' ideal surges of imagination's realm  
The painful wrecks of shatter'd joys she sought to overwhelm.

Youth has a buoyant soul, that upward ever strains to rise,  
And from its gaudy pinions fling around deep rainbow dyes :  
It soon subdues its sorrow, and grief's mists exhales like dews,  
And turns all common things to gold with its own amber hues.

Her fears had also vanish'd, since the captain's cares did tend  
To prove that she had found in him a mild respectful friend.  
And oft would he with tales beguile what else were weary times,  
Or trace old voyagers on maps to far and savage climes.

He taught her box the compass, and the ropes and sails by name,  
Until a learned sailor she in theory became.  
Then with a smile beguiling her, he vow'd, upon his life,  
When safe return'd from Europe she should be a captain's wife.

"Far in the Southern ocean do I know some isles," said he,  
"Where, as in Eden's bounds of old, a pair might happy be.  
They have no wild inhabitant—no painted skins are there ;  
But, silent since the world began, they've slept in balmy air.

"The shores are hollow'd into grotts, and wild fantastic caves,  
And vast sea-temples chisell'd by the patient workmen waves.  
Their pillars are of water harden'd into glassy stones,  
And mermaids often in the vaults chant low their deep sea-tones.

"Like flatten'd fan-shap'd leafless trees, the fretted sea-weeds spring,  
And white and crimson corals from the deeps the divers bring.  
While bright and pearly are the shells as yonder silver star,—  
But in their lips are rosy as the cups of roses are.

"One long unbroken summer o'er these islands ever reigns ;—  
Cool winds are on the mountains, and clear rivers thread the plains.  
Fair fruits hang down too temptingly from boughs and bushes low,  
And redden while they ask your hands to gather as you go.

"The birds, metallic-polish'd, scarlet, ruby, blue, and green,  
Fear not, since never gun they've heard, nor trap nor blood have seen,  
They flash across the sunbeams like the lightning of a sword :—  
Most beautiful it is to see these glories of the Lord !

"What more than such blest region, free from all the world's annoy,  
Could two intelligences hope to find on earth, of joy ?  
Oh, while thy heaven-reflecting soul from social taints is free,  
To that Pacific paradise, sweet maiden, fly with me !"

Poor Melicete stood terrified :—nor more, when earthquakes rise,  
Th' astonish'd savage of Peru in senseless horror flies.  
One look—'twas like a mildew and a blight—she on him cast,  
One look of bitter hate and scorn,—then from his presence pass'd.

The captain bit his lips to blood,—his eyes broke blood-shot, too :  
His brain reel'd drunkenly, his heart a petrification grew.  
A moral desolation, like a plague, upon him fell,  
And thoughts of sin beset him too insane for tongue to tell.

## VI.

*The most secret Place on the Earth is the central open Sea.—Its Graves depicted.—  
Captain Blackstone threatens Melicete.*

A thousand miles of water lie between that ship and shore,  
The ship as lonely is as was the world's ope ark of yore.  
Were all other life departed, she could not feel more lone,—  
More like a lost and unknown thing, upon a track unknown.

When guilty men, with rage possess'd, by crime anticipate,  
Through death's black gates, the dire decrees of fix'd, eternal fate;  
Unto some forest deep, with twilight horror bound, they flee,—  
Or lurk, like vengeful scorpions, in corner'd mystery.

But neither haunted corridor, nor stair in darkness bound,  
Nor traveller-deserted road through rocky defile wound,  
Nor savage wood, nor mountain wild, nor blasted plain, can be  
So secret as the far-away, black, melancholy sea.

Its graves, undug, are ready, without spades or delving men;—  
They gape and fill, and instantly their lips are clos'd again.  
No scar remains—no token's there the buried to betray,  
Or show the grave hath swallow'd more to-day than yesterday.

And tides run on, and ripple still, and wavelets rise and fall;—  
Bright moving epitaphs that tell the changeful lot of all.  
For life a mere vibration is upon a shaken cord,—  
Its rise and fall alike unmark'd as is an idle word.

And thoughts like these too oft assail'd our captain, turbulent,  
While—pondering abstractedly—he o'er the bulwarks bent,  
And watch'd the deep: as murd'rer might some dim secluded spot  
Where lies the ghastly visible whose bones will *never* rot.

By brooding o'er it, crime looks less; and what would once appal,  
Familiar by acquaintance grown, becomes no crime at all.  
So slides the heart from sin to sin till wrong becomes our right,  
And to the metamorphos'd mind thick darkness seems like light.

The captain smooth'd his front, and hid the passions of his breast,  
When next—some days thereafter—he fair Melicete address'd.  
Said he,—“For pity pardon me the foolish past, kind maid,  
It was thy beauty won me and to folly so betray'd.”

Yet through his features counterfeit, and in his voice's tone,  
The crafty, spiteful hypocrite, and vengeful heart were shown.  
And, in his jealous hate, most like a child denied a toy,  
He felt that what he might not have, he would at least destroy.

His bitterness of soul broke forth above this poor disguise,  
And prov'd his words were traitorous, and all his looks were lies.  
With two-edg'd irony he spoke, and smil'd as villains smile,  
“The picture was unpleasing, p'rhaps, I drew of that bright isle?

“And happiness on earth, mayhap, is scarcely worth pursuit?  
Most maids would marry older men with such an isle to boot.  
But since the South delights you not, know this, my gentle guest,  
We've other pictures here at sea may better suit your taste.

“Where th' Arctic Circle fences in the pivot of the world,  
And never-fading vapours round the icy land are curl'd:  
Where deep within the unknown earth the magnet's centre lies,  
And fierce Auroras glare like blood along the midnight skies:

“Where ships take root the water in, when frost glues up the keel,  
And wintry poles the masts appear, and sails grow hard as steel;—  
Where through a four-months' night, along a deadly line of coast,  
Huge bulks of ice fantastical grow Andes-like with frost;—

“'Tis to such region of the dead,—of silence, and of woe,  
That many men, despised like me, would turn their helm and go.  
Remember, we are out alone upon the lawless seas,  
And in this good ship of my own, I'll sail where'er I please!”

## VII.

*Tom, the Sailor, talks about short Allowances, and hints at two-edged Knives.—Jack's Reply.*

“Our captain's surely crazy gone, with love or drinking, Jack:—  
He's order'd, now, the sun at twelve, to shine upon our back.

We're steering straight for Baffin's Bay, or else for Cape Farewell,—  
To feed the bears with nutmegs, and new rum the whales to sell.

"And yet, Jack, I've been thinking *we* shall have to live on spice,—  
There's hardly bread enough in store to serve a crew of mice.  
And if we don't get more aboard afore a month is gone,  
You'll have to dine on ginger, Jack, and sup on cinnamon.

"The water, too, is running short ;—in fact, it doesn't run.  
To-morrow we're to have a quart apiece 'tween sun and sun.  
If we were down i' th' Ingies, now,—splice me !—we either must  
Keep full a gallon moister, or else fly away in dust.

"And yet, with drought and famine staring straight into our face,  
Old skipper Blackstone's mad enough to give the icebergs chase.  
He's altogether fail'd to get the lady hand and glove,—  
So thinks a trip to Labrador may help to cool his love.

"A right he has to fling away his own, but not *our* lives ;  
If that is it, we foremastmen must double-edge our knives.  
Or, rather than go headlong thus to such a frightful fate,  
'Twere best to keep *him* safe below, and captain make the mate."

"Stow down your gab," said Jack again, "we've men, I know too well:  
They're spies and traitors mean enough to listen and go tell.  
The skipper then will swear we've hatch'd a mutiny aboard;  
Deliriously drunk he'll get, and then, old mate,—**THE SWORD!**"

## VIII.

*The Ship at Night.—Fair Melicete escapes Violence by throwing herself into the Sea.*

Behold, upon the darkling sea, a league or so away,  
Upon the boiling billows shines a dim unsteady ray  
And were it not that midnight-mist involves th' horizon far,  
The weak deluded eye might deem it was some setting star.

The winds have roar'd themselves to rest, and statued silence keeps  
Her petrifactive stony watch above the dreamy deeps.  
The whale alone at intervals his mighty trumpet blows  
As on his endless journey through th' eternal deep he goes.

That light betrays our wandering ship, and tenantry of pain.  
But hark !—what means that murder-cry upon this drowsy main ?  
It is a woman's voice:—an angel struck with agony !  
Poor virtue finds a bed to-night beneath the mournful sea.

Roll gently o'er her, waters ! and her decent corse compose  
Where cavern greens and sweets abound, and snow-white coral grows.  
And lay thy weeds around her head, thy rock-flowers on her breast ;  
And set a guard around to keep thy monsters from her rest.

So shall the lov'd and loving keep thy simple rites in mind,  
And deeply pensive pleasure in thy contemplation find :  
And evermore, while wandering along the margin'd sea,  
Think how the waves that folded her, before them now may be.

## IX.

*Captain Blackstone has the Horrors—Arms himself—Prophesies—Commits Dreadful Atrocities—Returns to England—Is tried, and Escapes the Gallows.*

**THE** captain grew affrighted, till he did not dare to think,  
So every new-born thought of fear he drown'd in fiery drink.—  
Yet with a double horror, and a keener pow'r of pain  
In spectral ghastliness and dread they after rose again.



And wildly swung th' unsteady brain, and roll'd his saffron eyes;—  
He plainly saw th' invisible, and heard unutter'd cries.  
Imaginary enemies and dangers round him came,  
And foes he saw in all his most submissive men and tame.

'Twas then, amidst that frenzy fierce, some whisp'ring traitor spoke,  
And all the idle words he'd heard to that insane one broke.  
It was but latent fire before, that in his cloud-mind lay,  
But now it flash'd in thunders on its dark resistless way.

Unto the teeth he arm'd himself, and doubly fortified  
His demon breast with burning draughts from hell's most fiery tide.  
Too well he felt the boundless power a captain has at sea,  
And in his villain passions strained its use most frightfully.

"I'll teach the rogues to mutiny, and talk of law ashore!—  
Get what they may hereafter, they shall taste *my* law before.  
I know your juries lubberly too well for that, egad!—  
Go out and slay, do what I may, they'll bring it in I'm mad.

"Our modern wisdom thus will judge of madness, sure enough,—  
The more infernal are the deeds the greater is the proof.  
To hope to pass for mad on *one* small murder might be vain;—  
But he who chops up four or five, beyond dispute's insane.

"I'll widely throw hell gates, and bar most firmly mercy's door!—  
And thus from future juries make 'assurance doubly sure.'  
Who'll look for sympathy from me, when well it's understood  
My veins are full of brandy now, instead of human blood?"

Man's heart would burn with rage, and woman's eyes for pity weep,  
Were I to tell that butcher's work amongst those human sheep.  
How, day by day, and hour by hour, and inch by inch, he strain'd  
To lengthen pain, and drop by drop away the life-blood drain'd.

How Tom, the jester of the ship, he hack'd to death with glee  
Like his—the woodman's—light of heart, who sings and fells a tree.  
How overboard the bleeding mate in horror dire he drove;—  
Thus murdering alike in hate, as he had done in love.

And how at length to hide his crimes, the remnant of that crew  
He charg'd at home with mutiny, and into prison threw,  
And how again they clear'd themselves, and turning in his face,—  
With treble murders tax'd him straight, and put him in *their* place.

All this might well excite the just, and make the gentle sad;  
Yet truly he *did* prophesy they'd find that he was mad.  
The jurymen, profoundly wise, saw plainly as their nose,  
Though sane enough in other things, he was *insane* in those.

Hence, all our sympathies are false, and men should hold their tongue,  
Because so many tender hearts—and heads—cannot be wrong.  
The punishment of death, they think, has long outliv'd its time;  
And so, to save a life, they give impunity to crime.

The wonder yet remains about this story of the sea,—  
How strange and pitiful that men should so submissive be!  
But what alternative remains to wretched sailors poor?  
Who'd fly from death by mutiny, when *that* is death ashore?

## THE OREGON QUESTION.\*

THE Oregon question—the mere mention of which frightens some minds from their propriety—can, as far as right and title are concerned, be placed within the compass of a nut-shell. The country so designated was originally discovered by the renowned English circumnavigator Sir Francis Drake, in the sixteenth century. This is the priority of discovery.

When the United States became an independent nation, they neither possessed nor advanced any claim to the British territories in western America, to which, in the meantime, the explorations of Captain Cook and the commercial intercourse which followed upon that discovery, added to the subsequent surveys and discoveries of Meares in 1788, and of Vancouver in 1792—3—4, completed the title.

With regard to the mouth of the river Columbia, it is admitted by the United States' diplomatists (see letter of Mr. Calhoun of Sept. 3, 1844) to have been first effected by the Spanish navigator Heceta. Whatever title is raised upon this must therefore be associated with the Spanish treaty of cession of 1819, which Mr. Pakenham has, beyond all possibility of controversy, shown to be invalidated by the anterior treaty made by the same power with Great Britain in 1790.

The river was next entered by Captain Gray, a subject of the United States, in 1792, and the American diplomatists argue, upon tolerably fair grounds, that Meares and Vancouver had not navigated the river previously to that date. This has been set up by the Americans as the strong point on their side of the question.

\* But this, which would sacrifice the discovery and exploration of the whole coast to the simple discovery of the mouth of a river, has been placed in its true light by Mr. Pakenham, who says, "If the act of Captain Gray, in passing the bar and actually entering the river, is to supersede Heceta's discovery of the river (which it cannot do), then the principle of progressive or gradual discovery being admitted, as conveying, in proportion to the extent of discovery or exploration, superior rights, the operations of Vancouver in entering, surveying, and exploring to a considerable distance inland, the river Columbia, would, as a necessary consequence, supersede the discovery of Captain Gray, to say nothing of the act of taking possession in the name of his sovereign, which ceremony was duly performed and authentically recorded by Captain Vancouver.

Maritime discovery being, then, all on the side of Great Britain, the next question regards inland discovery. The northern branches of the river were first explored by Mackenzie, a British subject, in 1733, and the southern branches by Captain Carver, also a British subject, in 1804, followed by the Americans, Lewis and Clarke, in 1805—6. This was the epoch when the American sentiment of "contiguity," which plays so important a part in the question, was first brought into operation in opposition to the positive rights and titles of Great Britain, by the establish-

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\* The Oregon Question Examined, in respect to Facts and the Law of Nations. By Travers Twiss, D.C.L., &c. &c. &c. Longman and Co.

Map of the Oregon Territory; with a Comparative Statement of the Events connected with the Rights of Great Britain and the Claims of the United States to the Oregon Territory. James Wyld, Charing-cross.

ment of a settlement in 1811, called Astoria, on the Colombia river. The consequence was, that Great Britain, not acknowledging the right of the Americans to form a settlement on that river, took it from them in the war of 1813, but restored it again, "under protest," by the treaty of 1814.

Long previously to this settlement of the Americans on the river Colombia, that is to say, since 1804, the North-west Fur Company had established trading posts on the same river, thus deciding in favour of the British any question that could arise as to general priority of settlement. a priority which, as applied to a great extent of country, can never be abrogated by the occupation of a single dot or point in that territory by another nation.

The Americans, in fact, do not possess *one* claim to any portion of the Oregon territory. The purchase of Louisiana from the French in 1803 can give no title to the territory, as the boundaries of Louisiana never extended past the Rocky Mountains. The claim founded upon Spanish treaties is still more vain and preposterous. The claim of Spain itself could arise only from the discoveries of her navigators, and Sir Francis Drake was undoubtedly the first European who sailed along this part of the north-west continent of America. Spain acknowledged the right of Great Britain by the convention of 1790 and the treaty of 1814. The discovery by the American, Gray, of the river Colombia was anticipated by that of the Spaniard, Heceta; the passage of the Rocky Mountains and descent of the Colombia, by Lewis and Clarke, was forestalled by Meares and Carver; and the settlement of Astoria was preceded by the long line of posts of the North-west Company;—all very unpleasant facts to the party in the wrong in a controversy of this kind, but all very true and unanswerable ones; and a very simple explanation of why a would-be civilised nation, and one professedly so religious, refuses what the "Peace Societies" and the rational men of both countries have proposed,—to submit the controversy to arbitration.

If the line of division accorded to the North-west Fur Company were carried out, according to the letter of their charter, in a western direction, it would strike the Pacific Ocean to the south of the Colombia river, in latitude 46 deg. In the present state of the controversy, Great Britain has offered, for the sake of a pacific adjustment of a long-debated question, that the line should be carried along the 49th parallel, to where that line intersects the north-eastern branch of the Colombia river, which it should descend to the ocean,—the navigation of the river remaining perpetually free to both parties. Great Britain has further, in the most generous spirit of amicable arrangement, also offered to the United States a separate territory on the Pacific, north of this line, possessing an excellent harbour, with the further understanding that all ports south of the parallel of 40 deg. shall be free.

All these offers have been rejected by the United States, who claim the whole of the Oregon territory, and although they will undoubtedly remain open to an arrangement which shall only exclude us from the Colombia river, still, as that—for the interests of the North-west Company, of our numerous countrymen already settled there, our power in the great Pacific Ocean, and the prosperity of our vast colonial possessions in that sea—can never be acceded to, there remains no alternative but to be prepared



to defend, with the strong arm of power, that which belongs to us by every principle of fact, right, and justice.

It is very well to take up an interesting and laborious work, like that of Dr. Twiss's, which we most strongly recommend to all those conscientious persons who wish to see how, by every fact of the question, and every possible turning and twisting of the laws of nations, the whole of Oregon belongs to Great Britain; or to consult Mr. Wyld's excellent map and his concise accompanying chronological statement; the justice and the right of the question hold no place in the estimation of those who abrogate both, to quote the Pentateuch—"Be fruitful, and multiply, and replenish the earth, *and subdue it.*" The American mind is bent upon Oregon, and either that territory must be dishonourably abandoned to the Americans, or they will fight for it. And so it will successively be, unless God favours the just, with every portion of British North America. But the Americans are rushing into an unjust and unprincipled war of aggression, before their fructification and multiplication has attained that point which will enable them (as they would wish to do through the mouth of their anarchical President) to dictate to the whole of the Old World, or subdue what they covet in the New. They may yet find it an unprofitable investment—one which may lead to the bankruptcy and disorganisation of their own States, and will assuredly learn unless they stop at the threshold, that impudence, injustice, and criminality will not always pass unpunished.

## THE OPERA.

NINO—SANCHIOLI—CORBARI—LUCILE GRAHN.

WITH right pleasant aspect did the present season begin. The Aurora of Guido, who floats over the stage, did but symbolize the dawn of good-humour on the faces of the visitors. The first manifestation of opinion was a burst of admiration at the appearance of the house, which we anticipated in a preliminary notice. On that subject there was no discordancy of sentiment; and the sourest countenance allowed its lines to be softened into contentment, and the exclamation, "What a beautiful house!" to glide over its lips. It was not till late in the evening that an uneasy doubt began to be infused into the bosoms of gentle visitors. They feared they might, perchance, find rivals in the bright yellow curtains, and that their own charms might be counteracted by the brilliancy of the hostile satin.

But presently a benevolent theory rises up, and floating through the columns of the daily newspapers, pours its balm into the palpitating feminine heart. According to this consolatory theory, the amber curtains, that border the boxes, are to be looked upon as so many gold frames, and the ladies, who appear through them, are to be considered as so many lovely pictures. Did the Magdalen of Correggio feel her heart throb with one sorrow more, trembling, amidst her contemplations, lest the gilt-frame, that encompassed her, might divert attention from her penitent self? Was any Venus of Titian ever disturbed in the midst of

her voluptuous repositings by jealous misgivings, lest she might find in her frame an enemy more formidable, though more gay, than the net in which she was snared by Vulcan? No! Neither, then, let the fair blue-eyed —, or the *spirituelle* dark-eyed —, shrink from the amber-curtains. Our lady-readers will, of course, supply the blanks here left with their own names, in their own copies of the *New Monthly*.

The opening opera was Verdi's *Nino*, that is to say, the *Nabucco*, modified so as to abandon a Scriptural subject. Many massive choruses, many artificial combinations, much effective instrumentation, may be found in this opera, unattended by that striking melody which sings in the ear when the performance is ended, and insists on recurring through the whole of the following day. If we pleased, we could fill two whole sheets in discoursing of the music of *Nino*; we could analyse every piece; we could grow learned about the canon; we could become reprehensive on the frequent employment of the unison. But the papers are beforehand with us. The erudite disquisitions of daily critics have been read by those who understand them, and by those who don't. Time was, when writers in morning papers told us that this was "pretty," and that was "charming," and the other was "agreeable," and knew of no scores in the world, save those that indicated milk liabilities. *Nous avons changé tout cela*. Now every man who writes an opera-notice expatiates upon "modulations;" grows large on the "relation of keys," and is shocked at deficiencies in "contrapuntal" acquirements. Then for the *libretto*: every scene, every incident is described, and if there is any connexion with history, ancient or modern, erudition comes in floods to overwhelm the wondering reader. Pray, what can a poor monthly writer about the opera do under these circumstances? His railroad contemporaries have supplied the demand for fact and opinion to the very utmost, and on the very shortest notice; and now must he come limping in with his old news, vainly dreaming that he is instructing his readers, when they know just as much about the matter as himself?

We have our cue; we have resolved to be neither very critical nor very historical; to give brief opinions about music, and the least possible about plots. To us the occurrences of the opera shall be but as the materials, which we can work up into a sort of hazy combination of our own; now bringing forth our colours in full glare, now toning them down into evanescence. We appeal not to the uninstructed—for there are no uninstructed—but we hope lightly to strike the chords of memory, so that those who have seen, heard, and read, may be enabled to remember the objects of their seeing, hearing, and reading. If there be some unfortunate mortal who has never been to the opera, and never reads any paper, daily or weekly, let him shun our article. The responses of the antique oracles shall not be more obscure.

Talking of "antique," the adopter of *Nabucco*—the harlequin who has changed Nebuchadnezzar into Ninus—has taken a pretty good dip into antiquity. There's a man for ye, my masters! He goes into a history which is so very deep in the abyss of ages, that it is impossible to bring it up to any recognised surface.

Now comes some pert schoolboy, clad in high-lows and exceedingly short trousers, who "dogs-ears" our nice pages with not over-clean fingers ("buttons" is an uncleanly game); and he tells us that he knows who Ninus was "fast enough,"—that Semiramis was his wife and

his successor, and that Clark makes honourable mention of him in his Latin exercises.

You may save your breath, young friend. We all know that as well as you—

*Et nos—manum ferulæ subduximus,*

and even your sister, whose erudition you lightly esteem, is quite equal to *that* amount of learning. Do not we (the *we* includes your sister) go every year to see *Semiramide*, and do we not see the ghost of Ninus, personated by the venerable Galli, glide from his tomb, and as the deceased spouse of Madame Semiramis Grisi, frighten the Babylonians to such a degree that they all sing the liveliest *stretto* that ever was composed?

But what we do *not* know is this. We do not know when the Babylonians were an independent people, with Egyptian views of theology. We still desire information as to the period when they worshipped Isis, in which worship they were so scandalously interrupted by the King of Assyria. We presume not to doubt that all this occurred some time or other, but we have a very strong notion that it was amazingly long ago,—probably a little before the first establishment of a Chinese monarchy, or the second incarnation of Vishnu. From our *libretto* we learn that the conduct of Ninus, as a religious reformer, was peculiar. First, he put down the worship of Isis,—then he suggested the propriety of being worshipped himself. He seems to have combined the characters of Martin Luther and John Gottlieb Fichte.

Of the new vocalists who came out in *Nino*, we perfectly know which our readers prefer. They admit that there is plenty of fire and energy about Sanchioli,—plenty of what the profane call “devil,”—that she improved as the piece proceeded,—that her last duet was well sung,—but then, they say, the voice is rather hard, and that there might be more finish. That little, unpretending Corbari,—who sings that little unpretending *aria* at the end—in such a sweet voice—she makes the most effective appeal to her audience,—she is the victor (*victrix*, suggests our friend in the high-lows) of the evening.

In Verdi's *Ernani* three new singers appeared, who—\*

\* \* \* \*

Lucile Grahn, who in the new ballet sustains the part of a female bandit, is admirable as ever. The striking *pas* is the *stratégique* in which she drops into all sorts of *poses* with a musket in her hand, killing imaginary foes among the mountains with her weapon, while she slays substantial friends in the stalls with her eyes. The face of Grahn is as a glass through which the most sparkling intelligence is visible. Intelligence is diffused over every movement,—be they graceful undulations or wild aerial bounds. Lucile Grahn is a wonderful creature!

Our charming Castellan (who is alive and blooming, notwithstanding all malicious rumours to the contrary) will make her appearance on Saturday in *Linda di Chamouni*. We shall record her triumphs next month. Then we are to have *Belisario*—and then—but we must wait till after Easter.

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\* Why can't the man write plainer?—I am forced to leave a gap here.—*Printer's Devil.*



## THE LOSS OF THE GREAT LIVERPOOL.

BY ONE OF THE PASSENGERS.

It was on the 24th of February (Shrove Tuesday) that the accident which I am about to describe took place. I take up my pen to write this account of it now that I am comfortably seated at an English fire-side, partly because it will afford some satisfaction to myself to preserve a record of what must always be to me a memorable day, and partly because I think a plain relation of the events of such a day cannot fail to interest a large class of readers.

We were a party of about sixty passengers, most of whom had left Alexandria together little more than a week before, and we had all formed those pleasant little acquaintances which are sure to spring up when a number of men are casually thrown together for a certain space of time without the slightest possibility of escaping from one another until that period be over, or any obligation whatever to continue their intercourse beyond it.

Every one had found a congenial spirit. There was a party of smokers, a party of gossips, a party of politicians, and a party of dandies who paced the decks (sea-sickness permitting) in white kid gloves, patent leather boots, and tightly-fitting shooting-jackets.

The days passed away pleasantly enough: at half-past eight the sound of a bugle summoned us from our beds, and at nine o'clock we were seated at a well-furnished breakfast-table, where hot rolls and fresh milk did their utmost to make us forget that we were at sea. After breakfast there were cigars and newspapers (we got fresh supplies of the latter at Malta and Gibraltar, and each contained a fresh ministerial crisis), luncheon at noon, dinner at four, tea at six, grog at nine, books and cigars all day. There are worse ways of spending one's life (so at least I then thought) than on board an Oriental steamer.

Most of those who had been afflicted with sea-sickness had got over their troubles, and on the 23rd of February there were very few absentees from the dinner-table. We went to bed that night, however, anticipating that the morrow would prove a more unpleasant day, for we expected to roll about

All that day  
In the Bay  
Of Biscay, oh!

In one respect we were not disappointed, for I never passed a more miserable day than the 24th of February, 1846.

I slept in a berth in one of the fore-saloon cabins, which was intended for the accommodation of three persons, but which (owing to the small number of passengers) I had to myself. At a little before four o'clock in the morning the shock occasioned by the ship's striking upon a rock, woke all the passengers, and in a minute the saloon was filled with men and women in their night-clothes. The shock was not very severe: so far from it that when a boy came down to say that we had accidentally run against a Spanish ship we were nearly all perfectly satisfied, and I, for one, had great doubts whether I would not turn into bed again; but being thoroughly awake I thought I would just go up on deck and smoke a cigar, and see what was going on, so little did I suppose that there was any real danger.

With this idea I thrust my feet into a pair of slippers, and having drawn on a pair of trousers, and buttoned a shooting-jacket over my night-shirt, I mounted the stairs and emerged upon the lower deck. As I was walking along towards the companion-ladder, which communicates with the upper deck, I met one of the passengers with a very long face, who saluted me with,

“Good morning. This is a bad business, isn't it?”

“What's the matter?” I inquired.

We happened at that moment to be standing by the engine-room, and in answer to my question he silently pointed down. I then for the first time perceived that the engine-room was half full of water, and at once became aware that the accident was much more serious than I had at first supposed it.

I hastened to the upper deck, and perceived several of the passengers standing about, half-dressed and in great confusion. It was so dark that I could see scarcely a yard before me, but happening to run against one of the passengers with whom I was tolerably intimate, and who was well acquainted with nautical affairs. I drew him aside and asked him to tell me quietly the real state of the case. He replied that we were likely to sink in ten minutes.

It was from a right motive, no doubt, that the false report about our having struck a ship was sent down to the cabins: for before the extent of the danger was ascertained, the confusion consequent upon a number of passengers rushing simultaneously on deck might have greatly impeded the officers and men in the execution of their duty; but I believe all the passengers, and especially those whose berths were in the fore-part of the vessel, had cause to regret it. Had I at first known the extent of our danger I could myself certainly have saved many little articles of property whose value, though nothing to others, was considerable to me. Had I supposed that I was going to be on deck more than a quarter of an hour at the utmost, I should certainly have adopted a different costume. A writing-case containing letters and papers of some value to me, together with a little money, and my watch which I left under my pillow I could easily have carried with me. All these things are now, I hope, at the bottom of the sea, a little to the south of Cape Finisterre; for if they are not there, they are in the pockets of some rascally Spaniard.

When I received the agreeable intelligence that in about ten minutes we should probably all have to take to the boats, which could hardly be expected to live in such a sea, I confess I thought very little about saving any kind of property, and when at daylight I attempted to do so the cabin was so full of water that it was impossible. One of the passengers got the credit of “swimming about the hold looking for his kit,” but how true that might be I do not pretend to say.

How the two hours which intervened between the first occurrence of the accident and daylight passed, I can scarcely tell. I remember a confused noise of women screaming or asking silly questions of every one they could get hold of, and men working to prepare the boats. The ship, having got off the rock, was floating about, no one, I believe, knew where, at the mercy of the winds and waves, for the fires had been extinguished by the rush of water in a very few minutes and the vessel had, to use the captain's expression, “become unmanageable.” In order to assist in the preparation of the boats a blue light was burned, and I never shall forget the collection of ghastly countenances it revealed. The colour

does not improve one's personal appearance at any time; it was then thrown on the faces of a number of men and women who were expecting momentary death, and they looked like so many ghosts.

We were variously employed; some were screaming, some were praying, and some (the more sensible of the party) were affording what assistance they could in preparing the boats. In the midst of all this one of our cocks on board crew. It was a welcome sound, for it announced the approach of day.

It was about this time that the vessel again struck, but now it was on sand in which she stuck fast, thus removing our more immediate apprehensions, for, being aground, we knew that she could sink no further, and the only danger now was that she might go to pieces, which at the moment did not seem unlikely, as she groaned and quivered in fixing herself in her sandy bed.

"The larboard life-boat," says the captain in his statement, "was sent with a party of seamen and a line to haul a rope on shore, which they with difficulty reached in safety, and we soon got a hawser on shore, and the end made fast and hove taut from the ship." This, I believe, was done before daylight; one man swam ashore, but he was quite senseless when he reached the land and remained so for a considerable time afterwards.

Day dawned, and revealed to us our real position. We were aground in a little bay, surrounded on all sides by rocks; and although only the few men above mentioned had as yet reached the shore, we felt that we had already had a wonderful escape, as if the vessel had gone down where she first struck, or had drifted on to any part of the coast but that on which she ran aground, scarcely a soul could have been saved.

The prospect before us, however, was not of the most agreeable description. Immediately in front was a bleak, barren, hilly shore, between which and the ship intervened a rough sea for about a quarter of a mile. The waves were washing over the lower deck and breaking on the shore in a profusion of white surf, and, to crown all, a heavy shower of rain was pouring down; wetting every one to the skin, intercepting the view and utterly blinding all those who, like myself, had the misfortune to wear spectacles.

However, there was but one way to escape, and hesitation was useless; the principal boat was lowered, filled, and put off for the shore. It was tenanted entirely by ladies and children, with the exception of the men who were required for its management, and Mr. Hamilton, the chief officer, who took the command. It was undoubtedly a creditable feeling which induced every one to make way for females, and give them the first chance of escape; and it was certainly pleasant to observe how, under such circumstances, when all conventional distinctions between men were removed, those of Nature's ordinance still remained. But perhaps more judgment would have been shown by dividing the men and women more equally, so that the latter always more or less helpless, and peculiarly so under such trying circumstances, might, in case of danger, have had the advantage of more assistance from the former. I must say that every one displayed much more firmness and presence of mind than I should have thought possible under such circumstances. Even from the women there was very little shrieking, though there was a good deal of more subdued complaints; and with the men, a compressed lip, or sometimes a tear in the eyes of those who were not alone but had wives and children to protect



at that trying moment, were the only outward signs of any feeling of the imminent danger to which they were exposed.

It was a strange study, to see so many men of different characters all acted upon by the prospect of immediate death. There was one old fellow manifesting considerable anxiety about the loss of his umbrella; another complaining bitterly of his inability to save a brand-new sextant; between these might be seen a woman sitting with clasped hands almost stupified by fear, not so much for herself as for the infant who lies upon her lap, smiling through its tears; not far off is a discontented old file, shuffling about the deck and declaring that it is "just like his luck;" in one corner may be seen four or five upon their knees praying; some "miserable comforters" are endeavouring to encourage their neighbours, and drive away fears in which they themselves participate; two or three have got hold of life-buoys; one is buckling on a life-preserver; others are preparing a raft; some talk of swimming for it; and not a few are beginning to lose their feeling of danger in their sense of the discomfort of their position, and may be seen wrapping themselves up in blankets, lighting cigars, and instituting inquiries as to the whereabouts of the spirits.

It was in the midst of such a scene as this, that the first boat put off from the ship, the men at first attempting to guide her along the hawser which extended from the vessel to the shore; but the sea was too strong for them, and they were soon obliged to trust to their own efforts. I never shall forget the anxiety with which we watched that boat. Some there were who stood against the side of the ship with their eyes fixed upon a wife or child who was confided to that frail safeguard. We had all known one another long enough to feel such anxiety in a lighter degree, nor would that man be worthy of the name who could watch a company of women in such a situation without feelings of the liveliest interest. Moreover, many of us were naturally inclined to draw a favourable or unfavourable omen for our own safety from the success or failure of the first boat in landing her passengers, and no cheer ever came more truly from the heart than that which we raised when, as we thought, she had arrived safely ashore. At that very moment a heavy sea struck her and turned her keel uppermost, and for a few moments nearly all her passengers and men appeared to be floating upon the surface of the water.

By the exertions of the men who were already on shore and those who had been in the boat, all but five were safely landed! these appeared to be all in danger of being washed out to sea, but one of the life-boats was immediately lowered, and two, a child and a servant, were fortunately saved; the other three, whose names have appeared in the public papers, were lost, and when I left Cee (the small town near which we were wrecked), their bodies had not been washed on shore.

The situation of those who remained on board was now most perilous. Contrary to our hopes, as noon approached, the weather became more boisterous, and all the large boats had been in one way or other disabled. "The launch," says the captain, "was with great difficulty hauled alongside by us on board and baled out." But for this we should have had scarcely a chance of escape.

The boat made in all six trips, bringing the captain, who was the last man to leave the ship, in the last. I escaped in the fourth. About noon

147 of us were collected on shore, round a large fire, clothed in various fancy costumes, with the rain pouring down upon us most unmercifully.

Hitherto I have abstained from making any observations on the conduct of any individual during the passing of this awful scene; but lest silence on this subject should be misconstrued, I will here add a few words. It is my belief that every individual belonging to the ship, from the captain down to the youngest boy in the crew, did his duty well and faithfully. I have the more pleasure in saying this because I have heard others express a different opinion, and I do think that it is unjust and unfair, where every one did his best, to allow one's personal losses, and the regret arising from them, to operate so strongly on the mind as to induce one to impute blame where praise is much more deserved.

So much with regard to the officers and crew: with regard to the passengers, I believe they all did what they could, and rendered what little assistance was in their power. Where all acted so well, it would be invidious to mention any individual, and therefore, though I saw many instances of praiseworthy conduct, I shall abstain from writing them down, not doubting that those whom I did not see were as well employed in other parts of the ship in administering to the comfort, or aiding in the escape of others.

But there is no rule without an exception, and I must make one to this; for there was one of the passengers who exerted himself so nobly throughout, and whose exertions were so mainly instrumental in saving the lives of many of his fellow-passengers, that it would be sin to pass him by. I allude to Mr. John Bowen, late captain of the merchant-ship "*Hindustan*," who, feeling that his naval experience enabled him to render a degree of assistance which it was not in the power of other passengers to offer, lost no time in placing his services at the command of the captain of the ship. When, after her first disastrous trip, the launch was hauled along-side, Mr. Bowen was the first man in her, up to his knees in water, baling her out. When she was prepared to receive a second batch of passengers, he took the command of her, and conveyed her safely to the shore. Returning with her to the ship, he took the command of her a second and a third time, displaying on each occasion the most admirable presence of mind, and the utmost consideration for the comfort of those thus intrusted to his care. I cannot forbear adding, what only came incidentally to my knowledge, that during these voluntary exertions, he did not forget to care for the safety of a helpless woman with two children, who had placed herself, at an early period of the voyage, under his protection; and while I wish it, of course, to be understood that, in paying this just tribute to his admirable conduct under such trying circumstances, I do not mean to throw any blame on others, I cannot but feel that to his courage and coolness two-thirds of us, who were on board the *Great Liverpool*, owe our lives, and that he will ever be entitled to, and will ever possess the gratitude, esteem, and sincere friendship of every one who was on board that ship.

I must now draw this narrative to a close; for though, just after we had landed, and while we stood in the rain round the fire with no human habitation visible, we became very sensible of the personal discomfort of our situation, and the annoyance occasioned by the loss of property we had sustained; still, these things become so very trifling, when we look back to them and consider the imminent danger from which we escaped,

that I will not venture to obtrude such really petty annoyances on the notice of others.

This, however, really does not apply to the officers and crew, who were subjected to the greatest hardship for several days after the wreck. Living under a miserable tent, which they had contrived to build with the boats and fragments of the ship, and which did not serve to keep out the rain which was perpetually pouring upon them, they did their utmost to save such property as the sea might wash ashore, from the hands of the wreckers. The latter, however, were the most powerful body, and of the little property which came ashore, still less found its way into the hands of its rightful owners.

All this time the men continued to work cheerfully under the command of their officers, and I neither saw nor heard of any instance of insubordination. One man alone, who did not belong to the crew, but was a "distressed British seaman," returning to England by direction of our consul at Alexandria, and who, notwithstanding his professions of teetotalism, was drunk fifteen minutes after the ship struck, was entirely scouted by the men.

After remaining a short time upon the beach, I proceeded to walk to the small town of Cee, which was about five miles distant. This I had to perform barefooted, having lost my slippers in getting out of the boat; but I was fortunate enough to obtain in the evening a comfortable bed and a hot supper, which made me forget all my troubles.

When next I visited the wreck, the fine vessel had nearly gone to pieces; one of the funnels had fallen, and it was plain she could not hold together much longer. That night she broke up altogether.

The week which we spent at Cee passed away pleasantly enough, after which we were able to obtain horses to proceed to Corunna. The party with which I performed this journey, consisted of two ladies, two children, a female servant, another gentleman, and myself. It occupied two days, during the first of which we were fourteen hours on horseback.

I have little to say about this short Spanish tour. The things which I noticed principally were, the extreme beauty of the women and the excellence of the chocolate.

We arrived at Corunna on the 4th of March, and proceeded the same evening on board the Peninsular and Oriental Steam Navigation Company's steamer Pacha, which conveyed us safe to England.

In conclusion, I desire to mention with gratitude the kindness which all the passengers received from Mr. Baker, her Britannic Majesty's Consul-General at Corunna, and Mr. Santos, Vice-Consul, at the same place; as also from the Spanish inhabitants of Cee, who, when once we had arrived there, forced us, by their kindness and attention, to forget the plundering propensities of their countrymen on the coast.

J. L. F.

P.S.—Since writing the above, I have just seen the account of the melancholy suicide of Mr. M'Leod. I need scarcely say that, in common with all those who experienced the constant kindness and attention which he showed to all the passengers on board his ship, I deeply regret that event. I am glad that I had an opportunity of expressing my belief, that no blame whatever was attributable to Mr. M'Leod, or to any of the officers of the ship, before I heard of this sad occurrence. I beg to take this opportunity of reiterating this opinion.



## LITERATURE.

## CONFESSIONS OF A PRETTY WOMAN\*

"THE Confessions of a Pretty Woman" present sketches of aristocratic society which are far from agreeable to the well-wisher to human nature, and yet to which it is impossible to deny so much talent and truthfulness, that self-willed, sensual, and superficial as all the characters are made to be, they have, or may have, their representatives in fashionable society.

The position of the rich commoner, the parent of the "pretty woman," in the Castle of Glenfillan, intended by the laird of four thousand acres of moorland, for an elderly, tall, stiff, bony daughter, but himself in love with a beautiful, vain, and heartless younger sister, is a pleasant and sketchy commencement; but the married life of the Lady Madelaine Tilden from the first and "opera night" in London to her second marriage with the *roué*, but titled Otterford, is at best but a long practical illustration of the possible utter annihilation of the affections, and utter extinction of domestic happiness, that a fashionable education and a fashionable life can insure under the most favourable circumstances: for we presume that the marriage of a titled puppet to a rich and confiding commoner is generally considered as affording such.

The offspring of such a mother is expelled from maternal society, and left to be educated by an ignorant, giddy, flirting, French governess, previously discarded as a maid, from not having manifested sufficient talent to be intrusted with the mother's toilet. The result is what might be anticipated: Eveleen grows up self-willed, proud, and passionate, without moral or hardly any other feeling—except a constant ambition to imitate her mother's faults. The occasional visits of the family to Rooksley enables her to get up a love affair with a young guardsman, but her mother marries her against her will to a proud and poor fashionable Sir James Dornton, who is also called "fastidious," but wherefore it would be difficult to discern, as he has been for years the unsuccessful suitor of the mother, and the unprincipled and too successful wooer of Eveleen's amiable sister, who dies broken-hearted when the "fastidious fashionable" weds one who loves him not, and who consequently, in the natural course of events, soon returns to her guardsman, now Colonel Devereux.

To say that Miss Pardoe has not thrown a deal of talent and cleverness into these sketches of fashionable life, would be doing so well-known and favourite an author the greatest possible injustice. There are the usual quantity of characters drawn from life; the Lady O'Halloran—*gourmette* and *gourmande*; Mrs. Alexander, all blonde and bracelets; Lady Flora Glenfillan, thrifty and Scotch; and the set off of the Vernons—Frederic and Emily—young, good, and confiding, and consequently victimised. There is the usual sparkling, brilliant, epigrammatic conversation, spangled with French and Italian quotations with a profuseness and lavishness that would almost indicate an acquaintance with the languages themselves; and then there is fashionable scandal enough to set twenty coteries by the ears to find out who are the real persons intended. With such claims to curiosity, these unmonastic "confessions" cannot fail to be most anxiously sought after, and devoured, and to become—deservedly or undeservedly we will not say—the book of the season.

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\* "Confessions of a Pretty Woman." By Miss Pardoe. 3 vols. Henry Colburn.

## MRS. TROLLOPE'S LAST NOVEL.\*

MRS. TROLLOPE'S well-known, able, and caustic pen was never wielded to more beneficial purpose than when chastising the offensive manners of English travellers abroad. "The Robertses on their Travels" ought to be the most universally read of all Mrs. Trollope's works. We feel proud, indeed, in having already assisted in giving popularity to a work so eminently adapted to reform a grievous evil, and to chase away the rust from our national urbanity.

## MR. ROWCROFT'S "BUSHRANGER."†

POSSESSED of great powers of description and a vivid sense of the picturesque and the adventurous, Mr. Rowcroft has established himself in a high position among modern writers. He has been likened to Defoe, but we would rather compare him with Marryat, whom he very closely resembles. Mr. Rowcroft's object upon the present occasion has simply been to disabuse the public mind of a prevalent error, that transportation to the penal colonies is only a change of country, sometimes even desirable, as the means of a rapid acquisition of fortune; but the accounts given of life in Van Diemen's Land, comprise so many features of interest—hopes, deceptions, practices, and discoveries—and life in the bush unfolds so many strange positions and accidents, informations, stratagems, perils, flights, pursuits, skirmishes, attacks, and fights, that the object in view is totally lost sight of in the rapid succession of events, and the bold and striking scenes and images that arise in colonial and panoramic profusion, from without the savage wilderness. The picture given of the results produced upon the criminal by the effects of the solitude into which he has voluntarily thrown himself, is truly appalling; and the author marches fearlessly on from the licentious liberty of action which the wide wilderness affords him, to the certain punishment and remorse that are everywhere attendant upon crime. There are, indeed, great things in "The Bushranger," which is by no means an ordinary work of fiction, but is rather a descriptive novel, founded upon truthful, life-like, and soul-stirring scenes and adventures.

## THE NOVITIATE.‡

HERE are revelations which will be greedily seized upon by a large class of readers—such as are alluded to by the author as "pious people, yearning after change, desirous of novelty, uncertain what to do with their souls!" The author is of that class of enthusiasts to whom faith, that is not extravagant, is evidently as nothing; and we hope that all his contemporaries who, like the heathen, "think they shall be heard for their much speaking," may derive as much advantage from reading this remarkable account of a year's Jesuitical discipline, and of the "whip and chain," so curiously introduced to us, as the author appears himself to have done; only, from what we may judge of his character and history, with more permanent results.

\* \* The late hour at which the account of the loss of the Great Liverpool was received, and the immediate interest of the subject, have compelled the postponement of several notices of new books.

\* The Robertses on their Travels. By Mrs. Trollope. 3 vols. Henry Colburn.

† The Bushranger of Van Diemen's Land. By Charles Rowcroft, Esq. 3 vols. Smith, Elder, and Co.

‡ The Novitiate; or, a Year among the English Jesuits: a Personal Narrative, with an Essay on the Constitutions, the Confessional Morality, and History of the Jesuits. By Andrew Steinmetz. Smith, Elder, and Co.







